THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"
Magazine Section of the
BOSTON ADVERTISER
Sunday, May 5, 1935

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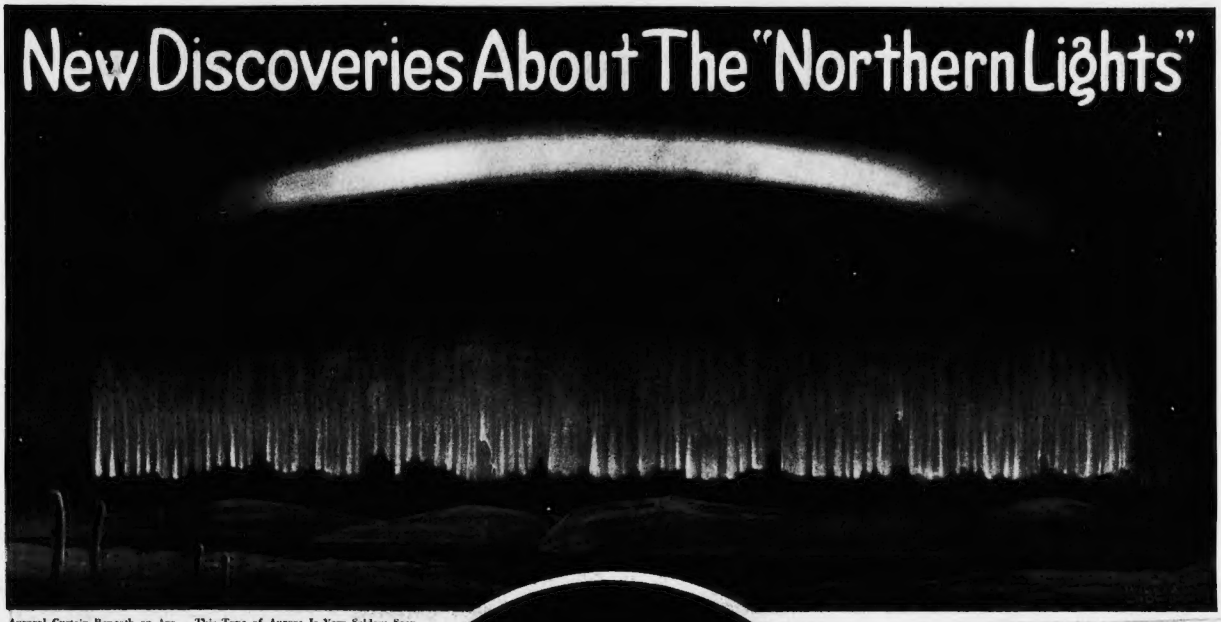
New Discoveries About The "Northern Lights"



Auroral Curtain Beneath an Arc. This Type of Aurora Is Very Seldom Seen Except in Arctic Regions, Where It Is Not Uncommon. Curtains or Draperies Are Perhaps the Most Majestic Forms.

Mystery of the Aurora Borealis Explained

FROM earliest times mankind has viewed the spectacle of the aurora borealis with awe and wonder. Science has studied the varying manifestations of the "northern lights" and has been puzzled to account for them.

But several recent expeditions to the Far North, in Canada and Scandinavia, together with recent radio studies of the upper air, offer new explanations of the cause of nature's impressive display. Mr. R. G. Madill, the Dominion astronomer, who made magnetic observations during a recent 12,000-mile cruise in Arctic waters, has returned with interesting new data, including confirmation of the often-doubted idea that the "northern lights" at times penetrate the atmosphere and reach the surface of the earth.

Mr. Madill described the experience of one of his friends who found himself bathed in the weird auroral lights one night. This was far up in the Arctic Circle at an outpost mission.

One of the mission buildings a few hundred feet away from where he stood became illuminated and appeared to be dissolving upward in a great elongated pillar of light. The observer then found himself within the circle of electrification and felt a glow of exhilaration. His body, he said, felt stirred and stimulated as if he had made contact with a vivifying electric current. But the moment he had passed out of the glow there was a sensation of suddenly turned off vitality. This exhilarating effect of the rays of the "northern lights" seems to be an accepted fact among the natives in the Far North, Mr. Madill reported. On nights when the display of the aurora was particularly vigorous, the people found their senses too keyed up to go to sleep.

"We are convinced that the aurora borealis is a phenomenon allied to the earth's magnetism," says Mr. Madill. "The fact that the zone of greatest auroral frequency comes very near the north magnetic pole of the earth is a significant fact. In this region of greatest display of the "northern lights" there occurs every known variety of magnetic and electric disturbances, both internal and external.

"We are fairly sure now that the aurora is caused by an invisible energy from the sun," the astronomer explained, "maybe ultra-violet rays which affect the rarefied gases of the upper atmosphere. A battle royal takes place then among the flying atoms. Infinitesimal electrons are torn from their disrupted atoms and shunted around until desperately incorporated into a new make-shift system, or atom.

"But all the time while still at a remote distance from the earth, this whole melee of atoms is being deftly guided by the magnetic lines of force toward the Magnetic Pole. During this wild ionization and haphazard recombining of the atom within definite lines converging strongly towards the Magnetic Pole, a new energy is released in the form of auroral light.

"During periods of sunspots the aurora is particularly brilliant and active. This all goes to strengthen the foregoing explanation. For the sun-spots do with the sun-forces what more powder in a cartridge will do with a bullet, propel it with increasing velocity and accuracy. The reaction is particularly powerful and more localized. We have those hard-rays or beautiful streamer-like effects in the aurora at such times, with sharply defined lower edges. It is then, too, that the fortunate few may hear that peculiar hissing, faintly-crackling sound which is the voice of the aurora."

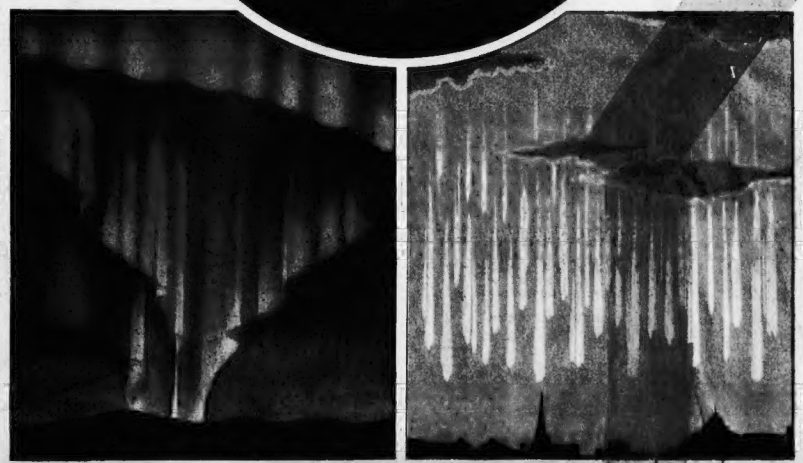
For a long time scientists doubted whether this "voice" of the aurora was heard at all. Most of the streamers, curtains and other displays of the lights happen in the upper layers of the atmosphere, from fifty to more than two hundred miles above the ground. Certainly no hissing noise could be heard that far away, even on the still, cold nights of the Arctic winter. Recently, however, a number of perfectly credible observers have confirmed the stories of experienced Arctic trappers and of the Eskimos that the hissing sounds actually are heard at times, although by no means always when a bright aurora is seen.

The explanation which most scientists now believe is that this sound is another manifestation of the electric forces received from the sun and which call the aurora into being. Some of the power of these electric forces extends to the ground level, apparently producing discharges of static electricity not unlike the hissing sparks which play around an old-fashioned static machine or a modern high-voltage apparatus for producing artificial lightning. Probably it is such small sparks playing around the eaves of buildings, the twigs of trees or bushes, or even about the ears of the observer which create the "voices" that undeniably are heard.

Higher in the air, the electric forces are to break up atoms of the air gases, and this is what produces the brilliant and many colored auroral lights. Turning their spectroscopes toward the sky when an aurora is visible, scientists have been able to photograph and measure the spectrum lines of oxygen, nitrogen, water vapor and other air gases. At different levels in the air the chemical composition of these gases is different. The seasons also affect these things, even changes of the weather from day to day. That is why the electric forces and particles received from the sun produce so many different colors of auroral streamers on different nights. If only the spectacle were commoner in inhabited regions, instead of being confined mostly to the bleak Arctic and Antarctic, the beauties of the aurora would be sung by poets even more than those of sunrises or sunsets.

Exhilarating Effect on Arctic Dwellers

Arctic Observers Agree That a Fully Developed Corona Is the Finest and Most Spectacular Form of Aurora.



The Aurora Australis, Seen in Antarctic Regions, Closely Resembles the "Northern Lights," or Aurora Borealis.

Sketch of the Gorgeous Spectacle of "Northern Lights" in Evening Twilight, Which Is of Rare Occurrence.

The Two Biggest Little Fellows in the World

A STRANGE contest is being waged between Joseph Randazza, Jr., of Gloucester, Mass., and Leslie Bowles, of Lowestoft, England, and neither of the contestants is aware that he is one of the principals in an international race.

Each of the boys is three years old and, so far as is known, is top boy in his country for poundage at his age. The American youngster seems to be leading at the moment and tips the scales at 125 pounds. The British baby is not far behind, however, and weighed more than 110 pounds on his third birthday. He is gaining all the time and may, before he is much older, catch up with his overseas rival.

But Joseph and Leslie are the exceptionally husky lads they are because certain of their ductless glands are operating abnormally and upsetting their normal growth. But the American boy is more fortunate than the English youngster because he can, despite his abnormal size and weight, walk around. The Bowles boy can stand on his feet if set upon them, but he can't walk and, in a way, is a partial and, it is hoped, temporary cripple.

Leslie Bowles, who is far and away the biggest little fellow in England for his years, started life fairly enough. At birth he weighed seven pounds. Lots of youngsters are heavier than that when they are born and the doctors congratulated the proud mother, Mrs. Reginald Bowles, on adding so normal a young male to the population of the British Isles.

It never occurred to the Bowleses that their baby would develop into a "freak" because their other two children—a girl, seven years old, and a boy, five years old—are physically normal and, if anything, a little under normal size and weight. But before the newest member of the family was six months old it was evident to his parents and to the attending doctor that something was radically wrong with him. He ate the proper food for one of his years, but he put on weight at a tremendous rate. The day he was six months old he weighed almost 30 pounds. At a year and a half he tipped the scales at 70 pounds and six more pounds had been added to his bulk before his second birthday rolled around. During the past year the unfortunate infant has maintained the same abnormal rate of growth and has put on an average of two pounds of excess fat a month.

Doctors who have examined the baby say that his skeleton is about as it should be for a person of his years. The whole trouble is that there is too much fat over the lad's frame and careful tests have indicated that his pituitary gland is behind his abnormality. Apparently it isn't working overtime, but is slowed up.

It may be that nothing can be done to halt the growth of England's biggest baby, but several physicians believe that the case is not hopeless and are willing to give the youngster free treatment. The child's parents have, so far, refused to turn him over to the doctors and prefer him the way he is rather than to permit him to be what they call "a human guinea pig," a subject for scientific experimentation.

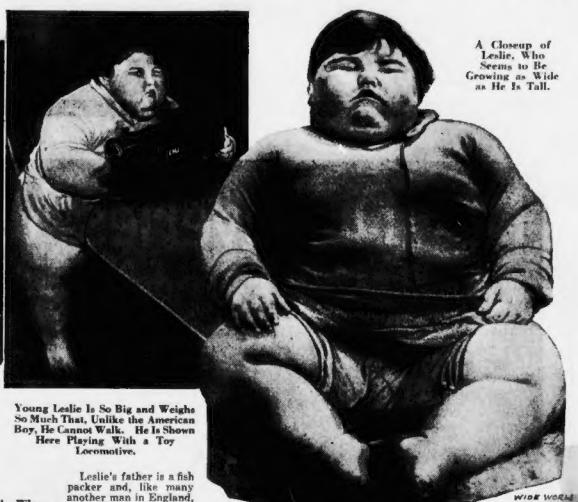
"You could not find a better tempered boy," said Mrs. Bowles in a recent interview with a London newspaper man. "Once in awhile he gets into a fit of temper, like any other child, but most of the time he's as gentle as a lamb. But when he does get riled he's as strong as a lion and he can hit hard enough to knock me down."

If the big baby were mentally deficient his parents would agree to turn him over to the doctors for a series of treatments, but they say that the boy is exceptionally bright for his years and their neighbors bear them out in this statement.

"No, sir," said Leslie's mother, "he's not going to be taken away from us and put in any hospital. The doctors worry about him more than we do, and it is our guess that he'll grow up into a fine, strapping man. No one needs to feel sorry for us because my husband and I are rather proud of having what we think is the biggest baby in the world."

Left—Joseph Randazza, of Gloucester, Mass., Who Is Growing Up to Be Quite a Man, Though He Is Only Three Years Old. He Weighs 125 Pounds.

INT'L. UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD



A Closeup of Leslie, Who Seems to Be Growing as Wide as He Is Tall.

Young Leslie Is So Big and Weighs So Much That, Unlike the American Boy, He Cannot Walk. He Is Shown Here Playing With a Toy Locomotive.

WIDE WORLD

Leslie Bowles, of Lowestoft, England, Who Weighs More Than a Hundred and Ten Pounds, Though He Is a Mere Infant of Three Years. He Is Shown With His Mother, Who, Until She Heard of the Massachusetts Lad, Believed Her Baby to Be the World's Heaviest.

Leslie's father is a fish packer and, like many another man in England, he has been on the dole a good part of the time for the past few years. His sweaters just fit the buxom baby and his trousers, with the legs cut off—and the waist let out several inches—do for the baby when he is put out in the back yard to get his daily amount of fresh air. Bowles backs up his wife in her refusal to give up the child for a series of treatments which, able doctors tell him, can't possibly do any harm and might do a great deal to normalize his second son.

Despite the attitude of the parents of England's biggest baby the doctors have been able to do a little research in the case by occasional visits to the Bowles home in Lowestoft. They are reasonably sure, because the boy has small hands and feet and well-shaped tapering fingers that there is nothing wrong with his bony structure and that he is a victim of a malady known as Froelich's Disease. This ailment is brought on by less than normal action of the pituitary gland, that important little chunk of cells, blood vessels and connective tissue tucked away in a little depression at the base of the brain.

This gland still is pretty much of a mystery to medical men, although it has been painstakingly studied for many years and thousands of victims of the gland's misbehavior have been observed in laboratories and clinics all over the world. This much is known: It consists of two parts, or lobes. One part is separated from the other by a cleft, not unlike a wrinkle in the brain. The lobe nearest the back of the head is smaller than the lobe at the front and is composed almost entirely of cells with blood vessels. The lobe at the back is divided into two sections.

Minor irregularities in the working of the gland do not seem to make much difference in a person, but doctors believe that when the front part of the gland works overtime the individual grows too fast and too big and is likely to become less than normal mentally. In other cases the opposite effect is noted. The victim grows slowly, if at all, and usually has an infantile brain.

Doctors are of the opinion that little Leslie Bowles's pituitary gland is defective in both parts and that it is not secreting enough fluid to control the development of fatty tissue on his normal skeleton. They are not certain that they could stop the abnormal putting on of weight, but they would like to try.

Pilots to Guide Buses Out of Fog

THE "pea soup" fogs that frequently descend on London and other English cities and towns are something of a joke outside the British Isles, but they are no joke to the people who have to get around and do business in the smoke-like moisture and they are a serious handicap to motor traffic. During a heavy fog automobiles and buses creep slowly over the highways and transportation schedules are thrown out of kilter. And accidents are, of course, much more numerous than on clear days.

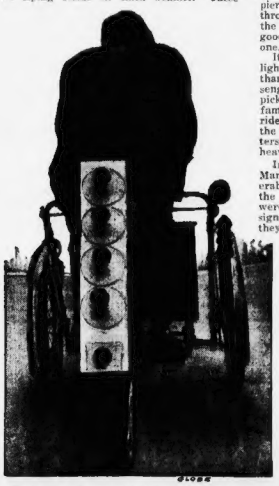
Various schemes to keep traffic moving more or less normally have been tried out in the past few years, but none of them has been very effective. Experiments were carried out with fog-piercing headlights designed on the order of the neon lights used at flying fields in thick weather. These lights help some but until all cars are equipped with them traffic will be slow and congested when the fog banks roll in from the North Sea.

Within the past few months some of the British bus companies have been trying out another idea—pilots who ride ahead of the buses and tell the drivers of the big machines when it is safe to "step on the gas" and when they must proceed cautiously. As the photograph below shows, these guides are riders mounted on tricycles equipped with five special red fog lights which can be seen when the rest of the world is shrouded in soggy mist.

The lights, as they should be, are placed on the rear of the pilot machine where they can be seen by the driver of the following bus. They are not ordinary electric lights shining through red glass but are of the fog-piercing type. Each light is projected through a magnifying lens which intensifies the rays and increases its visibility. For good measure the pilot machines have not one, but five of these lights.

It is much easier, of course, to handle a light-weight tricycle on a fog-bound road than it is to manage a big bus full of passengers and the pilots of these machines are picked for their keen eyesight, and their familiarity with the routes over which they ride. They know every turn and twist in the road and the places where there are intersections and the danger of running into heavy traffic.

In several trial runs in the vicinity of Manchester, service was speeded up considerably by the use of the pilot machines and the drivers of the buses reported that they were much less nervous following the red signals of the outriders than they are when they have to find their own way through the gray murk. It is probable that the idea will be tried out all over England.



GLOBE

Such Tricycles as This, With Five Reflected Rear Lights, Has Been Tried Out in Manchester, England, for Guiding Buses Along the Highways During Foggy Periods. The New Devices Speeded Up Service and Probably Will Be Experimented With All Over the British Isles.

The Doll Duplicate of the Smartly Dressed Young Woman at Atlantic City, Represents the New Vogue Which, Fashion Designers Say, Will Sweep the Resorts. The Miniature Model Is Attired Exactly as Its Owner.

Perfect Hands and Legs in Two Scenes

NATIONS go on and off the gold standard, writers of novels abandon realism for romanticism, styles in clothes shift with the seasons—but beauty contests go on, year after year, and interest in the feminine form remains constant and universal. The judges—especially the judges—and the appreciative public never tire, it seems, of gazing on assembled Venuses who vie with one another for movie contracts, silver cups, blue ribbons and publicity.

Sometimes the "form divine" is assayed as an esthetic unit. Sometimes the contestants assemble so that selected physiological details may be carefully considered and acclaimed. Such contests are staged to single out young women blessed with the most beautiful eyes, or cupid's bow lips, or shapely legs, or delicately formed hands, or Grecian feet.

Such a congress was called in New York City not long ago and the two young women shown in the photograph below captured the highest honors for hands and for legs. Not one person out of several thousand has a perfect physique and in this contest the winning hands were on one young woman and the prettiest legs were on another.

A beauty contest is a magnet for cameramen, who would much rather pop off their flash bulbs on comely girls than spend their time taking pictures of public enemies laid low by other public enemies, or by forces of law and order. The photographers were present, in force, for the finals of the New York contest and one of them with a flair for getting unusual pictures thought it would be a good idea to record the victorious legs and the winning hands in the same photograph. How interestingly his hunch worked out can be seen in the picture below.

The well-turned legs are the property of Miss Sally Fox and the graceful hands with the tapering fingers belong to Miss Caryl Barrett.

WIDE WORLD

Miss Caryl [illegible] and Miss Sally Fox, respectively, the Possessors of the Most Nearly Perfect Legs and Hands, Selected at a Contest Staged by Shop Owners in New York.

Dolls to Match the Costumes, Newest Fad

THERE'S a saying that "after all, men are just little boys grown up." The behavior of many adult males would seem to prove this statement—and the photograph above, if it is to be taken seriously, lays the fair sex open to the accusation that certain of its grown-up members are reverting to childish things.

In the hands of the comely young woman strolling along the boardwalk at Atlantic City is a doll. The toy is a small and well-made representation of its owner and is dressed in the same sort of costume and hat. Certain manufacturers hope that the seemingly juvenile idea will catch on with maids and matrons all over the country and that thousands of women who go in for the "smart thing" will parade the beaches and the boulevards with matching doll babies in their well manicured hands.

The invention, silly as it may seem to many people, has its possibilities. Women with the means and the inclination could adopt dolls made in their own facial likeness and have an entire sample wardrobe made for the inanimate models before selecting clothes for themselves. These doll clothes could match evening gown for evening gown, sports outfit for sports outfit and beach costume for beach costume, the apparel of the owner.

If the hoped-for vogue appears to be absurd in these days of struggle and strife, there is some precedent for it because at least one prominent matron of the Mayfair set recently "startled" London by having a complete duplicate set of her jewels made into collars for her pet dachshund. She got her picture in the papers and imagined that she had launched a vogue that would spread far beyond the British Isles.

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Hasty Young Mrs. Spreckels's Hunt for Happiness

Married Secretly When 17 to Find It---But Didn't; Married in Haste Again at 20---Disappointed Once More; But Undiscouraged, So It's Said, She Seeks It Anew With a Childhood Sweetheart as Full of Surprises as Herself

Jimmy Donahue and His Close Friend, Mr. James Blakeley—They Are as Close Friends as Lois Spreckels and Barbara Hutton Are, and Mr. Blakeley Has Been Frequently Mentioned as a Possible Successor to "Prince" Mdivani.

Wendy Barrie, the Charming English Actress, Who Is Reported to Have Been Jimmy's Brother Woolly's Last Flame.

Mrs. Adolph Spreckels, Jr., on Her Way to the Bathing Beach.

Adolph Spreckels, Jr., Heir to the Spreckels Sugar Millions, With Lois When He Was Her Second Husband.

Jack De Ruyter, Lois' First Husband, and the Former Follies Girl, Peggy Rich, Who Sued Him for $250,000, Alleging Breach of Promise to Marry, but Settled for $232 Cash.

"MARRY in haste and repent at Reno," is the modern version of the old saying.

Lois Quantain Clarke de Ruyter Spreckels, hasty and gay and sophisticated, unusually attractive and rich, but beyond all else hasty, first repented there when she was twenty. Now she is repenting again.

After she is through repenting and the obliging judge hands her down her divorce decree from quite as young Adolph R. Spreckels, San Francisco heir of the Spreckels sugar millions, the reports are that she will marry Jimmy Donahue, brother of "Woolie" Donahue, who between them will share about $40,000,000 of the Woolworth five-and-ten fortune. Jimmy is the cousin of Barbara Hutton who is trying to get rid of one of those self-crowned Mdivani boys who have become so rich marrying credulous actresses and heiresses in this country.

Lois and Barbara have long been close friends and it was nice for them to be together in Reno at the same time, no matter what took them there. Jimmy was one of Lois' childhood sweethearts, and a number of friends think that if they had married each other in the first place Lois wouldn't have had to repent twice in the Nevada melter of marriages.

But Jimmy wasn't as hasty as Lois, and most of the time she was married or going to be married or both, and during the few available intervals Jimmy was flitting in and out of romantic entanglements and surprising his friends by this prank or another. When he wasn't surprising them, his brother Woolie was.

Lois married Adolph of the sugar millions six weeks after she had divorced Jack de Ruyter, her first husband. The gossip from Reno is that Jimmy has an airplane all ready to take him out there the moment she is free again. They'll be married on the spot. Nothing like starting the fresh trail from where the old one ends.

Friends of Lois say she has a "happiness complex." Most people would wonder why a girl who is at the top of the list of the Social Register, with all the money that she can spend, good-looking to a superlative degree, popular and accepted anywhere here and abroad couldn't be happy without a husband. But, they say, her idea is that one can't be happy unless happily married.

Lois is now a little more than twenty-four, only. In her hunt for happiness she has had two husbands and three children. That ought to show how sincere she is.

The experiences of Lois began when she was a sub-deb of seventeen. Arrayed in baby blue as maid of honor at the wedding of her older sister Florence to Guernsey Curran, Jr., (very select) nobody knew that for two months she had been a matron, secretly married to John L. de Ruyter, socially exalted in New York but not so high financially as her own parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Latham Clarke. For the next three years things were outwardly quiet and uneventful, except that Lois had appendicitis and two children, John L., Jr., and Michael.

Then Jack wrote one of those little advertisements which always have such great attention value. It merely stated that, his wife having deserted his bed and board, he would no longer be responsible for her debts. Lois read it just once and then started packing—Reno had another customer.

De Ruyter started to contest her divorce and even began a separation suit locally. After much conversation of lawyers, the Nevada action was allowed to go through unfought, with the rather unusual detail that the divorced husband received custody of the children.

The hearing was held in secret, so, for all the public knew, the grounds might have been incompatibility of taste in drinks or music, until Peggy Rich and her husband Freddy Rich, the orchestra leader, let a few large cats out of the bag, indicating what married life with a playboy is like. Mr. Rich in his divorce suit named Jack as corespondent, introducing hotel waiters and other infidelity experts who testified to seeing the pair in various states of jaunty disarray of clothing.

Peggy's answers gave the impression that her relations with the social light had been of the most coldly platonic sort but after the divorce she announced her engagement to De Ruyter. Since a more celebrated Peggy, Miss Peggy Joyce had made a similar proclamation prophesying that he was to be her fifth husband, Jack was asked which was correct. His reply was:

"Neither."

Peggy Joyce agreed that their engagement had gone blooey, but Peggy Rich came back with a breach-of-promise suit for $250,000. It was settled in private, according to report, for $232 cash.

Impetuous Lois meanwhile had lost little time in marrying young Spreckels, a match which her parents approved as heartily as they had disapproved the other one. Again all seemed serene and, as if to prove it, the new husband came to court to help his wife against her first husband. The court had safely parked the predecessor's children with the predecessor but now the mother changed her mind and wanted them. Spreckels, who had only come into a comparatively small instalment of his sugar at the time, said that he had an income of $60,000 a year and would be delighted to rear his wife's children in his home.

The court, deeply impressed, reversed itself and gave the sugar man his wish. Mrs. Spreckels seemed grateful beyond words. Yet life is strange. She returned to California, presented him with a baby of his very own and then went back to Reno to recapture all three, with a divorce.

In the fight for the children there was much conflicting evidence as to which member of the de Ruyter family drank the most while Lois was in it. That lady said that her ex-husband imbibed a lot and therefore was not a benign influence on the children. Jack gallantly admitted that he took plenty and that so did his former wife. It was about drink-to-drink, said Jack. While he could carry his without being at all upset, Lois lacked the proverbial "hollow legs" or whatever it is that makes this possible. Besides having been a somewhat "plastered mama," he remembered her as an inattentive and unkind one, he charged.

Grandmother de Ruyter, Jack's mother, looked pained to hear herself accused by servants that she guzzled at her home at Leonia, N. J., until she went staggering around for a week at a time. Asked how she knew this effect was caused by alcohol, Clara Harris, former nursemaid to the children said: "I thought it was alcohol because it acted like alcohol on her. And then, you know, I had to take away all those gin bottles, sometimes as many as twelve at a time. Naturally I thought she was drinking liquor."

Grandma de Ruyter, however, produced two small bottles, which at her insistence the lawyers sniffed without enthusiasm.

"That's what I was drinking," she told the court. "It produces the symptoms of intoxication. You see one is a nerve tonic and the other is for reducing."

Lois' appearance in Reno to be measured for her new divorce suit ten days after Barbara had arrived to be de-Princed, was a complete surprise to everyone except possibly Jimmy. Even his chum Mr. James Blakeley, the young actor who had come to the divorce capital to mitigate the convent-like seclusion of the ten-cent-store heiress, evidently did not know about it.

Mr. Blakeley had been mentioned as a leading candidate for Barbara's next husband. But after a few days when Her Georgian Highness had gotten accustomed to her unusual shyness, he left in a plane, announcing that he was about to visit his friend Lois at her happy home in California. What must have been his surprise to find nobody home but the presumably disconsolate Mr. Spreckels. Lois and Blakeley must have passed each other in midair between Los Angeles and Reno. It would have been a sweet thought if Blakeley had stayed and held Adolph's hand, but he didn't.

It is said that Jimmy Donahue will arrive in time to do that for Cousin Barbara when the judge informs her that she is no longer a Princess. Ladies do not usually faint when their titles are amputated but this one was so expensive that most any sort of a scene might be excusable. By waiting only ten days he can perform the same service for Lois when she is de-Spreckeled though such an experienced young lady would hardly be likely to swoon. Still holding her hand, will he then lead her out of the court and into her third marriage? If so, there may be much weeping and gnashing of pearly teeth.

Among the lovely mourners may be the charming stage - star, Dorothy Dilley.

Dorothy was in the popular New York show, "Hot and Bothered" and had a number of agile chorus men to help her out on the ensembles. A party of Jimmy Donahue's friends went to see the play. There was one of the chorus men who seemed to be familiar to them.

"Why, it's Jimmy!" they exclaimed.

And it was Jimmy. Obviously, the reason for his marching and countermarching on the stage was not the salary. Nor did it seem likely that it was ambition to become a great actor. The only other explanation was that it brought him in close proximity to the very lovely Dorothy, who, by the way, was the estranged but not divorced wife of Mr. Louis Kaufman, II.

However, Jimmy didn't stay long with "Hot and Bothered," and shortly afterward he accompanied Princess Barbara and her Alex on their honeymoon.

Another lovely Dorothy who came the nearest of all to being a Mrs. Donahue—the wife of "Woolie"—actually had the engagement ring on her finger and the date of the wedding all set but then, at the last moment, broke things off with the explanation that Woolie was not "compatible." This remarkable person was Miss Dorothy Fell, New York society heiress.

After that Woolie was matrimonially quiet for a while until he nearly married the popular English actress, Miss Wendy Barrie, whom he first met at Barbara's spectacular wedding in Paris, where he was permitted the honor of holding over his cousin's head the semblance of a crown, presumably the somewhat mythical crown of the Bolshevik State of Georgia.

Lois surprised her family when she married de Ruyter. She surprised him by her swift action for divorce. She surprised her friends by having two children. She surprised everybody when she married Spreckels. She surprised them more when she turned up at Reno to divorce him. She's a surprising young lady.

But so is Jimmy, who likes the same drinks she does and the same pastimes and friends, a surprising young man. Just as surprising as Lois.

Last Summer, when his family was over in London, the butler handed in the following telegram:

"Did you know that Jimmy is a crooner in a night spot on the Rue Pigalle? If not, is it all right?"

It certainly wasn't all right, and there was an investigation. Jimmy said he was a good crooner or they wouldn't be paying him. He said he wanted to earn an honest living—"all by hand, as Father used to say."

Nevertheless the crooner crop in Paris was reduced by one Jimmy Donahue.

A little later came the report that Woolie and Wendy were about to be married. Investigation showed that the pair had been enjoying themselves visiting the bright spots, but apparently Woolie became convinced that the family could do without a wedding just at present and returned to New York.

Wendy followed a few weeks later but explained that it wasn't because of Woolie but a movie engagement. Recently she was quoted as saying that Woolie had told her he and his former fiancee, Miss Fell, had decided to renew their engagement. This seemed to surprise Miss Fell who denied it emphatically.

But Jimmy and Lois ought to get along just right. Maybe he'll end her hunt for happiness.

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Won't Tell Why He Shot Her as he Kissed Her Goodnight

OHIO authorities are used to dealing with murderers who kill out of hate, or passion, or in the course of a robbery. But they are baffled by 27-year-old Rollin Cain who seems doomed to die in the electric chair for shooting Miss Marguerite Carmean to death while he was kissing her goodnight.

So far as the police have been able to learn, the cold-blooded shooting was a crime without a motive—which doesn't make sense—unless the true facts of the case are being withheld by the taciturn and morose Mr. Cain. Nowhere in the annals of crime in America is there a case just like this one and unless the prisoner changes his attitude and does some talking it probably always will be a mystery to challenge the keenest and most facile writers of crime stories.

The shooting took place several weeks ago on the porch of the Carmean home in Tippecanoe, Ohio. The mystifying circumstances of the tragedy were revealed—if the simple facts can be called a revelation—by Miss Carmean shortly before she died. In a signed statement dictated to the prosecuting attorney, the girl said that she and Cain had kept a "date" at the house where she lived with her parents. They had enjoyed themselves "doing the usual things that a couple does during a date."

After he had been at the Carmean home about an hour Cain suggested to the girl that they go to a nearby roadhouse and get something to drink. The idea appealed to her and they drove away in her father's automobile. They limited themselves to a couple of highballs, according to the girl, and returned home. About midnight, Cain thought it was time that he was saying good night and Miss Carmean went with him to the front door. The young man took the girl into his arms, apparently to give the evening a sweetly sentimental windup.

As he kissed her he "sort of laughed" and, according to the victim of his grim and whimsical behavior, she felt something against her side and heard a metallic click. The girl asked her beau what it was pressing against her, but he just laughed again and put something in his overcoat pocket.

Then they went on talking "along foolish lines" and Cain wanted to know whether they couldn't have another date that week. Remembering the enjoyment of the evening, the girl named a night and the romantic young man seemed delighted. Then he took her in his arms again—and again she felt that pressure, like something metal, against her side. Before she had time to ask him again what the object was there was a deafening report. Miss Carmean screamed once and slumped to the floor of the porch, mortally wounded.

That was all she could remember when she regained consciousness in the hospital a short time before she breathed her last—still wondering vaguely why a sentimental evening, unmarred by a word of unpleasantness, should end in tragedy.

For 24 hours the police searched Tippecanoe and vicinity for Cain, but they couldn't find a trace of him. His father and mother, when told of the shooting, were afraid that he had gone temporarily out of his mind and had taken his own life. But he hadn't. The evening following the shooting, a young man walked into the police station at Hamilton, 50 miles south of Tippecanoe, and announced, "I'm the guy you want." Then he sat down and made a full confession. He had bought the .32-calibre revolver with which he had shot his sweetheart in a pawnshop at Dayton and he had thrown it in the river at Hamilton.

The police expected that Cain would make some excuse for shooting Miss Carmean and tell them that he killed her in the heat of a quarrel. But he told the same story that the girl told the authorities on her deathbed in the hospital. He had sent a bullet through her abdomen while he was kissing her goodnight and he did not offer any explanation about why he had done it?

The murderer was taken to Miami County Jail, in Troy and locked up in a cell. There he lapsed into sullen silence while attorneys engaged to defend him prepared to enter a plea of "not guilty."

Rollin Cain, the Tippecanoe, Ohio, Young Man, Who Refuses to Tell Why He Shot and Killed Marguerite Carmean, Even Though He Faces Execution for Her Death.

The Carmean Home in Tippecanoe, Where the Tragedy Occurred as the Suitor Kissed the Girl Goodnight.

Hours of questioning by the sheriff and the prosecuting attorney failed to break down the prisoner. He seemed bored with the proceedings and repeated again and again that there was no reason in the world why he should have killed Marguerite Carmean. He held the gun against her and pulled the trigger. That was the whole story and there was nothing more that he, or anyone else, could say about it.

The authorities, basing their deductions on similar crimes, just can't believe that the dead girl or the young man who seems destined to a violent end in the electric chair has made a clean breast of the affair. They still are seeking a motive for the murder.

Most of the time Cain sits in his cell with his head in his hands. He refuses to see even intimate friends and he doesn't even want to talk to his parents. When they visit him, he quickly ends the conversation and goes back to his cell.

His attorneys seem to be having a lot of trouble preparing a defense for him and it is rumored that he has bluntly refused to tell them any details of the killing that he has not already confessed. It would be natural, under the circumstances, to plead temporary insanity, but the baffling young man refuses to let the lawyers present him as mentally unhealthy. "I killed her," he says, "as we were kissing goodnight. That's the whole story."

Perhaps it is.

Marguerite Carmean, Who Died From the Mysteriously Inflicted Wound a Few Hours After the Apparently Motiveless Shooting.

When the Cat Came Back

THERE are many cats in the little Maine seaport of New Harbor, but none of them can compare with a feline named Tom, the beloved family pet of the Blanchard Palmers. Everybody in town knows Tom and looks upon him as one of the brainiest and most courageous cats that ever lapped up a saucer of milk.

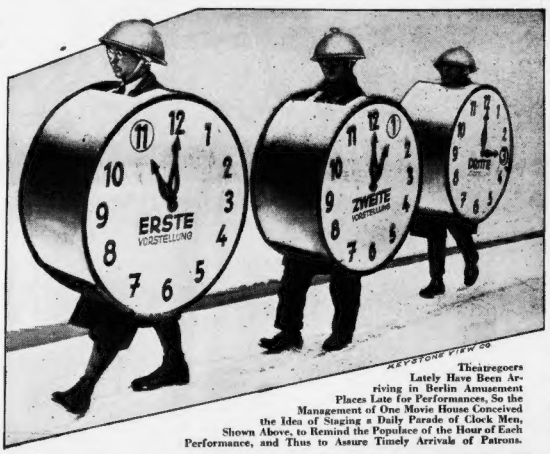
Early last Winter Mr. Palmer decided to move to Portland for a time. With certain other personal effects he took Tom. The Palmers had been in the metropolis of Maine only a short time when the cat disappeared. After a search of the neighborhood, Mr. Palmer came to the unhappy conclusion that Tom had fallen a prey to the wiles of city life or had been killed by an automobile in his wanderings in unfamiliar territory.

Some thirteen weeks later a neighbor of the Palmers in New Harbor, which is about seventy miles north and east of Portland, heard a plaintive meowing. It came from the Palmer doorstoop and from the mouth of as bedraggled and skinny a cat as the man ever had seen. The markings of the feline looked strangely familiar, and a close-up of the cat revealed that it was what was left of the once sleek and husky Tom.

The cat was taken into the neighbor's house, fed, and laid in a warm bed. A letter was mailed to the Palmers in Portland, informing them that Tom had preceded them home and that the cat would be well taken care of until they had finished their Portland visit.

The Palmers and everybody else in New Harbor never will know the true story of Tom's remarkable journey, which took him some ninety days, through more than a dozen cities, towns and villages and across three rivers. It seems almost impossible that the pet made the entire trip on foot, and yet it is equally incredible that any cat would have sense enough to turn hitch-hiker and beg rides from tourists.

During most of the ninety days that it took Tom to get back home, Maine was experiencing its usual freezing Winter temperatures, and there were days and nights when the mercury dropped many degrees below zero. Where the cat managed to hole-up during these cold snaps is another mystery that probably never will be explained. Only one astounding fact is clear—the cat did come back.



Theatregoers Lately Have Been Arriving in Berlin Amusement Places Late for Performances, So the Management of One Movie House Conceived the Idea of Staging a Daily Parade of Clock Men, Shown Above, to Remind the Populace of the Hour of Each Performance, and Thus to Assure Timely Arrivals of Patrons.

University's Artificial Man

ROBOTS that walk, talk, shoot revolvers, play musical instruments and even "think" have been built within the past few years and demonstrated to the general public in this country and abroad. Fantastic as the idea seems, there are serious scientists who believe that, some day, factories will be turning out mechanical men capable of performing certain kinds of work now done by human beings.

The robot shown in the photograph below is not a particularly remarkable fellow when compared to some of the mechanized and electrified creations that have been exhibited at expositions and on the vaudeville stage, but he is interesting because he was conceived and constructed by students at the University of Pennsylvania who use him to show how the human system handles food.

The student shown with the robot is feeding him a liquid chemical diet. The assortment of jars, dishes and glass and rubber tubes, through which the "food" passes, represent such vital organs as the lungs, the kidneys, the stomach and the intestines and the manner in which this system of laboratory equipment handles the liquid is much the same as the digestive process in the human body.

The University of Pennsylvania "man" probably won't bring scholarly scientists rushing to the institution or be signed up for a vaudeville contract so that people all over the country can watch the workings of his "open plumbing" collection of insides—but it does show that the students there have sufficient knowledge, initiative and ingenuity and that they understand enough about the make-up of the human body and the chemistry of digestion to construct their own complicated working models.

The Big Fiddle the Angel Ordered Mr. Ferris to Make

MOST people who go in for the making of miniature or heroic-sized models of familiar things, do so because they are spurred on by what the psychologists call the constructive faculty. This was not the case with white-bearded Arthur K. Ferris, of Ironia, N. J., when he set to work to build a 14-foot violin—believed to be the largest playable instrument ever constructed.

Mr. Ferris is a devout Christian and is regarded by his neighbors in the Morris County Hills as something of a patriarch whose spiritual ardor expresses itself in the designing and making of unusual musical instruments. Most of them believe him when he says that the big fiddle, and the other strange instruments that he has made within the past few years, were accurately fashioned from plans imparted to him by angels. In short, the 14-foot violin was divinely inspired. So were the "lute-harp"—which seems to be a cross between a harp and a 'cello—the "horn of plenty harp," which is a harp with a sort of loud speaker attached to it, and the three-headed violin which the old man is seen holding in his hand is one of the photographs. He calls this the "fidelity harp" and makes strangely beautiful music come from it.

In his weather-beaten wooden house Mr. Ferris keeps his odd collection of instruments and many manuscripts which, he soberly insists, are detailed plans for the construction of other music-making devices communicated to him by angels. Among these painstakingly written documents are the plans for a bull fiddle twice the size of the 14-footer which the patriarch may go to work on one of these days. Where he'll keep such a fiddle he doesn't know because the monster he already has towers almost two stories in the air.

The oversize violin has four thick, strong strings and can be tuned like any other violin. But when its creator rosins his bow and draws it across one of the strings, the resulting sound is like the rumble of distant thunder. The deepest tones of the instrument, he explains, cannot be heard by the human ear but are picked up by the body in the form of inaudible vibrations. The "hearer," says the New Jersey patriarch, is literally thrilled, as he would be by some divine message.

There are, of course, people who question the heavenly origin of the strange collection of instruments in the Ferris household, but few who have heard Mr. Ferris and his relatives and neighbors give a concert doubt the power and sweetness of the sounds that come from the curious fiddles and the unorthodox hybrid harp-violins.

Mrs. Ferris is expert at playing the "lute-harp" and she believes wholly in the divine inspiration of this and the other instruments that her devout spouse has fashioned from celestial blueprints given to him during moments when he was in tune with the infinite.

The lute-harp is used during the Ferris informal concerts as a substitute, in connection with the big fiddle, for a rhythm section, while the other instruments carry the melody strains and combine in the harmony of Mr. Ferris' own inspired compositions, which follow the technique of the hymn writers.

The Ferris Family of Ironia, N. J., With Their Odd Collection of Home-built Musical Instruments. The Big Fiddle, "Ordered by an Angel," Is Seen in the Background.

Mother Ferris Playing a Lute-harp, an Instrument Which Has No Duplicate in the World.

The Chemical Man at University of Pennsylvania, Being Fed Chemical Food by Alfred Sorenson.

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Matrimonial Ad of King Tut's Widow

"I Am Young and Beautiful," She Wrote the Hittite King. "Give Me One of Your Sons and I Will Make Him King of Egypt"—And He Did But His Son Was Strangled By the Little Queen's Enemies

How Queen Ankhesenamen Probably Looked. A Reconstruction From the Picture at the Right and Other Representations of Tutankhamen's Queen by Mrs. Winifred Brinton, Whose Remarkable Portraits of Ancient Rulers of Egypt Have Made Her World Famous.

Pharaoh Tutankhamen and His Youthful Bride, Queen Ankhesenamen. A Portrait Group on the Back Panel of His Throne Found in His Tomb. (Photograph by Harry Burton, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. World Copyright Reserved). Copyright Wide World Photos.

The Cuneiform Tablet Just Translated in Berlin, Which Contains the Little Queen's Appeal for a Husband to Succeed Tutankhamen.

Statue of a Hittite King Who Might Have Been the One to Whom Ankhesenamen Sent Her "Object Matrimony" Appeal.

A Tomb Wall Painting of Tutankhamen's Queen and Her Sister When They Were Very Young. Now in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.

Portrait Bust of Queen Nefertiti, the Little Queen's Mother, a Letter From Whom Has Also Been Found Among the Tablets.

BERLIN, April 25.

"I AM very young and beautiful... but hurry."

Thus began and ended the earliest known marriage advertisement in the history of the world. It was dictated, but not written, by the youthful widow of Tutankhamen, the boy-Pharaoh of Egypt, 3,300 years ago. It was unearthed by a German archeological expedition and only recently completely deciphered and identified. The clay tablet on which it appears is not the Queen's original document, but a longer communication which quotes it, explains the situation and tells what was done about it.

The proposition was addressed to His Majesty Shubbiluliuma, King of the Hittites, or Hatti, but it applied to any of his eight sons. Egypt was the oldest, most illustrious and, until not long before that "Male Help Wanted Ad" was written, had been the richest and most powerful empire in the world.

As the young Queen goes on to point out, the youth who answered the ad and got the position would become Pharaoh of mighty Egypt. On the face of it, the offer was almost too good to be true, and why should the Queen find it necessary to boast about her personal charms and urge haste? One would expect that all eight boys would beg their father to let them have that plum, and whichever got it would rush hot-foot for Thebes.

Old Shub, as ruler of a strong, rising but somewhat "rough-neck" kingdom, was in no position to "high-hat" an Egyptian ruler, nor was any of his eight sons a "Prince of Wales." The Hittite Kingdom for centuries had been a buffer state on the northern marches of Egypt, mostly under Egypt's thumb until under the widow's father, Amenophis IV, also known as Akhenaten, the pacifist Pharaoh, it got out of control entirely, but had been put in its place again by Tutankhamen's able general, Horemheb. Yet King Shub hesitated, stalled, asked for more details and a guarantee, and when he finally sent his third son, it was too late.

Shub was an old procrastinator, but the deal was so dangerous and strange that even a bigger man might have been forgiven for mulling it over in his royal mind. The news of Pharaoh Tutankhamen's death had hardly reached the king of the Hittites, and probably the court scribes had not yet composed the letter of condolence to the widow when panting messengers arrived from her, with the message described in the following letter, written by one of Shub's sons:

"But when the People of Egypt heard of the disaster that had been brought down upon the land of Amka they were terrified. And because their ruler, Pipchururiasch, had died, the Queen of Egypt, who was a widow, sent messengers to my father, and wrote him as follows: 'I am very young and beautiful. My husband has died, and I have no son. You have many sons, I am told. If you will give me one of your sons, he can become my spouse. I could take one of the slaves that are around me and make him my spouse, but I fear...'"

Here the tablet is broken, giving no hint of what she feared, and it ends with the plea to "hurry." But the writer of the account goes on to say:

"When my father heard this he sent to discuss it with the people of Hatti ...(two lines missing). He sent Chattu-LU-isch to Egypt, with the words: 'Go, bring me precise information. Perhaps, they want to take advantage of me; possibly they have a son of their lord. But bring me certain news.'"

It is not surprising that the King wanted to get a private report on what the widow was up to. Of course he was thoroughly familiar with the ancient and unchangeable customs of that great empire to the South in whose shadow his people had lived. He knew that for 70 days, while the interminable ceremonial of embalming and other details of the funeral were going on, the widow of a Pharaoh must mourn for him.

And King Shub and much of the rest of the world had heard that Tutankhamen's Queen loved him more than her life. Why then this haste to invite a foreigner to supplant a beloved husband, a thing that had never been done before? The Hyksos Pharaohs had been foreigners but they had planted themselves on the double throne by force, not invitations. Anyhow, His Majesty had something else on his mind, just then, a combination of business and sport. King Shub's son who wrote the account continues:

"And now Chattu-LU-isch returned from Egypt and my father was besieging Carchemish. He kept it shut up for seven days, and on the 8th day he attacked in full force."

From the broken lines following it is gathered that the city was captured with great booty of gold and copper vessels, and 3,300 prisoners.

In the midst of this excitement Chattu-LU-isch returned from Egypt with a favorable report. Sure enough the widowed Queen was still young, beautiful and in every other way the proposition seemed to be as advertised. She had no son to ascend the throne, evidently meant business and was not trying to put over a fast one on the Hittite King by getting one of his boys as a sort of kidnaped hostage.

There were dazzling possibilities for amalgamating the Egyptians and the Hittites under one dynasty which would have made the combination supreme as far as the known world extended. But Chattu-LU-isch was a lazy reporter and detective who should have been fired. Instead of riding over to his master's victorious camp at Carchemish, he seems to have just sat around the house and waited for the King to come home before turning in his report and expense account.

Meanwhile Ankhesenamen, as the widow's name was, in her anxiety sent a second set of messengers, asking the Hittite Monarch why he had not replied. Shub, supposing that Chattu-LU-isch was still in Egypt, replied with the following letter, short and to the point as a modern telegram but slightly untactful. He asked:

"Why have you spoken thus? Do you want to take advantage of me?"

Pained at such base suspicions, the daughter of Pharaoh Akhenaten and widow of Pharaoh Tutankhamen, replied, more in sorrow than in anger:

"If I had a son would I set aside my very own and my own land to write abroad? He who was my spouse died; I have no son. Shall I take any one of these slaves and make him my husband? And I have not written to any other land, and have written alone to you. It is said you have many sons; so give me one of your sons and he shall be my spouse and King of Egypt."

Either the letter or the belated report must have satisfied Shub, because the tablet ends with the following:

"As my father was friendly, he accepted the words of the woman and betook himself with the matter of his son."

If Chattu-LU-isch was a poor reporter, this son of a King was a worse one. From the way the wretched writer ends his account one would assume that his brother married the beautiful young Queen and lived happily ever after. But he did not.

The widow was in a dire predicament, a result of the utopian schemes of her visionary father Akhenaten. When the dreamer came to the throne as Amenophis IV he was used by Horemheb, a brilliant general and politician to put over a reform. The old priesthood had multiplied until the upkeep was bankrupting the country and his idea was to start a new religion on a small and less ruinous scale, cutting all those tax-eaters off from the treasury.

He left it to the Pharaoh to invent the new religion, not thinking it mattered. The Pharaoh invented a monotheistic plan which Horemheb thought was fine because one set of temples ought to be cheaper than many. Let everybody worship Aten. But Pharaoh added other ideas, including pacifism which looked like a plausible scheme, but which almost finished in his short reign the most successful empire of all time.

The priests, thrown out of their luxurious sinecures, became an army of agitators and the people lost, along with their religion, their principles. When the reformer came to the end of his fatal reign from which Egypt never recovered, Tutankhamen, his son by a concubine, ascended the tottering throne, together with Ankhesenamen, one of the reformer's seven daughters by Queen Nefertiti.

The boy Pharaoh restored the old Amen priesthood and sent Horemheb at the head of the reorganized army to recover the lost provinces and make Shubbiluliuma and the others behave. But the priesthood did not like him much and his Queen saw what was coming. The "slaves" that she feared to marry, were hardly slaves. They were very high nobles, affiliated or actually belonging to the priesthood. Yet she had to choose someone or be out of the running entirely, within the seventy days before her husband was sealed in his tomb.

If she let that time pass, Ai, a favorite of the reformer and son of a Royal nurse would ascend the throne with his "vulgar wife" as the widow called her. Old Shub, in spite of his procrastination seems to have gotten his son on the way in time to have reached the widow within the seventy-day time limit. But his stalling had evidently let the news get to the priests who preferred Ai, so when the young Hittite Prince reached the Egyptian frontier they thoughtfully sent someone into his tent to strangle him.

What became of the widow has not yet been discovered. She just vanishes from the records, perhaps hurried into her rightful place amongst the gods by poison or violence. Probably she did not live to see the work of the priests under Ai and later Horemheb, now himself a Pharaoh, obliterating Tutankhamen's name from monuments and records throughout the land. They tried to make him a forgotten Pharaoh, yet today he is the best-known of all and the whole world will sympathize with his little widow's pathetic plea for haste.

The Hittite King seems to have muffed a golden opportunity such as comes only once in an era. Had he been blessed with the genius for quick decision of a Napoleon or Alexander, he would have accompanied his son to Thebes at the head of his army. By a great piece of luck he was in a position to do that without a moment's delay, because he was already mobilized to march on Carchemish. Instead of attacking that city he should have sent Chattu-LU-isch with a nice letter explaining that he was only fooling and then gone with all the boys to that much more important wedding party.

A strong Hittite dynasty on the Egyptian throne might well have saved that country from its rapid decay, ending as a Roman province.

This letter, embodying the other letters and throwing a little careless light on them, is among more than 10,000 clay tablets excavated in the great Hittite centre of Boghas Keui, all written in the wedge-shaped characters of Babylon, but in many cases using the Hittite language.

At that time these Babylonian characters were used in political correspondence between the nations because all the diplomats had to know them, just as in later ages Latin was used in Europe as the language of communication.

Professor Hugo Winckler, the well-known German scholar, has translated some of the most interesting of these letters, the originals being preserved in the archives of the Istanbul (Constantinople) Museum. It gave archeologists quite a headache before they could positively identify "Pipchururiasch" as Tutankhamen, and from other crumbs of fact they learned that it was the third of the eight sons who was sent to be a Pharaoh but was strangled instead.

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Motorists Carried Horse To Beat Snowdrifts

WINTER is a bad time to be making a long automobile tour through Northern Maine. Charles Candage and Arthur Bigelow, of Bangor, knew that, but business must go on despite the weather—and they had to visit near the Canadian border, to look after collections and service their string of vending machines, in pool halls, restaurants and stores.

After spending the night in Fort Fairfield, they stopped at a filling station. The sky was the color of cold dish water, and the countryside was gripped by an icy stillness. The wind had abated, as if to gather strength for another onslaught, and smoke from chimneys had flattened out and was hovering close to housetops.

Candage thrashed his arms and stamped his feet.

"Think we're going to have more snow?"

The filling station attendant sniffed and nodded.

"Smells like it. How far you going?"

"We want to spend the night in Calais."

"'Fraid you'll never make it—that's 120 miles."

"Got to," Candage replied. "Means money to us."

He and Bigelow exchanged glances. To make the vending machine business pay, it is necessary to keep right in behind it. Machines have to be refilled. They get out of order. They have to be moved to more profitable locations. The loss of a day would be costly.

"Let's get going," Bigelow said. "We'll get through—somehow—even if it does start snowing again."

The blizzard swept down on them a few miles out of Fort Fairfield. The wind howled around them, and several times it almost blasted the car from the road. The snow fell so thick and fast they could not see ten feet in front of them. Drifts piled up rapidly, and in a few minutes they were stuck.

After tramping about a quarter of a mile through the storm, Bigelow found a farmer—who was sympathetic enough, but also practical.

"Sure, I'll be glad to take my horse down and haul you out, but it will cost you $5."

Bigelow groaned.

"Five dollars! You're robbing me."

"That's my price. Times haven't been any too good around here, and us farmers have to make the most of an opportunity when it comes our way."

"All right, all right! But it's a hold-up!"

After the farmer had snaked the car out of the drift and pocketed his fee, the two men from Bangor pushed on down the road in their car. A few miles further they ran head-on into another drift. Candage grinned at Bigelow, rather dismally.

"I guess it's my turn to go farmer hunting."

The horse owner he finally located was also willing but mercenary.

"Five dollars," he insisted. "That's the regular price in these parts for yanking a car out of the snow."

"You farmers got an agreement?"

"Well, not exactly an agreement—but we don't believe in price cutting."

The fee was paid, and after the car was freed, Candage and Bigelow struggled on through the storm.

As Long as the Going Was Good, the Horse Rode in the Sled, Hooked to the Car. But When the Car Was Stuck the Horse Was Led Out to Pull the Machine Clear.

"If we don't hit a town before long we'll be broke," Bigelow said.

About that time the rear wheels began to spin and the car sidled from the road and settled into a ditch—up to the hub caps in fresh snow.

Candage sighed.

"This is getting to be a habit!"

"Yeah—an expensive habit. At the rate we are going we are only making about two miles to a horse."

"Well, I hope the horses hold out!"

Once more they paid $5 to a farmer, but soon they were stuck the fourth time. As he reached into his pocket again, Bigelow said:

"Look here, Charlie, I'm beginning to get annoyed."

"Hold on a minute!" Candage had a flash of inspiration. He stared at the farm nag, hitched to a sled.

"How much you figure this thoroughbred's worth?"

The horse owner scratched his chin.

"How's that?"

"I say, what will you take for this hay-burner?"

The farmer blinked. "Well, he ought to be worth $65. He's a pretty good saddle horse and likes children."

"Yeah, well, never mind that—will you throw in the sled?"

"The sled? You ain't going sleigh riding, are you?"

"No, but the horse is. Here, Art, how much money you got left?"

Between them Candage and Bigelow made up the $65, turned it over to the farmer, and took possession of the horse and sled. Fortunately, the horse was docile, and while he gave his new owners a mild look of surprise when they led him up to the back of the sled instead of the shafts, he was persuaded to climb into the vehicle. As long as the going was good, he rode in the sled, hooked to the rear of the automobile. But when the car got stuck, he had to climb out and release it. He had to drag the car out of drifts seven times before it finally reached Mars Hill, the next town.

When people saw the automobile drive into the town, dragging a sled with a horse on it, they came out—laughing. On learning that the road from Mars Hill to Calais had been cleared with snowplows, Bigelow and Candage took advantage of the attention they had attracted and auctioned off their horse.

They got $48 for him. By pulling them out of seven drifts he had saved them $35. So by adding these two sums together and subtracting the $65 he had cost them, they figured themselves $18 ahead of the deal—and were satisfied.

Astonishing Achievements Of "Wattie," The Sheepdog

THE International Sheepdog Society of England has recorded in a pamphlet some of the almost incredible exploits of Wattie, a sheepdog with almost human intelligence. This remarkable animal is well known for miles around the sheep country in Berwickshire, Scotland. Robert Wightman of the little town of Leitholm acquired the dog when he was a five-weeks-old pup and he devoted much time to his training. He was extremely intelligent at the age of two years, and his brain seemed to be fully developed when he was four years old. Wattie apparently understood his master's orders perfectly. He knew the meaning of words in common usage and appeared to enjoy listening to Mr. Wightman's conversation and carrying out his commands. In the leaflet issued by the Sheepdog Society are recorded the following exploits of Wattie as told in the words of his master:

BRINGING THE DIBBLE.

One day a farm servant came to plant his garden. I spoke to him in passing and noticed his bundle of cabbage plants, and asked him if he had a dibble. He answered "Noo," so I said to Wattie:

"Slip away doon man and bring a dibble out of ma garden."

With a whine Wattie was off at full speed, and in a very short time appeared with the dibble. The man gazed in astonishment.

"The Dog will go Quicker," said Wattie's Master. The Sheepdog, at the Word "Halter" Ran Off, and In a Few Minutes Returned Carrying the Piece of Harness.

BRINGING THE STRAW.

Then on one occasion a traction engine driver who was doing some work on the roads near by, came one night and said, "I hear you have a clever dog, Mr. Wightman, but I know what a dog can do, so I am not believing all I hear."

I said, "Would you like a bunch of straw to kindle your engine in the morning?" He said "Yes."

"Slip away Wattie and bring him a bunch of straw," I said to Wattie. With a whine Wattie was off across the field to the barn like a hare, and in a short time appeared with a bunch of straw. The driver examined the tying very minutely, but I did not give any information. Perhaps he thought the dog had tied it also.

TAKING THE HORSES TO THE WATER.

Being in Swinton one day with the pony and trap, I met the Free Church Minister, who spoke and said, "I hear you have a clever dog."

I said I had a very useful dog. "Is that the dog?" he asked. "What can he do."

"Let's see hoo the laddies tak' the horses to the weyter," I said to Wattie. Immediately Wattie leaped into the trap and along the pony's back and gripped the reins with his teeth. The minister, with a shrug of his shoulders and a wave of his arm, went his way.

WATTIE BRINGS THE HALTER.

One day I went to do some work amongst the rams in a small field in front of the farm house. The farmer appeared on the scene. I had come without the halter, and saw that I would need it. The farmer said he would send one of his boys for it, who were playing before the house.

"The dog will go quicker, I'll send him. Come here, my little fella," I said, "go up to the shed and bring the sheep halter as quick as ye can."

"With his usual whine he was through the hedge and away returning with it in a few minutes. He placed his forepaws up against me and I took the halter out of his mouth. The farmer never spoke, but gave us a look as if there was something no canny about us.

WATTIE PICKS THE MOST RAGGED SHEEP.

At one time I had an ill thriven ewe, some parts she had all the wool rubbed off, other parts the wool was quite long and, to say the least, she did not present a comely appearance. When Wattie was asked if he could seek out the most disreputable looking sheep in the field he picked her and brought her forward with a sly look as if enjoying the joke.

WATTIE BRINGS A LAMB.

One day my brother paid me a visit and went through the sheep with me. He said he had heard stories about Wattie. As we looked at some ewes and lambs I said to Wattie:

"Do you think you could fetch yon lamb to us?" pointing in the direction. He went down amongst them, singled it out and brought it up to us. I said to my brother, "Would you know that lamb again?" He said, "Yes, there's a dirty mark on its shoulder."

We went on, and coming back that way about an hour or more after, said to Wattie, "Could you bring yon lamb to us again?"

He immediately went quietly down and brought it up to us. I asked my brother if he recognized it. He said, "That's the lamb. I wasna' believing the stories that I heard, but I see now it's true."

SHEEP EXPERT.

On one occasion a cattle dealer came to look at some sheep.

When we got to the field in which the sheep were, there were two lots with a net dividing them; one lot was clipped and the other unclipped. One of the clipped ones had got in amongst the unclipped.

I loosened the net from two of the stobs and said, "Dae ye think ye could bring yon clipped sheep, Wattie?" Immediately he went quietly down, separated it from the others and brought it up to its own lot. I said to the dealer, "Keep your e'en on that sheep."

After adjusting the net I said to Wattie, "Could ye bring yon sheep out again?" He went away, and going quietly through amongst them, picked out the sheep, separated it from the others, and drove it up.

WENT FOR CLIPPING BREECHES.

One day in the clipping season it had been some rain during the nicht, so that the sheep were ower damp for clippin' i' the morning. About mid-day I went out and found them dry and brought some in to clip. Whilst getting ready I said to Wattie:

"Slip doon to the house for my clippin' breeks. Be as quick as you can. It's gaun tae be nicht afore we get started." The steward was some little distance off and heard me, and the steward came out and said:

"Was that the dog you was speakin' tae?" I said "Yes." "And do you expect him to bring them?" he asked. I replied:

"If he does what I telt him he will." "That's no' answer," he said. "Do you really expect the dog to bring yer breeks?" "Yes." I said, "but if he's unco lang, it'll be nicht afore we get started."

We went out where we could see down the road and there he was coming; yin o' the legs had got loose and was tripping him, and sometimes broadside on, sometimes backwards, he was making a brave attempt to carry out his instructions.

Poisoned The Bride And Groom At Wedding Fete

SERVANTS were setting the table for the wedding feast of Gregory Tmolossa, son of the richest man of Ios—one of the small Greek islands in the Aegean Sea. Wrinkled old Katrina, who had been with the family since Gregory was a baby, counted the places, and grimaced:

"Twelve! I do not like to see twelve places at a table."

"Why not?" asked gaunt Constantine, the melancholy waiter who had come up from the restaurant in the village, to superintend the service and, the pulling of corks. "Twelve is a good number—as good as any and better than most."

"Aye, but there is always chance that someone who has been overlooked might walk in and sit down at the table—uninvited. That would make thirteen—and as you know, thirteen persons at a table would surely bring disaster."

With his apron Constantine gloomily polished a thumbprint from a glass.

"Who would be this forgotten guest—on the Isle of Ios? Dimitri Chellos, I suppose?"

"Do not speak of him—he will never enter this house again. You may be sure of that. But I would not put it past him to work mischief, if he could."

Constantine laughed.

"Young men take love so seriously. This Dimitri—he does not know how to lose gracefully. Yesterday he was down in the village, weeping in his wine and telling everyone that Anna Popoulos had treated him unfairly and broken his heart."

"Unfairly?" Katrina was indignant. "Surely a young girl has a right to make her own choice—provided it meets with the approval of her parents? And who would want Dimitri? Everyone knows that he is as wild as a mountain goat—but by no means as steady on his feet. As for Gregory—he is trustworthy and reliable."

"Yes, and the son of the richest man on Ios. You do not need to defend Anna. It is obvious that she is doing the wise thing. Even so, Dimitri has sworn that she shall never live with Gregory."

"He's wasting his breath," Katrina shrugged, and a few moments later when the church bell in the village began to ring, she and Constantine ran out of the house and down to the terrace, to watch the procession wind up the hill. While they were gone—as was afterwards decided—the uninvited guest who turned the merrymaking into tragedy must have entered through the kitchen.

When the guests assembled around the table, in the center of it stood a large hamper containing bottles of old wine. But it did not occur to anyone that this was strange. Gregory thought the wine had been provided as part of the catering service, and Constantine naturally concluded that one of the guests had brought it.

So Constantine started pulling corks and pouring wine, for the moment had arrived for the guests to drink the health of the bride and groom. But before the toast was proposed, Gregory found a note folded in his napkin:

"Hold on! Listen to this!" he cried, and he read the note:

Gregory and Anna Raised Their Glasses. They Drank the Wine and, According to Custom, Tossed the Tumblers Away. For a Few Moments the Couple Were Dead—And So Were Two of the Wedding Guests.

"Unseen and unsuspected until it is too late, a thirteenth guest will be at your wedding feast, bringing to it the ill-luck that is proverbially associated with a feast of thirteen covers. The thirteenth guest will bear the name of Death."

Some of the ladies shivered—but the men laughed.

"It must be the work of a practical joker," someone said, "but I think it is a poor joke at a time like this."

One of the bridesmaids turned to her dinner partner, and lowering her voice so it could not be heard by Anna, said:

"I don't think it was meant to be a joke. I think Dimitri Chellos did it."

"But why?" the man asked. "Why would he do such a senseless thing?"

"Just to be spiteful—to frighten us, to throw a pall over the party and keep us from having a good time. Perhaps he thought that if he could make everyone uncomfortable at the wedding feast, Anna and Gregory would get started on their married life in the wrong way. So much depends, you know, on a happy beginning."

"Nonsense! Anna and Gregory are bound to be happy. They were made for each other."

"Dimitri does not think so."

Meanwhile, the glasses had all been filled and were raised in honor of the bride and groom. But when the guests tasted the wine, which was unusually bitter, they made wry faces, and most of them stopped with a sip. No one mentioned that the wine was not palatable, however—since it would have been rude to do so.

Then Gregory and Anna raised their glasses to drink to each other. Smiling, they clinked their glasses, drained them, broke the stems and tossed the fragments into a corner.

"What's bitter wine," the bridegroom said. "But perhaps it should be. I do not know. Perhaps bitter wine at the wedding feast means a long and contented married life. Let us hope so. What do you think, my dear?"

Anna did not answer. Her face had turned pale, and she was clutching at the yoke of her bridal dress. With a cry she collapsed, and started writhing on the floor. Gregory leaped forward to help her—but as he bent over her a spasm shook him, and he fell to her side. In a few minutes the bride and groom and two other members of the party were dead. The other eight guests were ill, but since they had only sipped their wine, they recovered.

Dimitri Chellos was arrested, of course.

The police say that he admitted writing the anonymous letter and poisoning the wine.

Can't Buy Up Films Of His Unclad Wife

"HOW may I prevent all the world from seeing my beautiful wife in the nude?"

This is the question asked by the Armament King of Central Europe, Fritz Mandel, president of the great Hirtenberg Ammunition Works. And, despite his millions, he can find no answer.

Without doubt Hedy Kiesley is one of the loveliest girls in the world. Fritz Mandel was sure of it when he met her. First he saw her likeness on the screen.

"I must meet her!" he cried.

For a man of his wealth that could be arranged. Miss Kiesley was a Viennese film actress. He was introduced to her and found her to be more beautiful in the flesh than on the screen. He loved her at once. He wanted to marry her.

"How wonderful," Hedy's friends cried, "he is a fine looking man, and think of his millions!"

The advice of her friends was not needed. Miss Kiesley had already made up her mind. She liked Fritz Mandel, she was charmed with him, and his fortune was hardly an objection.

"My beautiful one," Mandel said, "everything you may wish is yours, I ask but one thing—give up, for all time, your career as a stage and film actress."

She was quite willing to do this, and they were happily married.

Quite innocently, she was going over with her husband the list of pictures in which she had appeared. "And there was that art picture, Fritz, it was most beautiful, even now it is said to be the most artistic film in the world. In that one I was photographed quite in the nude."

"What, my dear, in the nude?"

"Quite—it was all art, as you will realize when you see it."

Fritz Mandel was quiet. He was thinking deeply. Finally he made inquiries as to where he could see it. He was told that at the time it was being exhibited at the International Film Exhibition at Venice. However, it could be arranged for him to have a private showing at any time.

Mandel saw the picture. His beautiful bride had not exaggerated, it was art and she was in the nude—quite in the nude.

"I'll buy it!" I'll buy every film!" Mandel cried. "I cannot have all the world staring at the undraped beauty of my bride!"

"That would be impossible, it is already widespread. In Venice," Mandel was told, "it is even now voted to be the finest film ever shown from a purely artistic viewpoint."

"But I will buy them up—all of them. I will pay any price," Mandel told his friend.

Fritz Mandel did buy many copies of this film, he bought them here and there and paid whatever was asked for them, but the makers had commercialized on that celluloid work of art and had sold copies all over the world. One was soon to be shown in Rome.

Mandel hurried to the capital and had a conference with his good friend, Mussolini.

"This picture—I cannot have it shown," he declared, "I cannot stand the thought of everyone staring at my bride's beauties undraped. Be so good, I beg of you, as to censor it."

Mussolini shook his head.

"It must not be done," he decreed, "it is pure art. Art must never be censored."

"But—but consider my feelings," Mandel pleaded.

"In artistry," Mussolini replied, "the purely personal point of view must not be taken into consideration."

Meanwhile Fritz Mandel is still striving to buy up every one of these films he can locate, but there are too many, they are already too widespread over the world. He may buy and destroy a few dozen, but there are many others out in all quarters of the earth on exhibition for all the world to see. "Oooh!" and "Aaaah!" over the undraped beauty of his beloved Hedy.

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Who Set Fire to the Toreador's Sweetheart?

Distressing Finish of a Wild Party Which Nearly Cost One of Spain's Most Famous Bullfighters His Popularity, but Still Nobody Seems to Know What Really Did Happen at "The Passionate Wine Pump"

Toreador Cagancho in His Bull Butcher's Uniform.

According to the Early Versions of the Affair, Cagancho the Toreador Looked at Senorita Augustina's Alcohol-Soaked Skirt, Grinned, Said, "All she needs is a light," Bent Forward and Touched His Cigarette Lighter to Her, and Immediately Augustina Was Clothed in Flames. But at His Trial, None Was Certain of What Had Actually Occurred. So He Was Acquitted.

Three Photographs of Cagancho Killing a Bull in the Cadiz Bull Ring.

Senorita Augustina Aguirre Rocamores, the Toreador's Sweetheart, Who Was Almost Fatally Burned at the Party.

MADRID, April 25.

"HELP! He is burning me alive!"

It was just after dawn and a few workmen, on their way to early jobs were dodging the uncertain movements of homeward-bound roisterers in the Plaza de Fragella of old Cadiz. Both the drunk and the sober paused to stare at a rather expensive place devoted to all-night revels and known as "The Passionate Wine Pump."

That announcement was followed by agonized shrieks. Then the door flew open and out dashed a young woman, her legs and skirt aflame and leaving a trail of blue fire behind her. The startled spectators, in their astonishment let the flaming, shrieking apparition pass. Then recovering their presence of mind they started in pursuit. The worst thing a person with clothes afire can do is run, because it fans the flames, yet, like this one they almost invariably run like a deer.

It was more than a block before they overhauled their fiery fugitive, threw her into the gutter and smothered the flames with their coats. She was then rushed in a taxicab to a hospital where at first it seemed likely that she would die, so dreadfully had she been burned about the stomach and thighs.

"What son of Satan did this to you?" her rescuers demanded, their hot Spanish blood ready to avenge such an atrocity on the instant. But when she gasped out a name, they all stared at each other open-mouthed. She had accused the idol of the city, one of the most famous men in Spain, the daring young Toreador Cagancho.

They could not believe it, but they went back to "The Passionate Wine Pump" and sure enough there was Don Joaquin Rodriguez Ortega, the hero of the bull ring and commonly known as Cagancho, staggering out with several companions. Cagancho's figure, lithe and slim as his bullfighting sword, straightened, and his green, gypsy eyes flashed up and down the street.

"Where did the woman go?" he asked.

"To a hospital," they told him and then someone became bold enough to ask the celebrity what had happened. The reply was:

"Quien sabe? (who knows?) She just burst into flame and ran out. You understand that—don't you?"

The questioner did not understand, but he nodded vigorously because the great toreador had fixed his green eyes on the man's neck, with the same businesslike look as when he is about to plunge a sword through the thick neck of a bull.

Emilio Nabas, Cagancho's trusty keeper of the sword, was beside him, but not the sword itself. However, a small dagger would be long enough for the death thrust through the thin neck of a man. Also they recognized Eduardo Bogota, his banderillero, expert at hurling darts with lightning speed and accuracy into the shoulders of a bull. These darts are as long as a walking stick and obviously Bogota had nothing like that with him but these banderilleros can pull a knife out of a belt and throw it with equal suddenness and efficiency.

Nobody said a word as the party lurched along to another and even wilder place on John-of-God Street. There they were just ordering their second drink when the police arrived and arrested them all. After questioning, all were set free except the peerless Cagancho because the burned girl had told them that it was he who set her on fire.

The celebrated prisoner sent for the brilliant young Duke of Canalejas, the best lawyer in that part of Spain and, after four days in a cell of the Model Prison, was released on bail, just in time to fulfill his next contract to kill a bull in the ring.

The great arena was packed to the last seat, a thing that rarely occurs except on important holidays, whereas this was an unimportant holiday. Much flattered at this unusual turnout, Cagancho made his appearance and posed magnificently to accept the usual burst of applause from the men and the waving of handkerchiefs from the ladies. Instead he was staggered by a roar of rage.

"Kill the woman-burner!" the crowd shouted, rising in its seats and threatening to overflow the arena and do it. Stunned, he stood sword in hand until a policeman warned him to flee for his life.

Five more contracts worth $10,000 to slaughter bulls, Cagancho had to forfeit before his case came to trial. Then he was acquitted and promptly became more popular than ever.

Part of what happened on the night the senorita was fired will forever remain a matter of dispute.

"The Passionate Wine Pump" is one of many houses of revelry in Cadiz whose ancient exteriors give no hint that wine, woman and song are in gay evidence inside.

Opening on the street is a modest respectable bar with a few rough benches and tables and an array of Manzanilla, sherry and Malaga behind a high, metal-topped counter. Here an occasional passerby snatches a quick one-cent "copa." The poor, taking a night-cap or an eye-opener, never do more than look through the opening behind the bar to the patio, nor do they see much because it is screened from their gaze by festoons of green creepers. Only the extravagant go through those creepers to pay for the popping of corks and the laughter of women.

Toward this place Cagancho and his party headed after what had already been a long evening, arriving in an exalted state of mind due to a combination of events and drinks. The previous afternoon he had outdone himself because the bull happened to be one whose mind he understood perfectly, making it possible to foresee every movement of the big animal.

Seated on the wooden ledge running round the inside of the ring palisade, his back to the wood, he had nonchalantly invited its charge. He had roused the spectators to a frenzied enthusiasm by his famous statuesque flourishes of the crimson cape, which had brought the infuriated animal to a standstill, puzzled.

The kill had been happy. Cagancho, sure of his animal felt none of the panic that often seizes him at this dangerous moment. One clean swordthrust and the huge panting beast crumpled at his feet. Roar upon roar of cheers, handkerchiefs fluttering like a snowstorm, thousands of hats in the ring, perfection! He could afford to be merry. He was a young man but already a great man who was getting to be a rich man, even now worth $150,000.

After supper in his apartment in the fashionable Hotel de la Playa, this man with the public in the hollow of his hand invited his staff of swordkeeper, banderillero and other handlers for a tour of celebration. An hour or so before daylight the celebrators reached "The Passionate Wine Pump." Ordinarily they would have hastened past the bar and into the patio but it happened that just then two laughing girls dashed through the creepers pursued by a couple of young sports. The pursuers captured the fugitives and were about to silence the giggles with kisses when Cagancho called one of them by name.

The girl was Augustina Aguirre Rocamores, tall and one of the prettiest brunettes in Cadiz. At the trial she gave her age as eighteen. The man who was struggling with her recognized Cagancho and relinquished his prize as humbly as he would have to King Alfonso in the days of the monarchy. The other girl, Carmen Ruiz Utrera, though the great man had not even looked at her, was also released.

"So this is how I find you!" Cagancho's voice was low but so deadly that Augustina hastened to explain:

"But it has been so long. You have not come to see me; you sent no message; you would not answer my notes."

"It would have paid you to wait a little longer!"

The girl almost cried out at the look in those green eyes. But Bogota and Nabas knew how to handle their master as he in turn knew how to handle bulls, because their temperament was so much like his own. Pouring just the right sort of words into his ears they quickly diverted his purpose. Grinning, the bull-fighter seized the girl and inviting the others to come along, plunged into the patio.

There, at dimly-lighted tables, sat men with ladies who considered them big spenders, listening to a guitar and a mournful Andalusian singing a toneless, high-pitched "flamenco" song. Even these were not quite classy enough for Cagancho who told the obsequious proprietor to give them his best "reservado." Into one of the private rooms opening on the courtyard the party disappeared. The gruesome B sports outside were forced by their ladies to remain and see the great man come out. Meanwhile they noted that the waiter went in frequently with bottles of rum and anis, that potent Spanish drink made from aniseed. Two hours later the celebrity did emerge, but alas, it was obvious to every eye that something doleful had happened.

Augustina had gone in, triumphantly, her waist encircled by the most famous arm in the city, and everyone had observed the love-light in the green eyes. During those two hours love had burned up and out, or for some reason the bull-minded bull-killer had again become diverted. The men seated themselves at a table, deeply interested in the singer but oblivious to the girls.

The blonde Carmen seemed resigned to her fate, but Augustina, perhaps because she had taken too much anis and rum, brought her chair near the indifferent men and tried to win back the toreador's fickle interest. In various ways she strove in vain. Finally she discovered that by clicking a bottle of rum and one of anis together she could make an imitation of castanets to accompany the singer. Suddenly she won everyone's attention when both bottles broke, drenching her skirt with their contents.

Howls of laughter from the bullfighter and all the other guests greeted this misadventure. What came next is a matter of dispute. Augustina told the police that Cagancho had grinned and said:

"All she needs is a light."

With these words, she said, he lit a cigarette-lighter and touched it to her rum-soaked skirt.

Cagancho and all the others present testified that at the moment he was on his way to the telephone and could not have had anything to do with the happening. However, there is no doubt that she burst into flames, ran blazing and shrieking around the patio and out the front door to the street where, as already related, her light was finally extinguished.

The prosecutor intimated that the witnesses were telling a different story from what they first gave the police but he could not shake their testimony. The Duke of Canalejas, representing Cagancho, showed his skill by confusing Augustina until at one point he made her admit that she was not sure who had touched her off. The prosecutor asked a fine and six months' imprisonment while Augustina's lawyer pleaded for heavy damages because her beauty had been hopelessly marred.

When the judge wanted to know if a properly-modest skirt would not conceal all the scars, her lawyer asked what his client was supposed to do on a bathing beach and if she wanted to be a cabaret dancer? Also, he was sure Augustina would feel it her duty to reveal all the hidden damage to any man who asked to marry her.

If His Honor knew the answers to those questions he did not divulge them but decided the case on other lines. He stated that he had performed a series of experiments in his own patio, on a dummy seated in a chair. Breaking a bottle of rum and one of anis over the dummy's skirt he found that tossing a lighted match under the chair was enough to set the skirt ablaze, as described by all the witnesses. In his opinion, some careless guest had tossed a lighted match under Augustina, unintentionally. Since said careless guest remained unknown he dismissed the case.

Augustina's fixed idea that Cagancho had done it, he thought might be due to the peculiar nature of a woman scorned. Even if sober, a woman scorned might be expected to blame anything that happened to her on the man who had scorned her.

All Spain accepted the verdict as correct and the great Cagancho, now something of a martyr as well as a hero, is more popular than ever.

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Bad Boys Always Welcome at Farmer Reese's Table

The Reese Hillside Home and Wide-Stretching Acres, Where He Found Real Pleasure in Raising Bad Boys and Making Them Into Worthy Citizens. Guided by the Kindly Old Man, City Boys Found His Farm a Haven From Which Not One Ever Ran Away. He Kept Them Busy, and They Liked It.

He Took Them in by the Dozen, Taught Them the Golden Rule and Never Scolded. When Grown, He Started Them Out in Life With Bank Accounts and Every One Made Good

IT is unlikely that anybody ever will hear of Shandon again. The little Welsh community in southwestern Ohio, twenty-five miles from Cincinnati, was widely known during the life of its worthiest son, John Everett Reese, who, without a system or a science, reared forty-eight hopelessly incorrigible boys and girls at his own expense and made them upstanding citizens.

But John Reese is dead now and if Shandon ever is mentioned again beyond its own limits, it probably will be only as an odd corner of rural America where some of the natives still speak the tongue of its Welsh settlers. Worried about his health which was broken by his hard work for the children he took into his care, Reese shot himself the other day, in the little schoolhouse on his dairy farm where he had conducted classes for them. He was seventy-eight.

So great was his faith in the goodness of his influence on the children of his household that, upon his death, he entrusted the welfare of his aged sister to one of them, a boy of twenty, the last of the forty-eight.

The only thing Reese knew about rearing children was a very ancient law—the Golden Rule. According to the modern methods of the country's child welfare authorities, who used his farm as a sort of dumping ground for the worst boys and girls, his rule should not have worked. It employed no psychiatry or force. The authorities, therefore, were constantly amazed by its results. Not one of the forty-eight, including four girls, has failed to achieve a decent quality of life.

A few have grown wealthy and several are filling responsible positions paying $10,000 a year or more. One is an executive in a rolling mill near Shandon, and many of them are rearing good families according to the Golden Rule they learned from Reese. He took them into his comfortable old home where his maiden sister, Alice, kept house. She cooked for them, as many as thirteen at one time, and assisted in the supervision of their social training.

The first thing Reese did with a boy coming under his care was to open a small bank account for him. Then they sat down and had an understanding.

"That little money," he would say, "is your start in life. You can make it grow until when you leave me you will have enough to set you up in anything you may choose to do. It all depends on your conduct.

"I will give you chores to do and if you do them well and don't misbehave, I will pay you. But if you shirk your work or cause trouble, I will withdraw a sum from your account. I will never use the rod or scold you. You may run away from here any time you want. But if you will join the family and do your part like a good son, I promise that you will be proud of yourself when you are a man."

The boys and girls herded the cattle, milked the cows, churned butter, helped Miss Reese with the housework and did the numerous other tasks incident to the farm. Reese worked with them so that they would never feel he was their overseer. They labored cheerfully in the knowledge that they were making good lives for themselves.

Sometimes, when Reese feared a boy was slipping, he would make him a present of a calf from his pure-bred Jersey herd. The boy could not understand this undeserved reward, but Reese had a reason for it. He knew that the boy would keep out of mischief while devoting himself to raising the calf. When the animal was grown, the boy was permitted to sell it and add the proceeds to his bank account. This made the boy feel important and spurred him to well-doing.

The children remained with Reese a few months or many years until they were twenty-one, and when they left, some of them had as much as $500. They attended a public school in the neighborhood and lectures on a variety of subjects, from dairy farming to right living, delivered by Reese in the schoolhouse on the farm.

Reese did not count among his forty-eight the occasional boy or girl who was sent to him from the tenements of neighboring cities for recreation and to be fattened. The recreation he gave them was farm work. He realized that a new kind of work was fun for the city children and besides would benefit their appetites. Milk, butter, eggs and vegetables, but not meat, were served lavishly on the farm.

"All of our children were the biggest and healthiest in the neighborhood," Reese's sister proudly recalls.

Reese always chuckled when he told of his success in handling his unruly youngsters. It was a last laugh on the authorities who had insisted that they could not be controlled. His favorite story was about the worst boy in the county.

"I was up in Juvenile Court when they were hearing his case," he related. "He wouldn't work, he wouldn't study, he had done nearly everything a boy shouldn't do and he ran away from every place they sent him. He was about to be sent to the reformatory.

"I told him of our one rule. Then I gave him a heifer and a pup for his own. I figured he couldn't take the Jersey with him if he wanted to run away and that would stop him. He raised the calf and sold it for $35.

"One day he was bad and I told him I'd have to take ten dollars from his bank account. He put his arms around my shoulders and begged forgiveness. I didn't take his money and he was never bad again. He was with me three years and then I got him a good job. He is still doing well."

Reese's personality was his chief asset in winning the affection and confidence of his boys and girls. He had a sense of humor which did not fail him even when they were most exasperating. If his temper was tried, he would vent it in a tumultuous agglomeration of aspirant "h's," meaning, in Welsh, "the little red sow and her five little pigs." Then he would smile.

He was a gaunt, ruddy farmer with a mock-serious manner. He was a bachelor because, he said, he "courted a woman for sixteen years and she grew tired."

His thwarted love of family, expressed in his care of children, took still another form. He frequently made his schoolhouse available as living quarters for newly-married couples who were without the means to rent a home.

Reese was a one-man welfare department for all the countryside around Shandon. In the absence of organized charity, persons in distress always turned to him. He paid doctor's bills and hospital expenses; furnished food for hungry families; gave clothes to destitute neighbors and, realizing that man does not live by bread alone, provided an occasional toy or some non-essential of dress for the children of the poor. These things he did although his only wealth consisted of the profits he could earn each year from his dairy farm.

There was a baker in Shandon whose little shop earned only a day-to-day living for his family. At one time, his supply of flour becoming exhausted, he had no money with which to buy more. He told Reese that unless he could obtain funds, he would have to give up his bakershop and live on the charity of the community. Reese believed in practical charity. He lent the baker $50 to be paid back at his convenience and without interest.

On another occasion, the minister of the church in Shandon needed money with which to keep his life insurance from lapsing. It was not Reese's church. He was a member of the Episcopal congregation in nearby Hamilton, Ohio. But Reese had a keen sympathy for all village pastors who, he felt, were poorly paid for their lives of devotion to the welfare of their flock. First, he conveyed the minister's appeal to the wealthiest member of the Shandon congregation. No help was forthcoming. Reese, however, did not consider his own obligation ended there. Temporarily short of funds, he enabled the pastor to obtain a bank loan and obligated himself for its repayment.

Although Reese required the children under his care to attend the churches of their respective creeds, he counseled them to remember that church membership alone was not enough to make men good. He told them that they could forsake the church, if their consciences dictated, after they left the farm, but that he would consider his efforts for them wasted if he should hear that they had forgotten the Golden Rule.

In his own life, he held observance of the Rule above his church membership.

"He attended services regularly but he was not a praying churchman," his sister said. "He had no patience with the people who sang loudest on Sunday and did nothing the rest of the week for their neighbors."

Even during the depression, with its heavy demands for aid, Reese did not once ignore the duties which his accepted life Rule required of him. In five years, he obtained jobs for 200 people from industrialists of surrounding towns who had learned to respect his judgment. Sometimes, in his service to the Golden Rule, he had to employ a shrewdness which he did not learn from Scripture.

One man who wanted a job in a certain factory was of a particularly unprepossessing appearance and Reese doubted that the man would be accepted even on his recommendation. But Reese remembered that the fellow had a beautiful and charming wife.

"I'm pretty sure," he said, without disclosing his plan, "that I can get jobs for both you and your wife. You two go to the factory, together, mind you, and tell them I sent you."

They got the jobs.

Reese believed that success was founded on one's ability to find joy in work, and lived to see his theory substantiated by the careers of at least two of his boys, who chose the hardest way after leaving him and became important in their fields of endeavor. They worked their way through colleges to supplement the funds they had received from him. One studied journalism and later was taken from a newspaper job by a large advertising firm in Philadelphia with which he is now associated in a major capacity. The other prepared himself for teaching and is considered foremost among the public school teachers of the mid-western city where he is employed. Reese's young workers have always been good students.

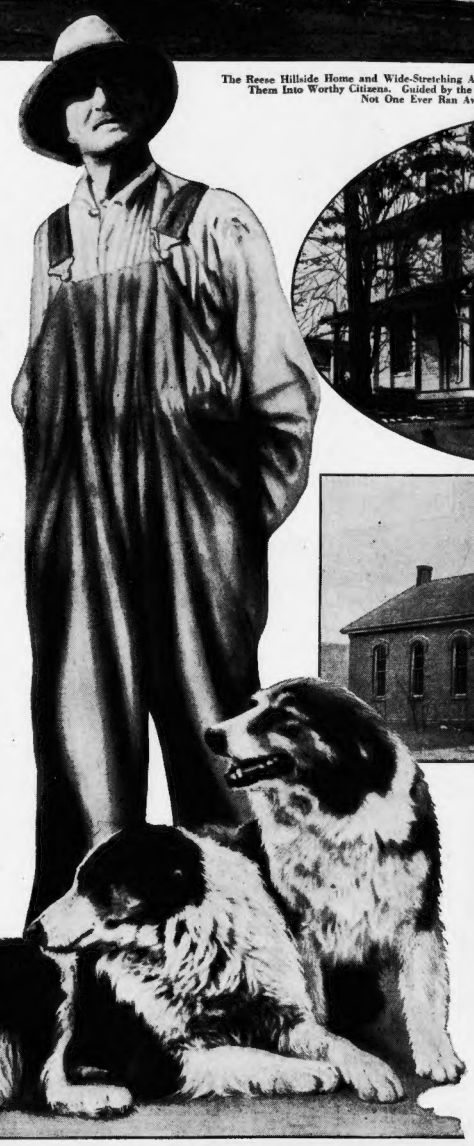
After his boys and girls left him, he cut them adrift from his financial support, believing that dependence would interfere with their self-development. His remained, however, their adviser, and his door was always open to the return of those youngsters who did not immediately meet with good fortune. Several of them did come back, resuming work on the farm until conditions seemed favorable for a new start.

The pleasures of his old age were the visits of his returning boys and girls who brought their wives, husbands and children to see him. In his seventy-eighth year, his health began to fail under the strain of his half-century of hard work for the young. Recently his illness increased. He took Billy Back, the last of his boys, to the bank and gave him two hundred dollars, saying, "Take good care of my sister."

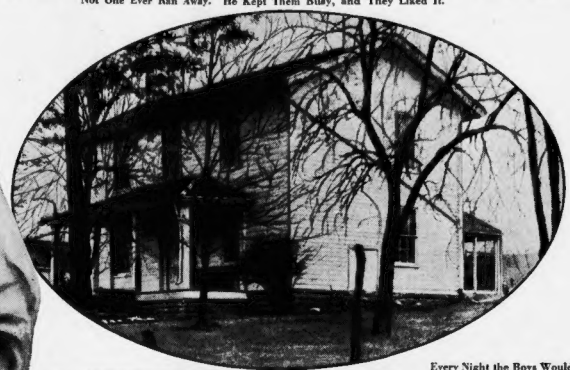
He had little money left after contributing to the bank accounts of forty-eight children.

Billy did not know then what Reese meant. But he understood a few days later when he found the old man's body in the schoolhouse.

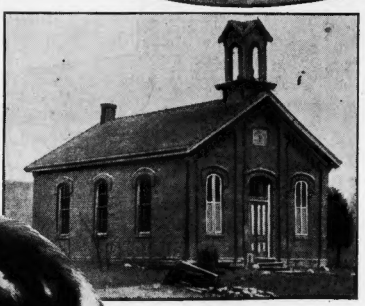
Six men who owed their success to Reese came home to serve as pall-bearers at his funeral. From miles around, the rich and poor, mighty and humble gathered to follow the casket to the hillside God's Acre in Shandon. Not omitted from the silent group which followed the hearse were Reese's faithful sheep dogs, Buster and Chub, who had been companions of the boys and important members of the working family on the farm.



Farmer Reese, Whose One-Man Welfare Agency Provided Dozens of Bad Boys With the Right Start in Life. At His Feet Are His Faithful Dogs, Chub and Buster, Who Were in the Procession Which Followed Reese's Body to the Grave.



Every Night the Boys Would Gather in the Sitting Room of This Old Farmhouse and Chat With the Farmer About Their Day's Experiences. It Was Like a Family Circle.



The Country School Where Reese Used to Entertain His Boys With Stories of Men Who Made Their Way in the World in Spite of Many Difficulties.

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Naughty Bal Bullier Closes Its Doors Forever

The Famous Resort Which for a Hundred Years Was the Heart of Paris' Bohemian Life and Scene of the Wildest Revels of Artists and Models Is Sold for Junk

PARIS April 26.

THE Bal Bullier, once frequented by Henri Murger, author of the "Vie de Boheme" and where he imagined many of his enchanting scenes, is no more.

With it goes a venerable monument of the Latin Quarter, the last of the famous resorts of Paris that dated from the time when Bohemia was sincere, unaffected and uncommercialized. Artists, students, grisettes and midinettes had danced there since the good old days of King Louis Philippe nearly a hundred years ago. Its crumbling walls and creaking floors were haunted by memories of the finest artists and wildest Bohemians of old Paris.

The original characters of Murger's immortal book—Mimi Pinson and Musette, the grisettes; Rodolphe, the poet; Marcel the painter; Colline, the philosopher, and Schaunard, the musician, spent endless nights there. But a resort cannot live on ghosts forever.

The old resort had been declining for years and had passed through several stages. First, the artistic element had become overshadowed by noisy, inartistic types of French citizens and the tourists. Then the commonplace visitors stayed away because there were too few artists. After the war its decline became more rapid. Lately it was used as a political meeting place, and it was not a good one at that. That was the last phase of degradation, and so it was closed and the building will be pulled down. The world no longer has any use for such simple, inexpensive, comparatively harmless places of dissipation that satisfied Bohemians in the good old days.

"Oh, my youth, it is you that is being buried!" cried Rodolphe when he saw death take away his poor Mimi.

"Oh, my youth, it is you that is being demolished!" said an old Parisian when he saw the pick being laid to Bullier.

The passing of Bullier recalls the immortal lines which Beranger, the exquisite poet of humble French life, put in the mouth of one of the fair frequenters of the dance-hall in her later years:

> Combien je regrette
> Mon bras si dodu,
> Ma jambe bien faite
> Et le temps perdu!
>
> (For the vanished charm
> Of leg and arm,
> For the long, long years,
> I shed these tears!)

Even in recent years, Bullier had witnessed some fantastic scenes worthy of the old times. At the height of the depression Andre Gill, the cartoonist, went in there and found twenty homeless, out-of-work young models and grisettes, and after a few dances and drinks to warm them up, invited them to meet him later in the evening in front of the nearby statue of Marshal Ney. The invitation did not sound very alluring, but under the circumstances they were not inclined to be particular.

They met him there promptly, and he invited them to accompany him to his vast studio on the Rue d'Enfer. There he gave them a good dinner that lasted well into the night, and afterward they slept on the Persian rugs and silk cushions of his luxurious establishment—a scene that would have delighted the heart of sentimental Rodolphe of the "Vie de Boheme."

Bullier reached the height of its popularity after Murger's time, that is to say about the middle of the last century, for a distinguished Frenchman has written, "Nothing makes a man so popular as his death." The orchestra indulged in all sorts of pranks that put ginger into the dancing. By way of livening up the quadrilles the musicians broke chairs, fired off pistols and even discharged small cannon.

The exotic music provided by Carnaud, Bullier's orchestra leader for a time, appears to have had some affinity with American jazz at its weirdest. Wild cries were uttered by the performers and they made all sorts of queer noises of a more or less unmusical kind. Under old M. Bullier, who, owing to his happy, laughing disposition was known as "le Pere rit toujours" (the Father who always laughs), the place became world-famous.

Two of the noted charmers who frequented it were known as Pochardinette and Pomponette, the latter of whom liked to read her admirers a farce she had written during her minutes of leisure from love-making. The origin of a number of the sirens who haunted the dancing-place was unknown, even to themselves, and an especial favorite, who called herself Davina, admitted that she had never had a surname, but added,

"That doesn't matter because I now have a sugar papa."

This bright girl was invited to a reception by a wealthy countess, one of the first society women to take up the practice of slumming. The countess asked Davina to write some sentiment in her album. The girl took the pen and wrote:

"Dishonor rather than death!"

This was a parody on the motto of the countess' noble family:

"Death rather than dishonor!"

Bullier had a reserved table first started by Murger which was occupied exclusively by literary men and their fair favorites. Among them were Theodore de Banville, the charming poet, and many others whose names are now famous in art and literature.

The ballroom was divided into two halls. One of these was raised and here the grisettes, usually working girls simply dressed and without hats, gathered to meet their young men. The other, on the lower level and more exposed to public view, was frequented by more elaborately dressed women in silks and wearing huge crinolines, such as Pochardinette, Pomponette, Brunette, Colomba and other beauties, who have vanished like "the snows of yesteryear." The two sets never mingled.

A few years ago under the influence of the modern art movement the pretty girls who used to act as models in the Latin Quarter found themselves deprived of work because the artists were only making pictures of shapeless women. Instead of hiring pretty models they employed dropsical washerwomen too old to scrub; superannuated female janitors; rheumatic charwomen and the broken-down hags who beg outside the churches of Paris.

Mlle. Sandrine Rosseau, a smart, attractive model, formed a union of her co-workers and demanded better pay and fair treatment. She urged the artists to return to beauty and pointed out that healthy young girls needed more and better food than broken-down old paupers. The young and attractive models were summoned to assemble at the Bal Bullier displaying their charms conspicuously.

The meeting proved a great success and brought the old dance-hall back to its former popularity for a time. The proprietor welcomed the crusade for beauty, for he had been one of the greatest sufferers from the invasion of the ugly, decrepit horde of old models. It had been the custom of the management for years to broadcast invitations to the art models of the Latin Quarter to come and lend their beauty and charm to the scene.

The famous "catherinettes" who served as regular entertainers in the old establishment were for the most models working in the studios during the day and in the dance-hall in the evening. Then came the period when the invitations were accepted by a motley horde of retired charwomen and similar wrecks of humanity. Only ultra-modern artists are enthusiasts for this kind of female beauty and they are not great money-spenders. Hence there was a slump in the Bullier receipts.

When the good-looking young models held their meeting there was a revival of prosperity, and the management promised to give regular entertainments for the benefit of the champions of classic art and beauty in the Latin Quarter.

The striking models drew up a resolution that unless they obtained their rights from the artists they would parade through the Boulevard St. Michel and the other thoroughfares of the Latin Quarter in the altogether.

The last big affair at the Bal Bullier was the annual revel of the gang of reckless and unblushing artists known as "the Horde of Montparnasse." One of the most statuesque models of the quarter, named Whanda, was the center of attraction.

The medical students of Paris occasionally hold their annual ball at the Bullier. This affair rivaled in its absurdity and licentiousness the more notorious Bal des Quat'z'Arts, the art students' ball. One of the first-named affairs was devoted to representing life in the jungle, which gave an excuse for dispensing with clothes. The skeletons and other human parts which were at the disposition of the medical students also helped to make the ball startling and unconventional.

The celebrated statuary group by Fremiet, showing a gorilla abducting a woman, was imitated by many of the medical revelers who came disguised as gorillas. The evening turned out to be a panorama of human gorillas pursuing Parisian models, midinettes and cocottes.

The girls were allowed to make up as female monkeys or simply as terrified jungle nymphs prepared to flee from gorillas. A committee of medical students examined all guests, especially women, and rejected those who did not satisfy them. Every kind of makeup was accepted as long as it suggested jungle life and offended all ordinary ideas of propriety.

A considerable number of the new type of hideous hag models, many of them marked by the technique of the surgeons, were welcomed to give an ultra-modern flavor. Colored men almost nude were admitted with joy because they helped strongly to give an atmosphere of African jungle life. Many of the dancers mimicked allusions to the celebrated monkey-gland operation of Dr. Voronoff. The dancers representing monkeys enacted violent resentment against the doctors.

M. Henry Lyonnet, a scholarly French student of the history of the old Paris public halls which have now become a thing of the past, has this to say about Bullier:

"It was about 1843 that M. Bullier bought for 7,000 francs (about $500) the land belonging to the former Convent of the Chartreux, the present 83, Avenue de l'Observatoire. On the spot grew up the hall called first the Grande Chartreuse, then Closerie des Lilas, then Bal Bullier, and sometimes, in jest, Bull Park.

"The exterior of Bullier had nothing elegant—walls striped red and white recalling those of a factory. You went down a few steps, then at the bottom of the stairway faced an immense decoration which gave the place the air of a Turkish garden.

"At the center an orchestra over which M. Desblins long presided. On the right bushes for the amorous; trees, a fountain, but everywhere many gas-lamps. On the left three halls in the Moorish style; between the tables are billiard tables, skittles and the Minotaur game. In the distance, the swing, the pistol gallery. Between the bushes and the Moorish halls was a large sanded space where during the day people played games with racquets and hoops. In Winter the garden was transformed into a Winter-garden and ordinary balls were held there and in carnival time masked balls.

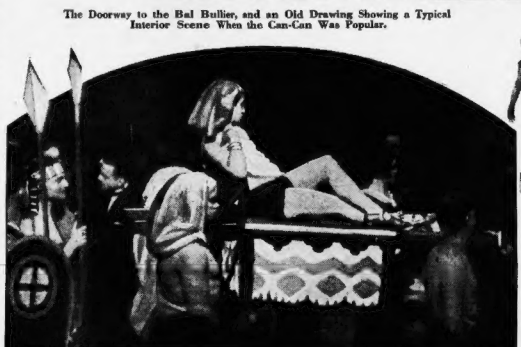
"At this time it was a highly family enterprise. Father Bullier was manager, Mme. Bullier, cashier, and the rest of the service was performed by nephews, aunts, brothers-in-law and cousins.

"Bullier became the favorite dance-hall of the students after the disappearance of the Prado. The women belonged to the Latin Quarter. The more pretentious element of Paris went to Mabille. Dancing became general at eight o'clock in the evening and was not kept up as late as at other resorts.

"Frederic Soulie, the witty playwright, rhapsodized over his Suzette, whom he met at Bullier and who was always true to her lovers . . . for a day. Jules de Neufville, in his 'Joyeuses Dames de Paris,' wrote: 'I have only one regret—the etudiante (etudentess) is dead—there are only Latin Quarter women.' That is just what is going to kill Bullier.

"Bullier was the last great public hall of the nineteenth century. It was there that the atmosphere of Mimi Pinson and the vie de Boheme lingered longest. The foreigners were to invade, first, Montmartre, and then entrench themselves in Montparnasse and the Latin Quarter. The modern dancing places with their Negro atmosphere have completely lost the old charm of the Parisian public balls."

The Doorway to the Bal Bullier, and an Old Drawing Showing a Typical Interior Scene When the Can-Can Was Popular.



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Whanda, Well-Known Paris Artist Model and Mannequin, as Cleopatra at the Last Revel of the "Horde of Montparnasse" Held in the Bal Bullier.

An Attractive Model Is Wooed in Old-Fashioned Style at the "Pagan Rout" of Art Students at the Bal Bullier. And Below—Types of Girl Art Students Belonging to the "Horde of Montparnasse," by the Parisian Cartoonist Pinsuet.

A Group of Bal Bullier Revelers Going Home in the Early Morning.

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Mosquitos Kill 54,000 on Ceylon's "Spicy Isle"

Drought Breeds Enormous Swarms of the Pests That Carry the Germs of Malaria, Causing an Epidemic Which Threatens for a Time to Depopulate the Land as It Has the Once Fertile Northern Part

Natives Gathering Coconuts Along the Ceylon Southern Shore Which Hitherto Had Been Almost Free of Malaria.

An Elephant Crossing One of the Shallow Ceylon Rivers Which, Under Drought, Dried Into Pools Where Mosquitoes Bred.

"What tho' the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Tho' every prospect pleases
And only man is vile?"

SO runs Bishop Heber's missionary hymn "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," but the worthy writer seems to have overlooked some of Ceylon's inhabitants even viler than those he had in mind, or at least more dangerous. These are the island's mosquitoes.

Through these insects, aided and abetted by drought, Ceylon has recently experienced the most devastating epidemic of malaria in modern times. There were 500,000 cases out of a population of 5,000,000 and 54,000 deaths. This was far worse than the great epidemic among the British and allied armies at Salonika during the World War. More than 200,000 soldiers sickened then, but medical care fortunately was good and the death rate was low, although many carried the malaria germs back with them and were ill for years with occasional relapses, this being one of the most harmful habits of the disease.

The 500,000 estimate is probably low because in many parts of Ceylon, government machinery is sketchy, so that no one is certain just how many cases did occur or just how many died.

Yet out of the epidemic may come great good, for plans are under way to exterminate the mosquito hordes which have made the northern part of the island practically uninhabitable for eight centuries and from which came those that brought sickness and death to the usually healthful south and west.

The healthy, flourishing parts of the land are these same south and west lowlands and the central mountain mass. They receive the full force of the southwest monsoon, their rainfall ranges from 40 to 100 inches a year and their population of some 400 people a square mile lives largely on little gardens surrounded by fruit trees and flowering shrubs, cultivating the rice fields and tea plantations.

The north and east parts of the island were once tropical gardens, too. They were the seat of an advanced civilization with great cities, and a perfect irrigation system with immense reservoirs. But today the ruins of these cities are buried in jungle, their inhabitants the leopard, the wild pig, the tiger and the elephant. The great irrigation system remains but the tanks are silent except for the call of the water birds. Only in small patches here and there is the land cultivated. In place of an educated and prosperous people there are only a comparatively few miserable wretches, half-starved and sodden with malaria.

It has been this way ever since the Tamils from southern India drove the Ceylonese out of their cities and fields during the twelfth century. After the invaders left, the remnant of the inhabitants returned to their homes but were able to do little but die of the malaria now firmly established in the land.

In the centuries that followed, says the London Lancet, commenting on the epidemic, "the Sinhalese have over and over again tried to colonize these areas and failed. In Africa and India are to be found large numbers of people who can tolerate the malaria parasite sufficiently to live in places no less malarial than this part of Ceylon, but perhaps it has taken them many thousands of years to acquire this tolerance. Be that as it may, 800 years have not given the Sinhalese a corresponding resistance. Nor does the European attempt to cultivate this area.

"For him, too, the land is practically uninhabitable. It would be a white man's grave were he to do so. And just because malaria reigns unchallenged, the land is jungle-bound. It is as if it did not exist, and men forget how near the enemy is to their gates. But from time to time there is a drought in the south and the drought conditions of the north are reproduced in other parts of the island. What exactly happens is not fully known, but malaria then spreads south and west, even up the slopes of the mountains for 2,000 or 3,000 feet and death follows in its wake. For want of water to irrigate the fields, and want of strength to till and harvest the land, the crops fail and famine follows sickness."

The health officials of Ceylon seem not to have taken the epidemic seriously when it began last October, thus enabling it to get so good a start. At first it showed no sign of being worse than the usual annual affair. If anyone had taken the trouble to study the numbers of mosquitoes flying about the country the result might have been different, but there are few entomologists in Ceylon and no one seems to have thought of this.

But by December, it was evident that any optimistic viewpoint had to be abandoned. Scores of thousands of cases of the disease existed. Thousands of persons were dying. In many villages there was no one left to do the work or even to care for the sick and bury the dead. Not since the great plagues of the Middle Ages, were there scenes of country-wide distress equaling the accounts which have come out of remote districts in Ceylon.

The authorities woke up promptly. Modern medical services were organized to cover all of the invaded districts. Additional doctors and nurses were borrowed from near-by India, whence also the Ceylon authorities purchased nearly a quarter of a million dollars worth of quinine. Supplies of the still newest drug, called atebrin, were imported from Bombay and from Germany and put to test under the direction of Dr. A. T. W. Simeons at the capital of Ceylon, Colombo.

Buddhist communities chanted continuous prayers for seven days. Whether it was the prayers, the quinine or the atebrin, the epidemic presently began to abate. By proper mosquito control, it is hoped to prevent any recurrence next year, although that will not bring back to life the more than 30,000 individuals who have died.

Sometimes when such sudden epidemics of diseases supposed safely conquered break out once more, sanitary experts are at a loss to explain why. That is not true in the Ceylon instance. No especially virulent form of the malaria germ is involved. Nor is there indication that the average resistance of the Ceylon population to the germs had become lowered, which is the factor supposed to explain the intermittent epidemics of such diseases as influenza or infantile paralysis. Instead, the sole cause of the Ceylon epidemic seems to have been the drought and more mosquitoes.

The germ of malaria is a tiny animal parasite which lives in the blood and damages the red blood corpuscles. Every two or three days a new crop of these parasites hatches out from the homes in the corpuscles, which is what explains the tendency of malaria to be worse every second, third or fourth day, depending on the kind of germ that is present and the length of time that these germs need to go through one complete germ generation.

The usual way, perhaps almost the only way, that these malaria germs spread from one person to another is by means of bites of mosquitoes previously infected with the living germs by biting some human being or animal in whose blood the malaria already was present. This is one reason why the United States Army Medical Corps under General Gorgas took such pains to clean up all mosquitoes before and during the building of the Panama Canal, although another reason for this was that mosquitoes also spread the other great scourge of the tropics, yellow fever.

In the northern part of Ceylon where once was the great irrigation system built about 2,500 years ago by Hindu immigrants, perhaps under the direction of Babylonian engineers, there have been in recent centuries many stagnant pools and slowly flowing streams where millions of mosquitoes breed.

But in the southern part of the island, along the seacoast and in the hill country, there are few ponds of standing water and the streams flow swiftly. Mosquitoes breed chiefly in stagnant water, their eggs hatching out into the so-called "wrigglers" which cluster just below the surface of the water where they can breathe air through tubes at the end of the body which touches the water surface. In running water, most of the eggs are swept away and killed or the "wrigglers" when they hatch also are swept away and drowned. Accordingly, in the part of Ceylon where most of the streams flow swiftly, there never were many mosquitoes and not a great deal of malaria.

Last year, however, was one of considerable drought. The heavy rains which usually cover Ceylon at the season of the monsoon or rain wind were less heavy than usual. Many streams in the southern part of the island dried up into series of separate pools, with little or no movement of the water. That was just what the mosquito population wanted. These pools made excellent breeding places for the insects. The mosquito population increased by uncountable billions.

All these new mosquitoes had to find food if they could, and most of this food naturally was found by biting human beings. Since there always was some malaria in Ceylon, a certain percentage of the persons bitten by the mosquitoes would be likely to have the disease. Thus the increased amount of biting by the billions of extra mosquitoes spread the malaria germs rapidly.

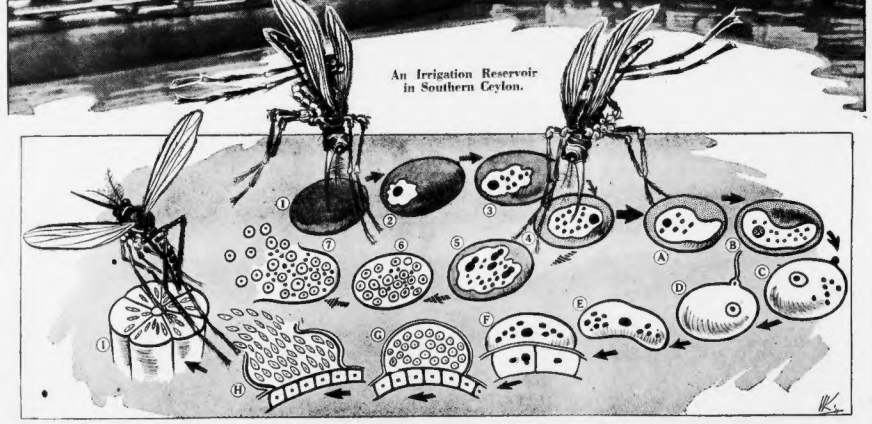
During the past century the British rulers of Ceylon have made many efforts to rebuild the irrigation system once more and to make the northern half of Ceylon again fertile and prosperous. They have been defeated each time by the malaria.

This year, however, the dryness of the weather worked against the mosquitoes in the northern half of the island, just as it worked in favor of these insects in the island's southern half. With normal water, the streams and dams left in the northern region are filled just enough to make permanent stagnant pools as mosquito breeders. This year, with less water available, many of these northern pools dried up altogether, which was just as bad for the mosquitoes as though the streams had been running rapidly. Accordingly, there seem to have been fewer mosquitoes in northern Ceylon this year than usual, and rather less malaria, although, as usual, there still was plenty of it.

Among the common results of malaria, even in victims who apparently recover, are certain conditions of the blood, the spleen and other organs which cause a more or less permanent anemia or condition of poor blood. This saps the victims' energy, so that weakness and laziness are all too common results of a malarial attack, even if the attack itself, ultimately is cured. Some historians think that this is what happened to ancient Greece and Rome, so that the enormous energy and vitality of these civilizations gradually wasted away and the civilizations fell.

Perhaps because of weather changes, or perhaps because agriculture and other human activities destroyed the Greek and Italian forests and gradually silted up the streams with mud, it is imagined that the rivers changed gradually from swiftly flowing ones in which mosquitoes could not breed to slower and more sluggish ones in which stagnant pools accumulated at the right season and made good breeding places for mosquitoes.

The malarial germs undoubtedly were present in the ancient world. Indeed, most students of the history of disease believe that malaria was for many centuries the worst disease in the world and the greatest cause of death. Naturally, as soon as Greek or Italian rivers bred more mosquitoes, these insects would become infected with the malaria germs and would spread the disease among the human population. Just what has happened in Ceylon during the past few months may have been the same thing that was responsible for the fall of Greece and Rome.



An Irrigation Reservoir in Southern Ceylon.

How the Mosquito Carries and Infects Human Beings With Malaria Germs.

1—The Infected Mosquito, Biting, Introduces the Malaria Germs Into the Blood.

2—The Germ Enters a Red Blood Corpuscle.

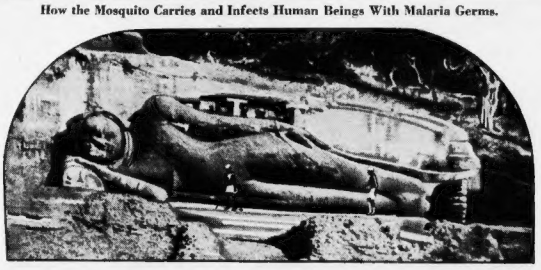
3—The Germ Begins to Develop.

4—Another, Perhaps Uninfected, Mosquito Takes in a Germ-Filled Corpuscle.

5—The Germ Has Almost Consumed the Corpuscle.

6—The Original Germ Divides Into Many.

7—These Burst Out of the Corpuscle, and Each in Turn Attacks Other Corpuscles.



A Colossal Statue of Buddha, in the Ruin-Filled Northern Ceylon Jungle, Which Was Once a Seat of an Advanced Civilization, but Which the Malaria-Carrying Mosquitoes Have Made Almost Uninhabitable.

A—The Germ (4) the Mosquito Has Swallowed Passes Into Its Stomach.

B—There It Develops.

C—The First Change.

D—The Second Stage.

E—The Third Stage.

F—Passing Out of the Mosquito's Stomach, It Attaches Itself to the Outer Wall.

G—There It Develops.

H—Its Capsule Bursts and the Newborn Germs Escape.

I—To Find Their Way Into the Mosquito's Saliva, to Be Injected Into the Next Person It Bites.

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Magnificent Gesture

by Helen Strauss

A Short Love Story of a Girl Who Was a Prima Donna for a Day—Complete in This Issue

HER modish little saucepan of a hat was a copy of Patou bought on approval. Worn with care, it could readily be returned on Monday. Her trim print frock, after months of heroic service, had been miraculously rejuvenated by the cleaner. Strictly speaking, her pumps were for evening wear. "But he'll never know the difference," Fay reflected.

The glory of her costume—a mink coat with a breath-taking extravagance of cape collar—belonged to her friend Julia. A dozen times before actually putting it on to wear Fay paraded it before the pier glass perfecting the ennuied air of models. Though why anyone wearing a mink coat should look bored about it was beyond her.

The studio, of course, was Julia's too. Amusingly married to an orchestra leader in Philadelphia, Julia didn't need her studio all the time. Most of her week-ends were spent in Ramon's quarters. When he did manage to get into New York he came to his wife's studio, of course.

Numerous times when she was leaving for Philadelphia, Julia had offered the studio to Fay. "Why don't you stay here and use the piano?" was the way she put it. This was the first time, however, that Fay had availed herself of the privilege. The thought of having to leave this spaciousness to return to her furnished room had hitherto kept her from accepting Julia's invitations to stay.

"I'd feel like Cinderella going home Monday morning," she had brushed the opportunity away time and again. But this was a special occasion, of course. She simply had to have decent quarters for a day or two.

The day before when she had "happened in" on Julia she had actually come with an ulterior motive. "To be around when manna falls," as she put it to herself. Julia would be joining her Ramon in Philadelphia. Surely, she would ask her again—! But as the conversation had progressed from trifle to trifle it had begun to look as though Julia had wearied of extending her hospitality just at this critical time.

Of course, Fay might have asked for the place. But her ramrod of a pride wouldn't let her bend. And she harbored a hazy feeling that desperation defeated its own purposes. Between asking for something and having the same thing offered to you there was a wide chasm, it seemed to her.

"I wrote Ramon to come in this week-end for the Rachmaninoff concert," Julia had mentioned in the course of their chatter.

Fay's heart had stopped and her blood grown cold.

"But he couldn't get away," Julia had added with a sigh.

Then Fay had breathed again. But not to tell Julia what a jam she was in. Valiantly she had held up her end of the babble. It wasn't until the moment of departure that the magical words had come.

"Why don't you stay here and keep the ivories polished? I'm galloping off to Philly tonight."

Now here she was hugging about her the coat Julia had left behind in favor of her sable. "Good old Julia! I'll tell her I wore it and ask heaven to forgive me...if heaven does, she ought to."

Still in her borrowed mink Fay traversed the imposing length of studio on a last hunt for revealing masculine objects. Though Ramon wasn't around much some of his things always were. In the piano bench she had already ndden a framed photograph of him, an evening shirt and a pair of forlorn bedroom slippers. Her final search yielded nothing incriminating.

When she was leaving, Fay stood for a long minute in the open doorway seeing the room as Joe would see it. The high ceiling, the French windows opening onto a tiny balcony, the view of Central Park beyond. It wasn't hard to imagine that to this room came playwrights with next season's dramas rioting in their heads; artists full of talk, and musicians crammed with tunes.

Not that Julia was responsible for this salon-like air. Fay had rearranged the furniture. Julia maintained this studio principally as a place in which to give voice lessons, not for convivial gatherings or as a setting for her charm. She owned a perfect jewel of a grand piano and a charmingly heterogeneous collection of furniture and knick-knacks, but they were arranged for work ordinarily. Not effect.

The little chintz chaise longue, once jammed against a wall, now stood demurely at one side of the fireplace, as though many a midnight tete-a-tete had taken place there. Opposite it was the sumptuous divan which ordinarily bridged a corner in a business-like fashion. Piled high with pillows now it appeared to be a hard-working singer's favorite retreat.

Some of the decorative trifles Fay had carted out from Julia's combined sitting-room and bedroom in the rear. The mirror whose handle and frame formed a writhing metal snake. The lovely little traveling clock whose velvet case made a stand for it when opened. The Venetian glass antelope which stood gracefully on unbelievably fragile legs. Gifts from Julia's students, they might easily be tokens of admiration from the adoring swain of a coloratura soprano.

All the vases Fay realized suddenly, were without the homage of flowers. "But he'll never notice," she felt certain.

Fay walked to the station. It wasn't too awfully far and the subway cost a nickel. She hadn't meant to let her purse get so thin, but almost at the zero hour she had to buy a new pair of hose. A walk would do her good, she told herself staunchly. Besides she could look at the windows. Wonderful, how they fed your heart and your soul! If only they did the same for your stomach....

Looking up at a clock, she saw that it was almost noon. He would ask her to lunch, of course. A nice fruit cocktail with mint in it...chicken consomme... a sea food plate, perhaps...

In a mirror she saw herself approaching resplendent in mink and made an ironic little grimace. How much of this playlet was for Joe Wilson and how much of it for Fay Shawell, she didn't just know. But it was for both of them. She couldn't let Joe down. Make him feel his years of devotion had been thrown away practically, for a mirage...Well, not a mirage exactly. She had had something in the beginning. Quite a bit, as a matter of fact. Youth and beauty, ambition and a voice, backed by the will to work.

On the other hand, there was such a thing as letting oneself down. And that, to Fay, was virtually the end. So long as you could make magnificent gestures for the delight of your own soul, so long were you in the running. "After that you're just animal matter," she philosophized.

Fay was surprised when Julia gave her the little note from Joe less than a week ago. Beginning in a torrent, mail from Pratt had become a mere trickle in the past two years. There was so little of it Fay had even stopped apologizing to Julia for using her mailbox as a postoffice station.

Joe had written:

"Dear Fay:

"I'm coming into New York for a brief week-end and naturally would like to see you. Drop a fellow a line. Won't you?

"Joe."

Knowing the legends that had sprung up around her memory in Pratt, Fay had answered in the grand manner. She would adore seeing him. She would put everything aside for his stay and they could have a grand visit. Concerts could go by the board, and managers could stand around panting. Not that she had said so. She never told a deliberate lie about her situation. People had assumed that she was doing well in the world, and what point was there in rending the veils of romance? Could she help it if a singer named Florence Shaw had made a splurge and success and somebody had thought it was Fay Shawell and carried the story back to Pratt?

Especially where Joe was concerned she felt it incumbent to leave the myth intact. He had been her girlhood beau. Except for a quirk of fate she would have married him. Not that she had ever been in love with Joe. They had paired off in high school for proms and parties and in Pratt that spelled romance. Marriage was just a question of time. It wouldn't have taken very long for Joe. His father had made a place for him in the bank.

Nice chap, Joe. So Fay thought of him yet. Affable and full of kindliness that had nothing in particular to do with understanding. He had all the solid and substantial qualities of a well-constructed building. But he had no awnings, as it were. No towers. No flower boxes on the sills. And without these, Fay had thought still in metaphor, one might as well live in a tent.

Still, she had gone about with Joe for several years held by the goodly substance of him and his occasional shooting stars of wit. He had a good mind, Joe. "But you never feed it anything but carrots," she used to complain. "If you would read, Joe. Take an interest in something besides the accounts you balance..." But always when she spoke to him out of the intimate places of her heart she felt as though she were crying out in space somewhere.

Then there was that memorable concert in Toledo. There she had met Juba and been given an audition. Juba had encouraged her to come to New York and had undertaken to teach her for almost nothing.

"I'll gamble on that precious voice of yours," she had challenged Fay. "It'll make us both a fortune."

Certainly, nobody could have foreseen—!

Like the sterling character he was, Joe had offered to wait for her. Ten years wasn't too long, he had said.

"It's too long for me to wait," Fay had cut the tie swiftly. "I'm not Isolde. I can't just work and yearn."

For all his earnestness he had made the parting scene a casual one. You could always depend upon Joe in a crisis.

"I suppose you'll change your name to Fanny Stevinsky or something," he had teased in his half-quizzical, half-humorous way. "And we folks here in Pratt will hear you caroling confusedly on the radio."

"I propose to enunciate clearly," she had flung back at him, "except those languishing phrases that are just as well garbled."

Then the New York Central and a matured endowment policy had carried her away.

Fay stood watching the drama of arrival, aware of little shooting pains in her head. "It's just that I'm a little fagged from that walk," she explained it away, "on these spindly heels."

Excited phrases of greeting knocked at her ears.

"How grand you look!"

"How slim you've grown!"

Joe would be fat! She was sure of it. Even five years ago he had bulged a bit over his belt. And with his appetite—! She used to marvel at the quantities of food he could spirit away. Fat and in his Sunday suit. "Oh, heavens," she groaned inwardly, "he might even look comical."

Someone stepped out of the crowd and came smilingly toward her. Fay's heart turned over.

"Joe!"

A sun-bronzed face in which white teeth shone brightly. A pair of eloquent shoulders so trimly encased in a double-breasted, brown suit she thought of machine-wrapped packages labeled, "Untouched by human hands." On his arm, jauntily, as though he were used to it, he carried an expensive overcoat. She didn't remember him being so tall. "But that's because he's taken off a ton of weight," she concluded swiftly.

"Fay!"

For a long minute he held her hands and stood looking into her smoky eyes, searching for sparks of silver he remembered from the past. There was the same charmingly dolorous mouth. The same haughty nose. The minute scar dating from an ice-skating accident.

"You're lovely," he breathed, his voice seeming to come from the bottom of his heart. "But so thin and pale. You must work too hard."

Under his flattering attention she grew warm all over with a resultant rush of color. Her eyes became lustrous. The little silver sparks he had sought in them appeared.

"Fay!" For a Long Minute He Held Her Hand and Stood Looking Into Her Smoky Eyes. "You're Lovely!"

"It's fashionable to be thin and pale," she laughed, forgetting to be restrained in her responses as it behooved a celebrity. "Or aren't they doing it in Pratt?"

"They try to. But it's a little hard—on daily hot biscuits and pork."

Her glance scaled his height with admiring interest. She had never known his flesh to fit so firmly.

"You've managed it somehow. Sheer strength of character?"

"Nothing so grand. Doctor's orders." They were on their way through the station now, tagged by a boy with the baggage. "I went over two hundred three years ago and developed a whole laboratory of ailments...You should have heard me grumble over a diet of lettuce! Funny thing, though, the more you eat the more you want. The less you eat, the less your stomach demands."

"Yes, it is queer," she agreed with a sigh.

"But now that I've reined in my appetite I feel better than ever before in my life. It's two years since I've eaten lunch and I never miss it. By the way, have you had yours?"

"I—I don't take lunch either," she stammered, hurrying into loud admiration of a kit bag the red cap put alongside the taxi driver.

"Got it in Toledo last Winter," offered Joe.

Her oblique glance was amused. "I never knew you to go to Toledo."

"I patronize a tailor there. And sometimes a gang of us motor up to concerts and road shows. You wouldn't know Pratt any more, Fay. Nor the gang that's there now. Everything's different."

She murmured slowly, as though her mind were blanking at the significance of it. "You're different, too, Joe."

Lips oddly compressed, he looked away from her, out at the moving city.

"For better or worse, you're responsible." Inquisitively, his glance came back to her. "So have you changed, Fay. I don't mean the spoils of success." Briefly it touched the mink coat. "Naturally, they transform us. You used to be an eager, glowing girl. Now you're sort of—sort of ethereal."

"What a nice way of saying I look pinched," she thought.

They went first to a hotel, where he registered.

"Give me twenty minutes for a shower, won't you?" he begged. "Or are you too famous to expose yourself to a hotel lobby?"

She smiled up from an armchair. "Take your time. They won't stampede to see me."

Waiting, it seemed that she had imagined the events of the past half hour. "Joe isn't tall and muscular," she addressed herself inaudibly. "And he hasn't got a sun-tanned skin. He's just above medium height, inclined to weight and a bit pasty of color."

There being no audience for the moment her stalwart spirit relaxed its vigilance. She was conscious again of little hammers beating in her head. "Come now, pull yourself together," she commanded Miss Shawell. "Swell time this is to go to pieces!"

The elevator clanged open and Joe came out. Fay arose, knowing a second of vertigo. No, she hadn't dreamed him. This was miraculously Joe. For the first time she saw the absurdity of her astonishment. The vanity and naivete of it. Because Pratt had ceased to mean anything to her, she had visualized the town and everything in it falling to decay. "Denied the sunshine of my presence, how could it possibly go on?" she gibed at herself now.

Joe's teeth flashed above her in a heart-warming smile.

"I hope it isn't too far to your studio for us to walk. My legs are shrieking for exercise."

"It's not too far." Her eyes went searching over him again as though to assure themselves they had made no mistake. "And part of the way is through the park..."

"But if you'd rather ride—!" He indicated an eagerly-opened cab at the curb.

"Not at all!"

Walking, she marveled at the agile speed of his stride.

"I remember you couldn't get from the drug store to the end of Main Street without wheezing."

"That's the crime of fat. Spoils you for all the poetry of motion. I never believed I would play eighteen holes of golf or learn to dance."

She stopped and examined his face.

"Oh, Joe. You're teasing."

"Say, how do you suppose I got this chocolate color? Or do you think it's a mask?"

"I mean the dancing. Remember how you used to hang about miserably when we went to Lakeside?"

With a burst of pride: "I'll show you—if you've got a radio. Or don't you encourage competition?"

The warmth of the studio rushed to meet them at the open door like a host of friends and Fay almost went down under it. Leaning against the casing, she steadied herself, thankful Joe hadn't seen. She had urged him ahead of her

(Continued on Page 15)

Desperately, Fay's Mind Struggled Away From the Moment. "I'm In Love With Him—With Joe of All People!"

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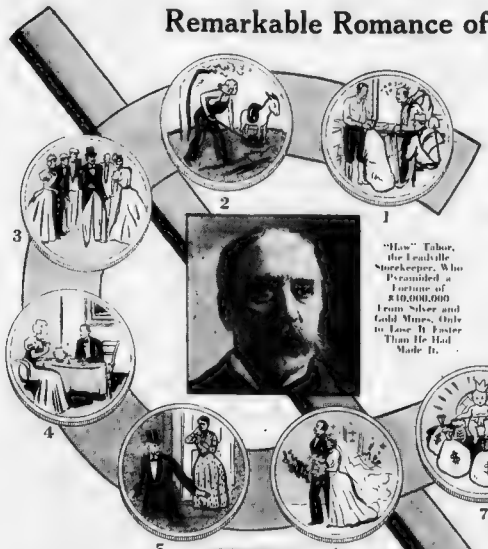
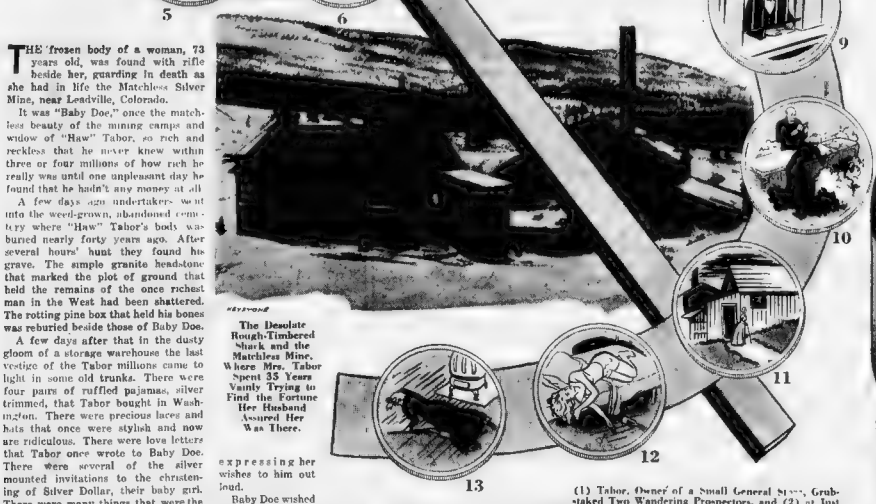
Every Wish She Made Came True—But Died Penniless

Remarkable Romance of Baby Doe, Who Wished Silver King Tabor Away From His Wife; Wished a President at Her Wedding; Wished a Life of Riches and Got It—Then Lost Everything, but Died Believing Even Her Last Wish Had Come True



"Haw" Tabor, the Leadville Storekeeper, Who Pyramided a Fortune of $10,000,000 From Silver and Gold Mines, Only to Lose It Faster Than He Had Made It.



The Desolate Rough-Timbered Shack and the Matchless Mine, Where Mrs. Tabor Spent 35 Years Vainly Trying to Find the Fortune Her Husband Assured Her Was There.

"Baby Doe" Tabor, Second Wife of the One-Time Silver King of the West. Picture Was Taken When Mrs. Tabor Was Considered the Most Beautiful Woman in the Rocky Mountain Region.

Silver Dollar Tabor, Once Known as "The Silver Princess." The Tragedy Surrounding the Tabor Family Caught Her in Its Grasp and She Died in Poverty in a Cheap Chicago Lodging House.

THE frozen body of a woman, 73 years old, was found with rifle beside her, guarding in death as she had in life the Matchless Silver Mine, near Leadville, Colorado.

It was "Baby Doe," once the matchless beauty of the mining camps and widow of "Haw" Tabor, so rich and reckless that he never knew within three or four millions of how rich he really was until one unpleasant day he found that he hadn't any money at all.

A few days ago undertakers went into the weed-grown, abandoned cemetery where "Haw" Tabor's body was buried nearly forty years ago. After several hours' hunt they found his grave. The simple granite headstone that marked the plot of ground that held the remains of the once richest man in the West had been shattered. The rotting pine box that held his bones was reburied beside those of Baby Doe.

A few days after that in the dusty gloom of a storage warehouse the last vestige of the Tabor millions came to light in some old trunks. There were four pairs of ruffled pajamas, silver trimmed, that Tabor bought in Washington. There were precious laces and hats that once were stylish and now are ridiculous. There were love letters that Tabor once wrote to Baby Doe. There were several of the silver mounted invitations to the christening of Silver Dollar, their baby girl. There were many things that were the ghost of a past—a glamorous past that flared, and lived awhile, and died, and could never live again. They were inventoried as "pajamas, four pairs; christening invitations, six; hats, three"—and so on. They were the end of a story that was a saga.

Baby Doe died fully believing that if she wished long enough and hard enough that mine under her feet, its galleries long since filled with water and its timbers rotted and collapsed, would magically come to life and pour out carloads of treasure as it had in the past. She was a devout believer in wishing and who wouldn't be who had wished so many delightfully unlikely things and had them all fulfilled?

Mrs. H. A. W. (Haw) Tabor got her name of Baby Doe from her first husband, Harvey Doe, who came to the land of gold and silver too late to strike it rich and had to work at day's wages as a laborer in the mines.

Harvey Doe discovered no treasure in that country where it might be found most anywhere, at the roots of the grass. But his wife discovered that she herself was treasure, a "peaches-and-cream" blonde of the slightly buxom type, favored at that era.

Baby Doe, as the miners called her, reasoned that she ought not to waste her sweetness but go and get the richest man in the State who, everyone said, was this man Tabor.

Promptly she wished to marry him though she had never seen him and he also was married to a New England woman, the mother of his son, the sharer of his days of poverty.

One Saturday Baby told her husband that she wished he would give her his entire week's pay, so she could go to Denver. He did. With this she lost no time in going into a restaurant where Tabor was eating and wished that he would look at her. He did. She wished he would come and speak to her. He did. She wished he would fall in love at first sight. He did. Then she began expressing her wishes to him out loud.

Baby Doe wished he would divorce his wife and fix up a divorce for her. He did, though it was destined to ruin his political ambitions. Though she was a Roman Catholic whose church refuses to marry divorcees, she wished a swell Roman Catholic ceremony in Washington, with everyone of consequence from President Arthur down, in attendance. She got it, though there was trouble later when the church learned that it had been deceived about the facts.

When William J. Bryan was at the height of his fame, she wished he would name her daughter, just born. He did so, christening the baby Silver Dollar Tabor. For good measure they added Rosemary Echo. That daughter came to such a distressing end that Baby Doe did not wish to believe it and seems to have achieved even that. One of Baby Doe's last visions before she died and recorded in pencil on a calendar was that this dead daughter rode up to the shack at the mouth of the mine, on a golden horse.

Nothing was too fantastic for this lucky woman to wish for and apparently receive. Reading an account of Columbus' discovery of America, she wished she had the crown jewels supposed to have been pawned by Queen Isabella of Spain to grubstake Columbus' prospecting expedition.

"Sure, those would be nice things to have," said Haw and she got them or, to be strictly accurate, her lavish husband paid some rascals a large fortune to bring back from Spain some impressive looking trinkets which she believed were the real thing and therefore pleased her just as well. Small wonder that a woman who had all these things by wishing believed that her husband's dying wish would also be fulfilled. He said:

"Never part with the Matchless Mine. Some day it will make you as rich as we ever were."

The reason that the Matchless remained worthless was not that it had become exhausted. The world had become so deluged with the white metal produced as a by-product of others that it was no longer worth mining just for itself.

Horace Austin Warner Tabor was born in Vermont, just below the border, according to "Silver Dollar," David Karsner's biography of that tremendous self-made and self-destroyed man who grew up and blew up with the Colorado mining boom. At the age of 23, after eight years hard labor in the quarries of various New England States, he worked for a stone contractor in Augusta, Maine, falling in love with the boss' daughter, Augusta Pierce, named after her own home town.

Marrying Augusta, he followed Horace Greeley's advice, migrating to Kansas to be a farmer. He was just making a success of this when news came of gold in Colorado which, up to that time, nobody had supposed contained anything but scenery and Indians. To Augusta's dismay, her husband pulled up stakes, bundled her into a covered wagon and with their baby Maxcy, started off for Denver, at that time a town of about 1,000 tents and shacks.

At Denver, they, but mostly Augusta, ran a boarding and rooming house very profitably. But Haw had come to get rich quick. He went prospecting. In some of these advanced camps Augusta was the only woman, and for this reason all the miners joined in guarding her from Indians and from each other. She was so well guarded that the miners took advantage of her security by getting her to hold their bags of gold for them.

Soon she was running Tabor's general store, weighed down with sacks of gold dust. Karsner called her the first bank of the Rocky Mountains and her depositors all got their money back.

Tabor was not remarkable as a finder of gold but as politician, mixer, handshaker and backslapper he had marked talents. More stores made big profits which Haw got rid of mostly in the form of grubstakes. The man who provided the food and equipment for a prospector was supposed to share equally with him in anything he found.

Just as new gold discoveries had about ceased someone woke up to the fact that silver was more plentiful and profitable. In 1878, Hook and Rische, two of the most unpromising-looking tramps that ever claimed to be prospectors, were grubstaked by Tabor in return for a third interest in anything they might turn up. They opened the Little Pittsburgh mine and soon were shipping $20,000 a week.

But they wanted to get to spending as soon as possible. So Hook sold out to Tabor and went away with profits and sale price totaling over $150,000, and Rische sold out to Tabor's friend, David H. Moffatt, for $262,000. After that Haw's luck became a by-word.

A rascally prospector, digging down 20 feet and finding nothing, sneaked over one night and stole several bushels of fine ore from the Little Pittsburgh which he scattered on top of his own barren dump. Then he invited Tabor to look at it. Tabor gave him $1,000 cash for the hole in the ground but when he found it was "salted" instead of taking his loss, he had miners dig down 30 feet further. There they struck such a large and rich body of silver ore that it far eclipsed the Little Pittsburgh. To develop it he took in Marshall Field, the rising Chicago merchant, as partner and quickly sold his own interest for $300,000. With this and other quick turnovers he became worth more than $2,000,000 in less than a year.

Haw Tabor grew richer and richer. Instead of whiskey he now poured out champagne and imported a chef from Delmonico's in New York. He built hotels and the famous Tabor Opera House, became Lieutenant-Governor and was wondering whether to be Governor or U. S. Senator next when Baby Doe set her cap for the Leadville "miracle man."

She supervened at a moment when Tabor was sick and tired of his quiet, conservative and toil-worn New England wife who hated and dreaded his wild friends, his spendthrift ways and general show-offishness. Therefore when Baby Doe said she wished he would get rid of her it was neither a new nor unpleasing idea, though to divorce a faithful wife in those days was considered an unpardonable sin.

Mrs. Tabor fought the idea at first, then agreed to accept half his fortune, finally compromising on a mere $250,000 and a warning that it meant ruin. Baby Doe the gold-digger had successfully jumped Augusta's legitimate claim on Haw but that pair was destined to lose everything while Augusta hung onto her quarter-million nugget the rest of her life. But for a while his luck and Baby Doe's held. He bought the tremendously profitable Matchless mine for only $117,000.

Tabor fixed up quiet little divorces for both and just then an assassin's bullet, possibly made of lead from Leadville, took the life of President Garfield, making place for Vice-President Chester A. Arthur to succeed him. The new President appointed Senator Teller of Colorado Secretary of the Interior which in turn made an opening for Tabor to fill out the Senator's unexpired term of 30 days.

Haw and Baby Doe had been secretly married but more had to be done over in Washington on the grandest scale. Tabor spent his time and money during those 30 days pulling wires to get the President and even foreign diplomats to attend the wedding. The main difficulty was in having a Church ceremony. This was overcome by engaging a priest at such short notice that he had no time to investigate the misstatements of the couple. Later he notified them that the marriage, being a fraud, was null and void and sent back Tabor's huge check.

Little did Baby Doe care because all the papers had told the world of her gorgeous nuptials. Somebody told Tabor that Senator- wore lace nightshirts so he wore one on the nuptial night, with gold buttons which were his own idea.

Back in Denver, in their fine mansion, Baby Doe was called upon by none of the city's prominent women, unless driven to it by their husbands for financial or political favors. Tabor's political power quickly faded on account of that divorce and with the sudden collapse of the silver boom, his mines had to close. From $40,000,000 he suddenly became penniless. Besides the millions he had given away and thrown away, his investments turned out to be as worthless as Queen Isabella's jewels.

He got a job as laborer on the streets and then friends had him appointed Denver's postmaster, working in the post office built on land he had given. In 1899 he died, presumably of appendicitis, leaving Baby Doe nothing but advice about the Matchless mine. Their older daughter married and lived quietly in the East but the one christened by Mr Bryan as Silver Dollar died in distress and poverty, in a cheap Chicago lodging house. Baby Doe preferred to believe that she was in a convent somewhere.

When the mortgage holders started to foreclose on the Matchless, Baby Doe moved into the shack at the shaft and chased them away with a rifle. Had they valued the property as highly as she did, was would have been found to get her out, but they did not bother. Winter and Summer, snow or rain, every two weeks, the old woman trudged to Leadville to carry back her meager supplies.

Baby Doe long since had nothing in the way of money, so she airily "charged" her supplies at the grocer's saying that she would settle as soon as the Matchless reopened. The man knew he would never get his money in this world but continued to grubstake the old optimist, perhaps hoping that he would strike it rich in Heaven.

During one of the last storms of the Winter, Baby Doe died, probably of pneumonia, all alone with her hopes and visions.

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(1) Tabor, Owner of a Small General Store, Grubstaked Two Wandering Prospectors, and (2) at Just About the Same Time the Beautiful Baby Doe Prospected for Gold in Another Mining Camp. (3) Tabor's Grubstake Returned Him Millions of Dollars, and He Met Baby Doe (4) in a Denver Restaurant. (5) Falling in Love With Her, He Left His First Wife, Had Himself Appointed Senator From Colorado and Married Baby Doe (6) at an Extravagant Wedding in Washington, With the President of the United States as a Guest. (7) A Daughter Was Born, Rosemary "Silver Dollar" Echo Tabor, and They Lavished Money on the Little Silver Princess. But Tabor's Millions Vanished Even Faster Than He Made Them, and (8) He Got a Job as a Laborer on the Streets of Denver Until Friends Secured His Appointment as Postmaster (9). A Short Time Later Tabor Died (10), After Begging Baby Doe to "Stick to the Matchless." The Blond Beauty Went Back to the Rugged Little Mine Shack Near Leadville (11), Where She Spent the Remaining Years of Her Life. But Tragedy Still Followed the Tabors and "Silver Dollar" Died in Distress in a Poor Chicago Rooming House (12). The Final Act in the Tragedy Came Recently When the Ill-Clothed Body of the One-Time Beauty Was Found Frozen on the Rough Board Floor of the Mine Shack (13).

SAFETY FIRST
MR & MRS GOOF
It's hard on a poor lunatic
HEAVENS, JOHN! — THE PAPER SAYS THERE'S A LUNATIC LOOSE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD!
THERE'LL BE TWO OF THEM IF I KEEP ON DRINKING THIS COFFEE OF YOURS —
I'M GLAD YOU DIDN'T GO TO WORK TODAY— IT'S WONDERFUL TO HAVE YOU HERE TO PROTECT ME —
DID I HEAR A NOISE IN THE KITCHEN?
OOOOH--JOHN! IT'S THE LUNATIC-- HE'S DRINKING MY COFFEE!
DON'T WORRY, DUCKIE — IF HE DRINKS THAT, HE'LL BE TOO WEAK TO BE DANGEROUS
HE'S NOT CRAZY ENOUGH TO LIKE THAT COFFEE!
HELP! HELP!!
BOO-HOO! I'M CONVINCED! IF EVEN A LUNATIC CAN'T DRINK MY COFFEE, IT MUST BE AWFUL—
MAYBE NOW YOU'LL TRY THAT DATED COFFEE ALICE SMART IS ALWAYS RAVING ABOUT!
THE NEXT NIGHT
AND YOU WON'T TALK ANY MORE ABOUT GOING MAD—WILL YOU?
—NO—I'M ONLY MAD ABOUT MY LITTLE DUCKIE— MY LITTLE WIFE —WHO MAKES THE BEST CUP OF COFFEE ON EARTH!

You can't get a good healthy cup out of stale coffee

DON'T EXPECT either real coffee flavor or healthful stimulation when you drink coffee that is *stale*.

When coffee is stale, it contains rancid oil. It loses its flavor. And is a constant source of physical and mental irritation. It wears down your resistance, makes you easily upset over mere trifles.

Thousands of housewives are unknowingly buying stale coffee. But there is one brand of coffee you can tell is *fresh*. Chase & Sanborn's *Dated* Coffee has the date of delivery to your grocer clearly marked on every pound for you to read. We watch this date carefully and make deliveries so frequently that no can stays on his shelf more than 10 days. Ask your grocer for Chase & Sanborn's *Dated* Coffee tomorrow.

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The Thousandth Chance

by Henry J. Fidler

All the Odds Were on His Side—But Roger Ackroyd's Crime Found Him Out—A Short Story Complete on This Page

He Pulled Up Ackroyd's Right Sleeve Revealing a Scar Just Below The Elbow. . . "That Should About Settle It Colonel," the Inspector Said

THE game was definitely up—and Roger Ackroyd, the well-known financier and promoter of stock companies, had no illusions on the subject, though he still kept a stiff upper lip and remained outwardly calm as he fought what was inevitably a losing fight.

He sat in the board room of his luxurious offices in Wall Street with Colonel Ivor Danielson, the chairman of many companies of which he had been the promoter and who still the moving spirit, eyeing him fixedly across the board-room table. The Colonel was haggard and desperate, with the desperation of a man who knows that his good name as well as most of his fortune may be blown to the winds in the course of a few days. His moustache drooped limply, and he looked very old and frail in the glare of the electric light, but his voice was firm and unshaken as he plied Ackroyd with question after question as to the real financial position of the companies of which he was the official head.

Ackroyd, no sign of emotion showing on his bearded face, fenced and parried as best he might.

He was sorry that there had been such a sudden and catastrophic fall in the shares of the whole batch of companies which were known colloquially in the city as the Ackroyd group," but he really could not be held responsible for the whims—or the nerves—of the investing public.

As to the rumors of fraud and misappropriation, of faked balance sheets and duplicated stock certificates—those rumors which, heard by him for the first time today, had sent Colonel Danielson rushing frantically around to cross-examine him—well, they had certainly not come to Ackroyd's ears, nor would he have paid any attention to them if they had. Unfounded tittle-tattle of that sort, slanderous as it was, was best treated with contempt. Doubtless it had been set afloat by interested parties who had "sold short" in the shares.

That loan to him of $400,000 by the National Investment Trust? That was fully secured, had been approved by the directors of the Trust, had been duly entered in the minute book, and had been signed at the next meeting of directors by Colonel Danielson himself as chairman of the Trust.

The Colonel might have gathered the impression at the time that the loan was a strictly temporary one, meant to finance a gilt-edged proposition, and that he—Ackroyd—was merely the nominee of one of their associated companies in the matter. It was highly probable that that was so; Ackroyd did not pretend to carry in his memory every single transaction in the network that bound his companies together.

Why had the loan not been repaid before? Well, it was a mere matter of accountancy; of a debit entry in one company's books and a credit entry in the other's.

What was the security? He could not remember offhand, but was quite sure that everything was in perfect order; the secretary of the Investment Trust would have seen to that, naturally.

It was nearly seven o'clock in the evening by this time; all the staff had left long before, and Ackroyd felt at last that he could endure this persistent and merciless cross-examination no longer. He glanced at his watch.

"I am sorry, Colonel, but I must leave now; I have a dinner engagement tonight," he said, rising from his chair. "I hope I have set your mind at rest and convinced you that those absurd rumors you heard have not a vestige of foundation in fact."

He paused, but Colonel Danielson, ashen-faced and grim, maintained a chilling silence. Ackroyd shrugged his shoulders resignedly.

"Would you care to wash your hands before you leave, Colonel?" he asked, leading the way to the elaborate toilet room, with porcelain hand basins and marble floor, which was strictly reserved for directors and high officials of the companies.

Colonel Danielson, drying his hands, made his final pronouncement.

"I am sorry, Ackroyd," he said, "but I am still unconvinced, and I am determined to have a searching examination into the affairs my companies made at once. I am a soldier rather than a man of business, and it would perhaps be wise for me not to have undertaken so many and such grave responsibilities in business. Your explanations of these intricate transactions between the companies, involving a controlling interest in another, borrowing from a third, and being in its turn guaranteed by a fourth, in which it is already a large stockholder—well, I am free to admit that they are past my comprehension. It is essentially a matter for a skilled accountant, and that I do not profess to be."

He paused for a moment, then delivered his ultimatum.

"Tomorrow," he said firmly, "I shall call in a firm of independent accountants, and give them instructions to conduct a drastic audit of the books of every company of which I am either chairman or a director. I shall expect you, as general manager of the concerns, to have all the books and documents ready for inspection, and to be personally in attendance to give any necessary explanations."

"Certainly, if you wish it, Colonel," replied Ackroyd calmly, putting on his hat and coat. "You will find that your fears are quite groundless, of course, but if it will set your mind at rest, that is all that matters."

The pair left the building, saluted by the uniformed doorman on night duty, exchanged a brief "good night" and separated.

* * *

The blow had come to Roger Ackroyd with rather unexpected suddenness, though he had known for months past that it must inevitably fall sooner or later, and had made all his preparations accordingly.

The $400,000 to which Colonel Danielson had referred was a mere fraction of the amount he had drained by fraud and chicanery from the coffers of his various companies. They had been inherently unsound from the start, and he, knowing this, had taken every precaution to ensure that when the crash came he, personally, would suffer less than nothing by it.

He had carefully invested his plunder in gilt-edged "bearer" securities, and he flattered himself that he had hidden these away in such a manner that his creditors would never be able to trace them.

To this end he had gone on a month's holiday that Summer, explaining that he needed a complete rest, and leaving no address behind him. While away he had altered his appearance completely in a manner which will be described later and had rented a safe with a safe deposit company in a Middle Western town in the name of James Huggett, paying two years' rent in advance. In this safe he had stowed away the securities in which he had invested the proceeds of his defalcations. It was "bearer" stock which could never be traced back to him, and it represented a very large sum of money indeed, on the interest of which he could live in luxury for the remainder of his life.

Also, by a little simple forgery he had acquired a passport in the name of James Huggett, and the photograph on the passport had been taken after his appearance had been altered.

He had reappeared in New York after his holiday looking precisely as before, and had used his friendship with the general manager of the famous Black Funnel line to obtain a post as bathroom steward on one of the liners for one James Huggett, who was, he said, the brother of one of his personal servants and who was out of work through no fault of his own. His personal recommendation of James Hugget was sufficient, and a letter addressed to Huggett, at an accommodation address had come into Ackroyd's hands a couple of days before. It notified him that he had been appointed bathroom steward on the Cedric Castle, and must report at the company's offices to take up duty on a date 10 days later.

That was all that was necessary; a stewardship on a liner was almost the ideal position of obscurity while the hue and cry was hot after him. When it had more or less died down he would retrieve his plunder from the safe deposit company, and in some far-off country assume permanently the name and identity of James Huggett.

* * *

Ackroyd, after leaving Colonel Danielson, returned immediately to his luxurious apartment overlooking the East River. He was unmarried and was waited on by a valet and his wife. These he dismissed for the night as soon as he entered, and proceeded to put off the identity of Roger Ackroyd and assume that of James Huggett.

He first clipped his beard and mustache as close as possible with scissors, then shaved himself clean. He had prominent and bushy eyebrows, and these he trimmed down until they appeared thin and ill-nourished. He had been noted by the whiteness and evenness of his teeth, and few suspected that they were mainly artificial; the removal of a couple of dental plates, with the absence of beard and mustache and the trimming down of his eyebrows, made an almost unbelievable change in his appearance.

Lastly, he applied a dye to his graying hair, parted it in the middle instead of on one side as formerly, donned a shabby suit, and contemplated himself in the glass.

Roger Ackroyd had vanished, and James Huggett had been created in his stead. His appearance now was indentically what it had been when he was photographed for the bogus passport, and had interviewed the secretary of the safe deposit company, and he was satisfied that it would require a most intimate scrutiny by one who knew him very well indeed to recognize him as the [illegible] and make capture [illegible].

He left his jewels behind him, [illegible] only a few dollars in his pocket, though [illegible] suspended on a light steel chain was [illegible] most in world—the key of the safe in the safe deposit company's vaults, which would place [illegible] enormous fortune in his grasp immediately he [illegible] the [illegible] partially forgotten, and [illegible] to move.

* * *

Ackroyd took a room in a humble [illegible] hotel. He reported himself the following day at the office of the Black Funnel line, [illegible] and [illegible] and was ordered [illegible] for the Cedric Castle, [illegible].

The papers during the period were full of the names; the accountant called in by Colonel Danielson had reported the misappropriation by Ackroyd of enormous sums of money, a warrant had promptly been issued for his arrest, and the most [illegible] about the whole matter were eagerly awaiting for him.

The collapse of [illegible] network of companies was hideously complete. Colonel Danielson and many of his co-directors had been forced to file their petitions in bankruptcy, and ruin and despair had likewise been the lot of hundreds of trusting investors.

This feature of the case, however, troubled Ackroyd not a whit, and the photographs and descriptions of himself which appeared in the papers merely increased his faith in the efficacy of his disguise.

He duly signed on for the Cedric Castle, and for several months carried on his unobtrusive duties as a bathroom steward on the liner, unsuspected and almost unnoticed.

It was with something of a shock that he found one day, as the vessel was leaving New York for Southampton, that the passenger list contained the name of Colonel Ivor Danielson, and that the colonel had been allotted one of the cabins immediately on Ackroyd's charge. His disguise would be put to a real test this time, though he had little fear as to the result; he had become more and more confident with each month that had elapsed.

He tapped at the colonel's door on the first morning out with a brief "Bath ready, sir," and led the way to one of the bathrooms. The bath was filled with cold sea water, and Ackroyd dipped into it the steam pipe from the engine room, turning the tap so that the steam bubbled up through the water, and raised its temperature by rapid stages.

"Temperature as you like it, sir?" asked Ackroyd after a moment, testing the water with his hand.

In that fraction of a second, though Ackroyd was quite unaware of it, Colonel Danielson directed a glance of searching inquiry at the side face of the bathroom steward. His eyes narrowed, and his lips pursed as though to whistle; then in a flash his face became set and emotionless as Ackroyd looked round at him.

"That will do nicely, thank you, Steward," he said calmly, dipping his finger into the water.

Ackroyd left the room, and heard the bathroom door locked behind him with a sense of jubilant relief. He had felt fairly secure before; he was convinced now that his disguise was quite impenetrable.

Nor did Colonel Danielson's behavior to him for the remainder of the trip [illegible] one of fury morning he prepared the colonel's bath, and every morning the colonel allowed himself to be conducted to the bathroom with hardly a glance at the white-coated steward.

The Cedric Castle was alongside at Southampton, and the passengers were going ashore, when word was brought to Ackroyd that he was wanted in the purser's cabin. He went there, unsuspecting and unperturbed, to find himself confronted by a Scotland Yard detective inspector in plain clothes, and a uniformed constable.

"Roger Ackroyd, alias James Huggett," said the inspector without preamble, though with some hint of hesitation in his manner, "I arrest you on a warrant issued some months ago in New York City, copies of which have been forwarded to us here, on various charges of fraud and embezzlement."

Ackroyd, a-hen-faced, gaped for a moment, then collapsed weakly into a chair. The instantaneous change from calm security to a knowledge of utter ruin left him momentarily speechless, while the inspector gabbled out the statutory warning.

Blindly and instinctively, however, he passed a couple of fingers between the buttons of his jacket, reassuring himself that his safe deposit key was there as he had done, although quite unconsciously hundreds of times before. The inspector noticed and misinterpreted the movement; all his suspicions were aroused in a moment.

"Keep your hands out of your pockets!" he rapped out sharply, gripping Ackroyd by the wrist. "Put on the handcuffs on, Phillips; I fancy he's up to no good."

The constable stepped forward, there was a jingle of steel, and Ackroyd found himself handcuffed, with the key to his secret hoard, bearing the name and address of the safe deposit company, hopelessly inaccessible to him, though it would inevitably be found and [illegible] significance realized when he was searched.

Words came to him then, despite his sickening consciousness that all was over, and that nothing he could say would be of any avail. A torrent of protesting denials broke from his pale lips, and the inspector threatened with rather an unsteady [illegible].

"Call in Colonel Danielson," he told the constable at last, and a moment later the colonel entered the cabin and looked long and appreciatively at the prisoner.

"That is the man, I suppose, sir?" asked the inspector.

"That is undoubtedly Roger Ackroyd," returned the colonel, a note of vindictive triumph in his voice.

"Well, I hope you're not making a mistake, colonel," said the inspector, coughing rather nervously. "I'm bound to say he's not very like his photograph, or the official description of him."

"He has altered his appearance as far as he could, but I heard and mustache, longer and bushier eyebrows, and a set of artificial teeth would change him back to his old self," remarked the colonel firmly. "These [illegible] detective, don't the description of a hundred [illegible] such [illegible]."

The inspector consulted a holographed form he drew from his pocket.

"That's right, sir," he confirmed. "A scar just below the right elbow, the description says."

Briskly he pulled up Ackroyd's right sleeve revealing a [illegible] scar just below the elbow. The man gave a sigh of relief.

"Well, that should about settle it, colonel," he said. "It was the scar that first put you on his track, I suppose?"

"No, it was not; I have not seen the scar, though I felt sure it would be there."

"It was his general appearance that made you suspicious then?"

"Not at all. It was the most trifling little circumstance that put me on the scent in the first instance," said the colonel. "It was one chance in a thousand that anything would occur to make me study the appearance of the bathroom steward, but that thousandth chance happended to come off."

"On the night that Ackroyd disappeared," continued the colonel, wincing at the recollection, "he and I were washing our hands in the bathroom together, and I noticed idly that he had a trick which I have seen only once before—in the case of my old nurse when I was a child."

"And what was that, sir?" asked the inspector, keenly interested.

"Simply this: that he tested the temperature of the water in the basin by putting the back of his hand in it. He did the same thing when he prepared my bath the first day out from New York; that was the only thing that drew my attention to him."

"I think I've heard that that is really the safest way of testing whether water is too hot," said the inspector thoughtfully.

"I believe it is, and for that reason some nurses habitually use it," replied the colonel. "All the same—well, you watch a man about to wash his hands and see if he doesn't invariably test the water by dipping his finger in it."

He rose to leave the cabin.

"That was the starting point, as I have said," he concluded. "Scanning the steward closely, I saw that his features might well be those of Ackroyd, so I sent a wireless message to the Black Funnel office. When they replied that James Huggett, bath-room steward on the Cedric Castle, had been engaged on the personal recommendation of Roger Ackroyd, and had taken up his duties a few days after Ackroyd's disappearance—well there didn't seem much room left for doubt, did there?"

Magnificent Gesture

by Helen Strauss

(Continued from Page 11)

and his glance was now entangled with the objects in the room.

"Gee, Fay, what a grand place! It's as big as the Pratt hotel and as cozy as my mother's kitchen. That's a trick, all right. But you always did have a knack with things."

After Joe's overcoat, Fay hung the mink treasure in the closet—regretfully. Somehow, it was a most convincing prop. She didn't feel nearly so sure of herself without it. Alone for a moment, she was aware that the tom-tom at her temples had stopped and that she was a curious restlessness about her head now, as though there was no top to it. Raising one hand, she stroked the dark smoothness of her hair, as if to reassure herself. Then, her voice riding a few major scales, she sauntered out into the studio with an elaborate air of possession. She was a little off pitch but Joe wouldn't know.

Joe wasn't even there! The hall door stood tellingly ajar. He had gone out somewhere hatless, coatless, apparently on the impulse of the moment.

Fay had lighted the fire and was still wondering when Joe returned wind-tossed and with the cold, fresh breath of outdoors clinging to him. He was grinning almost apologetically over an armload of lilies and roses.

"This is what they must mean when they say, 'Summer burst into bloom'," she declared, regarding him meditatively. "How nice to have it happen all at once and out of season!"

"I'm afraid it's a rather commonplace selection," Joe demurred. "But there wasn't much choice in the little dugout under the elevated. I got 'done,' you see, like any tourist."

There was something oddly reverential in the way he approached her, gift laden. And although he laid them in her arms, she had a curious feeling that actually he was laying the flowers at her feet. Shame gathered in her heart for all the unflattering things she had thought of him. Then she was suddenly angry with herself for being touched at all. And angry with Joe for having grown beyond the limits she had marked out for him.

It wouldn't have been any effort at all to put on a convincing show for good old Joe! Given her choice, she would have even preferred the fat, comical Joe of her fears to this disturbing stranger. He stood now examining the titles on the open bookshelves which flanked the fireplace.

Fay's pulses stopped. Suppose he started taking out volumes and thumbing them. Jul a's name on every flyleaf! With dead hands she was arranging a bouquet in a towering vase on the table.

"Hypocrite!" he exclaimed, seeming content to touch the books only with his vision. "Horribly fascinating, isn't he?"

"I haven't read him yet," she confessed unguardedly. Then, quickly: "It's a gift."

"You singers!" he flung over one shoulder. "More gifts than you know what to do with!" He was admiring an expensive tapestry Ramon had given Julia one Christmas. "I suppose this is from one of those Wall Street magnates I read about in the newspapers."

Her attention was completely absorbed in what her hands were doing.

"I never credited you with an imagination, Joe. And a lurid, romantic one at that!"

The scene of some music on the piano caught at his roving glance.

"Somebody said you were lovely as Kathie in a revival of 'Student Prince.' And did I hear that you appeared also in a recent return of 'Blossom Time'?"

She did not dare to look at him.

"No, I'm sure there's some mistake. I never did appear in that one." With seeming modesty she diverted the talk from her phantom triumphs. "You were so generous. I can't get them all in one vase."

Then, humming resoundingly, she went out for a pitcher of water.

"And what brings you to New York?" she inquired upon her return a minute later.

Joe turned where he stood before the piano and it seemed to her that he was slightly flushed, over and above his sun-burn, as though in embarrassment. But as he answered her coolly, evenly, she became convinced that she had imagined the disturbance in him. "I'll be seeing dino-saurs on the wall next," ran ruefully in her mind.

"Oh, a girl," he was confiding candidly. "A girl and a boat."

"His somebody from Pratt been across the waters?"

"Marjorie Dickins. She took your place as soloist in the church."

"Oh, Marjorie!" She bent above the second filled vase, her pain-lash capturing a momentary glow from the flowers. "You bet I remember her. Red-headed and as pretty as a magazine cover." Something else jogged her memory. "Why, what a Casanova you've turned out to be! Marjorie was practically engaged to Roy Peterson when I last heard from Blanche Baker."

There was no mistaking the embarrassment in his laughter.

"Roy started driving in the day before yesterday to meet her boat. Marjorie's been in Europe for seven or eight weeks."

"Oh, rivals for Marjorie!" she flung at him gayly. Then, making a cup of one hand: "May the best man win! We ought to have some tea on this, really. But I can't make any. There's no kitchenette here. However, I'll phone for a tray."

But he wouldn't hear of it.

"I don't dare tempt fate like that. I haven't got the girl yet."

She was surprised to find herself feeling a twinge of envy. Envy of little Marjorie Dickins for whom Joe Wilson would be waiting. And she was vexed to find herself moved by these commonplace properties of romance. The church soloist. The boy in the bank. She who had turned her back on Main Street attachments and dreamed of romance in the sophisticated manner. For all his rural response to elemental things, Fay was shrewd enough to realize that she herself had changed even as much as Joe Wilson. Her dreams now had their roots in the city. Still, she was not yet ready to admit this in its entirety. "Not only my head is leaving me but all my senses are going with it," she reflected with a rush of despair. "As though his private affairs matter to me—!"

"I suppose I couldn't ask you to sing," Joe was saying. She felt her blood mount noisily. Not that she hadn't expected this. She had even thought of a staunch soprano standby—"Last Night I Was Dreaming"—that she might get off without his being any the wiser. But she wasn't so sure now. His mind had blossomed. His sensibilities sharpened. Witness, the flowers.

"I'd rather you wouldn't," she pleaded with him prettily, head cocked to one side, mouth spread in a dolorous little smile. "You see, I'm rather tired—from the walk." As though to convince him of it she came around the end of the table and sank into a haven of pillows on the chaise longue, with all the abandon of exhaustion. There she was unhappily surprised to find her weariness as genuine as it was complete. For a second her lids closed on the curious gray of her eyes, the lashes throwing arrowy shadows on her

(Continued on Page 28)

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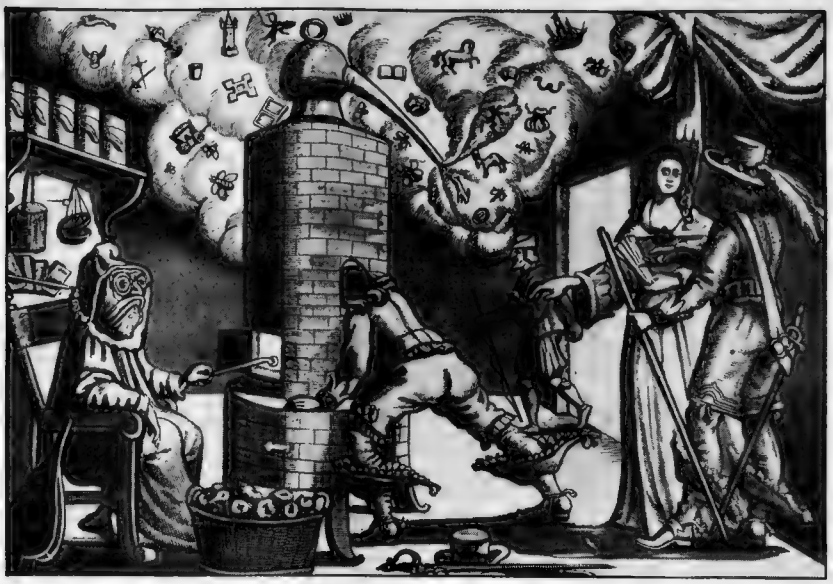

Reproduction of a Woodcut Drawing of the Middle Ages, Showing a Witch with a Toad's Head Applying Her Magic Arts. In This Case the Patient Appears to Be Holding His Head in the Furnace to Be Cured of a Headache or Perhaps Insane Notions.

The Witch H

Curious Old Book of Medieva Incantations and Remedies fo Animals Which Still In "Hex" Doctors and Th

IN SPITE of the activities of the police and courts, the hunting and torture, and sometimes murder of "witches" still continue in Pennsylvania. The superstitious natives who hunt the witches and make use of charms and safeguards to ward off the evil effects of witchcraft follow much the same practices as were commonly used in the Dark Ages of Europe. These witch hunters are known as "hex" doctors, from the German word "hexe," and sometimes are called "pow wow" doctors, because of their rituals, incantations and exorcisings in overcoming the "evil eye," or the "curse" placed upon human beings or animals by witches.

It now appears that the beliefs of the superstitious natives and the practices of the Pennsylvania hex doctors are based on a book which is practically the bible of the hex believer. This remarkable book, "The Long Hidden Friend," prescribes the ceremonies, rites and incantations which must be performed when hunting for witches or trying to counteract the baleful effects of witchcraft. The book also offers remedies for every known disease and misfortune.

This witch bible was written by John George Hohman, and the first edition was published in Pennsylvania more than a hundred years ago. Hohman came to Pennsylvania from Germany, and based his work on the writings of the notorious monk, Albertus Magnus, who

Spells, Magic Rites, Incantations, Enchantments and Talismans to Cure All Ills and

To Make a Black Horse White.

THE water in which a mule-foal is boiled makes a black horse white, if it is rubbed or washed with it.

For the Toothache.

DIG up a sod in the morning before sunrise and before making your toilet, in a certain place; breathe on it three times and put it quickly back in its place exactly as it was before.

For a Bad Dog.

Hound, hold your mouth to the ground.
Me God made, thee he suffers, hound. †††

YOU must do this toward the place where the dog is. You must make the three crosses at the dog, and before he sees you, but you must say the words first of all.

To Make Sure to Hit In Shooting.

TAKE the† heart of a † field-mouse, and put a little of it† between the ball and the powder, and you will hit what you wish. You must use the three highest names when you begin to load, and you must not finish the words till you finish loading.

To Win a Case in Court.

SAY: "I went before the house of the judge. There appeared three dead men at the window; one had no tongue, one had no lungs, the third was sick, blind and dumb." When you go before the judge after having said this, he will have no power against you.

To Remove a Film From the Eyes.

DIG the root of Bissibet on St. Bartholomew's Day before sunrise, 8 or 5 roots; take off the ends of the roots over the trench from which they are dug; get a patch of cloth and thread which have not been in water; see that the thread has no knot in it; tie up the roots in the patch, hang them on the neck till the film is gone, with a band which also has not touched water.

To Make a Dog Stay.

TAKE some blood from yourself, give it to the dog in something to eat, and he remains. Or scrape the four corners of the table on the upper side. Always eat with the knife you scraped with, and give what you scraped off to the dog to eat, and he will remain.

A Charm Against Vicious Dogs.

WHOEVER wears a dog's heart on his left side no dog will bark at him; they are all dumb before him.

To Take Away Pain.

TAKE the first dirty rag that was first bound on to a wound, and put it in water in which there is apparently verdigris; but be careful not to stir the verdigris till you have no more fear of the pain.

For the Toothache.

THE author of this book, Hohman, has cured himself more than sixty times with this remedy of the severest toothache; and of the sixty times that he has used it, it has failed but once. Take, namely, vitriol: when the tooth begins to ache, put a little piece in the sore tooth, spit all the saliva out, but not too often. I know not whether it would help a tooth that is not hollow, but think it would, if laid on it.

Against Witches—for Beasts Write It on the Stall—For Human Beings Write It on the Bedsteads.

TROTTER head, I pray thee my house and my Court, I pray thee my horse-and-cow-stall, I pray thee my bedstead, that thou shed not thy consolations on me; be they on another house till thou goest over all mountains, countest all the sticks in the hedges and goest over all waters. So come the happy day again to my house, in the name of the Father and of the Son and the Holy Ghost. Amen.

To Make a Wand to Seek Iron, Ore, Water and the Like.

THE first Christmas-night, between 11 and 12 o'clock, break a young branch, of one year's growth, towards the sunrising, in three highest names. When you use the rod to seek something, use it three times; i.e.—take the wand—it must be forked—take one part in each hand, so that the thick part stands up; if the third part strikes toward the earth, that is the place where the thing is which you seek. You are at the same time, to repeat these words: Thou, Archangel Gabriel, I beseech thee, in the name of God, the Almighty, is water here or not? Say‡‡‡ Or iron or ore, etc.; whichever you seek.

To Take Away Pain and Heal Wounds With Three Rods.

With this rod and Christ's blood
Take I the pain and suppuration.
† † †

N. B.—You must cut a piece from a young branch of a tree, towards sunrise, into three small pieces; rub them around on the wound one after another, beginning with that which is in the right hand first. In all cases of forms of words in this book, repeat them three times, whether the † † † stand or not. Let a half hour intervene between the first and second time, and the third be overnight. Wrap the sticks in a piece of white paper and put in a warm place.

A Good Remedy for Various Ulcers and Excrescences and Other Sufferings.

THE root of the plant, Venus Vervain, laid on the neck, heals ulcers on it; is good for injuries to the brain; heals fig-warts, if the juice of it is boiled with honey and water, and drunk; it makes the parts in the lungs pliant and clean and gives a good breath; for it heals the lungs. If it is placed in a vineyard, or garden, or field, it grows abundantly. The root is good for those who wish to plant vines or build or cultivate trees. Young children who wear it about them are docile, love all good arts, and become lusty and cheerful.

To Secure Oneself Against Ill-Luck.

IF one uses the right eye of a wolf, bound in the right sleeve, no ill-luck will happen to him.

Various Remedies.

LOSSES at cards may be prevented by tying the heart of a bat to the right arm with a red string.

Red strings wrapped around trees will capture a victim's chills.

The hand of a dead person, passed over a birthmark, will remove it.

An egg boiled in rain water caught before sunrise, pierced with three holes and allowed to be eaten by ants, will keep an ill person from wasting away.

For Slander or Witchcraft.

ART thou slandered, or thy head, flesh, limb, send it back home to the false tongues, thus:†††

Take off thy shirt, and put it on wrong side out, put the two thumbs at the pit of the stomach, and carry them around under the ribs as far as the hips. Do this three times, carefully and devoutly.

To Hold a Thief Fixed, That He Cannot Move.

O Peter, O Peter!
Take from God the power;
May I find
What I would bind
With the band,
Of Jesus' hand
That robbers all,
Great and small
That none can go no step more,
Neither backwards nor before
Till I then with my eyes perceive,
Till I then with my tongue relieve
Till first they count me every stone,
Twixt heaven and earth, and drop of rain,
Each leaf of tree and blade of grass;
This pray I to my foe for Mass.

Say the Creed and the Paternoster. To compel him to stand, say this thrice. If the thief is to be permitted to win, the sun must not shine on him before you loose him. This loosing is done in two forms. The first is: bid him in the name of St. John to go forth. The second is this: with the words with which you (or thou, if only one, or a woman) were stopt, you are loosed.

For a Burn.

BURN, I blow on thee. It must be blown on as the fire of the sun, three times in one breath. ‡‡‡

To Gain a Lawsuit.

IT IS said, that if one has a lawsuit, and will take of the largest sage, and will write the names of the 12 Apostles on a leaf and put them in his shoe before he goes to the Court House, he will gain his case.

A Charm to Constrain a Man From Growing Too Large.

I. N. N. make to breathe on thee; I make to take away from thee three drops of blood; one from thy heart, one from thy liver, the third from thy vital strength; therewith I take away thy strength and manhood.
Hbbi Mofsy danti Lantien. I. I. I.

For the Headache.

FORM bone and flesh, as Christ in Paradise, who alone can help; and this I say to thee (N) for penitence. ‡‡‡

Say this thrice, at intervals of about 3 minutes, and the headache will soon leave. But if it is caused by strong drink, it is not so likely to go away. You must then say it every minute.

That No Wicked Man May Defraud Me, Bewitch or Affect Me With Magic.

AS the cup and the wine and the consecrated bread, when our dear Lord Jesus Christ, on Maundy Thursday prayed for his loving disciples; and that me at all times, day nor night, no dog may he bite, no wild beast tear, no tree fall on me, no water drown, no gun shoot me, no weapon of iron or steel cut me, no fire burn, and from false judgment, no false tongue swear against me, no rogue vex me, from all vile friends, from magic and witchcraft, from all these, the Lord Jesus Christ protect me. Amen.

To Prevent Evil Reports and Discourse Abou

THE virtue of the plant, Heliotrope or Sunflower, is wonderful, if gathered in the sign of the lion in the month of August, and folded up in a laurel-leaf, or a wolf's-tooth. If one wears it on his person, no one can say contradictory things to him, but only pleasant words; and if anything has been taken from any one, and he lays this under his head at night, he will see the form and all the characteristics of th

If it is laid in any place where many women a among them has violated her honor, she cannot removed out of the way. This is proved.

A Good Remedy for Falling Sickness.

WRITE on a bit of paper backwards. It is all done! This must be hung on early the first Friday of the New Moon. The writing must be put in a red scarlet napkin, and a linen napkin put around this. The linen napkin and the thread must be unbleached, and the thread must have no knot in it.††† This is written on the paper only once.

unters' Bible

l Superstitions, Charms and r Ailments of Mankind and spire the Pennsylvania ir Deluded Followers

was a celebrated magician of the Middle Ages. Hohman was a thorough believer in witchcraft and magic and he added to the remedies of the monk Albertus, many charms, spells and incantations of the days of ancient Egypt and Babylon. The directions for witch hunting have a highly religious tone and often words of the Bible and the ancient prayer books are used. It is pointed out that the Scriptures recognize witches and their evil doings and that the Saviour cast out evil spirits.

Although severe punishment has been visited upon hex doctors from time to time, their activities still continue, and the latest case, the other day, reveals the nearly fatal attack on an eight-months-old baby of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, by an elder brother who had been adjudged to be bewitched, but had been treated by a hex doctor according to the ritual and was supposed to be "cured."

The superstitious beliefs of the natives and the strange practices of the Pennsylvania witch hunters are explained by the teachings in Hohman's witch bible.

Some of the curious remedies are reprinted elsewhere on this page oday. Where crosses (††† or ‡‡‡) appear it means the hex doctor nust repeat the words that number of times and make the sign of the ross with his thumb. Where N appears the name of the afflicted one s to be used.

"Consulting the Witch," by John Scott, R. I. In Medieval Times the Witch Took the Place of the More Dignified Oracles of the Greeks, and Was Consulted by Kings and Commoners.

Protect Man and Beast From Harm, as Set Forth in the Old Witch Hunters' Bible

For Consumption.

I COMMAND thee out of the bone into the flesh, out of the flesh into the skin, out of the skin into the wide world. †††

To Consecrate a Divining Rod.

WHEN one makes a divining rod, or luck rod, he breaks it as before said and says while making it and before he uses it: Luck-rod, retain thy strength, retain thy virtue, whereto God hath ordained thee. †††

To Prevent Bad People From Injuring Cattle.

TAKE worm-wood, black cumin, five-finger and asafoetida, of each 3 cents' worth; take hog-bean straw, the scrapings behind the stable-door and a little salt; make them all into a little bundle and put it in a hole in the sill and plug it up with ivory wood. It helps sure.

A Charm for Bad People.

IT IS said, that if you suspect a person for badness, and he sits down on a chair, and you take a shoemaker's wax-end, that has not been used, and stick one end of it on the under side of the chair, and you sit on the other end of it, he will in a short time die.

Safeguards from Shots, Cuts and Stabs.

JESUS CHRIST is the true Saviour. Jesus Christ rules and reigns, breaks down and overcomes all foes, visible and invisible. Jesus is with me always, ever and eternally, in all paths and ways, on water and on land, in mount and vale, in cot and court, in the whole world where I am, where I stand, go ride, run, journey; whether I sleep or wake, eat or drink, there art thou, O Lord Jesus Christ, at all times, early and late, all hours and moments; whether I go out or in.

The sacred five wounds, red, oh Lord Jesus Christ, they are at all times good for my sins, private or public; that the sword may not cut me, destroy me, nor injure me, help me††‡ Jesus Christ with his shield and defence; protect me N.N. at all times from daily sins, worldly harm, injustice, contempt, pestilence and other sickness, from anguish, torture and pain, from all wicked enemies, from false tongues and old scandal-mongers; that no shot may injure my body, help me††‡ and no band of thieves, nor gypsies, street-robbers, murderers, sorcery, or other kind of devil-spirits may enter my house or court, nor break in; that the dear Lady Mary may protect everything, and also all the children, by the help of God in heaven, in the eternal joy and sovereignty of God the Father, quicken me, the wisdom of God the Son enlighten me, the virtue and grace of God the Holy Ghost strengthen me from this hour to all eternity. Amen.

e Infidelity of a Wife.

e one who has done it. e, in a church, if any one o from the place till it is

To Take Away an Excrescence in the Increase of The Moon.

LOOK directly over the Excrescence and say: What increases, increases; what decreases, decreases. Say this thrice in one breath.

To Prevent the Barking of a Dog.

PUT the plant, called houndstongue, under the big toes, and all dogs will be dumb before you.

To Drive Away the Blue Cough.

CUT off three little locks of hair from the crown of a child which has not seen its father in its life-time; hang it about the child which has the blue cough, in a piece of unbleached cloth. The thread also, with which it is secured must be unbleached.

A Wonderful Paragraph From the Book of Albertus Magnus.

IT IS said therein, that if you burn a big frog to ashes and put it into water, and besmear with it any part on which hairs grow, no more will grow there.

A Good Prayer Against the Danger of Shooting.

THE peace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with me, N. N. Gun, stand still, in the name of the powerful prophets, Agtion and Elias and kill me not! Oh gun, stand still! I conjure thee by heaven and earth and by the will of the last judgment, that thou wilt not cause me, as a child of God to suffer Amen.

To Drive Away Fever.

WRITE the following words on a scrap or billet of paper, wrap the billet in a broad plantain leaf and bind it on the navel of the one who has the fever:

Potmat Sineat,
Potmat Sineat,
Potmat Sineat.

To Drive Away the Camp Fever.

WRITE the following order of letters, sew them into a patch, hang it about the neck till the fever leaves:

Abaxa Catabax
Abaxa Catabax
Abaxa Cataba
Abaxa Catab
Abaxa Cata
Abaxa Cat
Abaxa Ca
Abaxa C
Abaxa
Abax
Aba
Ab
A

For Sore Mouth.

HAST thou the scurvy gum or brown,
So breathe I thrice mine own breath in †††

To Drive Away Warts.

ROAST chickens-feet and rub the warts with them; then bury them under the eaves.

To Obtain the Object of Your Petition.

LET a little of the plant called Five-Finger be worn about one, when he seeks a favor from a lord or an officer, and he will surely succeed. The juice of this plant is good for the Dysentery.

A Good Remedy for St. Anthony's Fire (or Erysipelas) as Well as For Wounds:

Also for Aching Limbs on Which the Erysipelas Appears.

St. Anthony's Fire and the Dragons red,
Together over the Brook they fled.
St. Anthony's fire is done;
The Dragons they are gone. †††

For a Fever.

MAKE a prayer early in the morning, then turn the shirt around the left sleeve and say: Shirt, turn thee around, and thou Fever, turn; at the same time name the name of the patient. Say this for a penance in the name of the Father, etc. Amen. Say these words 3 days in succession.

To Kill the Worms in the Horse.

CALL the horse by its name and say:

The worms hast thou? Then I seize thee
by the brow,
Be they white, or brown, or red,
Soon they'll all be very dead.

Strike the nag by the head thrice; mount and ride him to a certain distance and back three times. †††

A Remedy Against Worms—In Man or Beast.

Mary, the holy, went over the land,
She had three worms in her hand;
One was white, another black and the
third was red.

Stroke the person (or animal) you would benefit. At each repetition strike him on the back; viz: the first time, once; the second time, twice; the third time, thrice; and set a time for the worms, but not less than three minutes.

A Good Remedy For Colic.

TAKE a half-gill of good corn brandy, fill a pipe full of tobacco, soak the whole pipe full of tobacco in the brandy and then drink it. This has helped the author of this book and many others already. Or break up fine—pulverize—a white clay pipe which is smoked black. This produces the same effect if you take it pulverized—i.e. put it in the brandy and take as before.

For a Sprite and Other Kinds of Witchcraft.

Recite:

I.
N. I. R.
I.
Sanctus Spiritus
I.
N. I. R.
I.

Let this all be preserved, here for time, there eternal. Amen.

The character which pertains to it is called: God bless thee, here for time, there eternal. Amen.

To Make One Answer When He Is Asleep.

IF you lay the heart and right foot of a barn-owl on one who is asleep, he will answer whatever you ask him, and tell what he has done.

To Make Children's Teeth Grow Without Pain.

BOIL the brain of a hare, and rub the gums of the children with it, and the teeth will grow without pain.

For a Snake Bite.

God Enacted Everything, and everything was good.
But thou alone, viper, art accursed,
Accursed shalt thou be and thy poison.
††† tzing, tzing, tzing.

Good Remedy for a Fever.

GOOD MORNING, dear Thursday; take away from (n) the 77 kinds of Fever! Ah, Thou Dear Lord Jesus Christus, take it from him!††† This is to be used first on Thursday, once; on Friday, twice; on Saturday, thrice, and each morning thrice. You must, at the same time always say the Creed, and speak with no one till sunrise. The patient also, must speak with no one, eat no swine's flesh, and drink no milk for 9 days, and during the 9 days, not pass over running water.

To Cause an Animal to Come to the House Again Of its Own Accord.

PLUCK a little lock of hair in front from between the horns; one in the middle on the back; one behind by the root of the tail, and give it to the animal in bread to eat.

To Make a Good Eye-Water.

Take four cents' worth of Rotten-stone.
" " " " " Prepared chalk.
" " " " " Cloves.
" one gill of Corn-brandy.
" " " " Water.

Beat them together and it is fit for use.

Another Remedy for a Burn.

MAKE 3 crosses over the place with the thumbs. All cures with forms of words are repeated 3 times, and always wait a couple of hours, and the third repetition is on the next day.

The single N. signifies the first name, and two N. N. the first or Christian name and the surname of the patient. This holds throughout the book.

Contrasts in Evening Dresses

Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the Studios of the Famous French Dress Creators, Drawn by Soulie, Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris

These Latest Paris Models Offer Suggestions for American Dressmakers and May Be Copied or Adapted by Them in American Materials.

The Bodice of This Rosevienne Model Is Cut on a V Line Back and Front, and the Wide Bands That Make Panniers on the Hips Are Part of It. Below Them, in the Back, There Is a Soft Bow of the Taffeta. The Skirt Spreads Into a Short Round Train in the Back, and Is a Little Bit Slit in the Front, Again Showing the Feet. A Beautifully Made Flower of Stiff Chiffon in Tones of Green and Brown Decorates the Front of the Bodice.

This Marcel Rochas Gown Has a Much Fitted Top, Which Is Smooth and Plain Over the Hips. The Edges of the Gown Are Cut Out Following the Line of the Pattern, So That They Finish in Scallops. The Top Is Decollete Both Back and Front. Finished With Scallops, and Has Plain "Lingerie" Shoulder Straps.

This Gown From Lelong Is Sensational. It Has a Moulded Upper Part of Deepest Red Velvet, and Is Cut to Fit the Figure Tightly, With the Top of the Bodice Boned, and Worn Without Shoulder Straps. The Fitted Tunic Section Ends in a Curved Line About at the Knee, and Is Placed Over a Wide Skirt of Pale Mauve Organdie, Very Much Flared.

Julie Morand Has Chosen One of the "Grandmother" Silks, a Very Heavy Rich "Peau de Soie," in White. At Each Side of the Slim Skirt, Just Below the Knee, She Puts Two Great Frills of the Material. These Gathered Frills Are Set Into the Side Seams of the Skirt. The Neck Is Trimmed With a Sort of Collar Frill, Worn Turned Up in the Back, to Make a Frame for the Head. The Gown Is Cut Square in the Front, and in the Back Mounts Right Up to the Collar.

PARIS, April 25

NEVER has the evening mode been more varied than it is this Spring. The recent collections, in Paris, brought out a host of novelties and modifications of existing styles.

Take the robe de style, for example, which has run right through the Winter mode. It appears again for Spring, but many new things have been done to it. Several designers have definitely shortened the skirt in front, showing the feet and ankles. Marcel Rochas, who showed his collection very early so that no one might say that he had been influenced by others, had a number of gowns on "period" lines, with the skirts much shorter in the front than in the back.

One of them is sketched on this page. It is in a printed taffeta, red and white, with a broderie anglaise design. The skirt is open up the front, and hung over a much slimmer underskirt, which is a foot shorter than the rest.

It was interesting to see how Molyneux handled the shorter-in-front skirt. Instead of applying it to the ample skirts, as almost every one else did, he used it in slim gowns of stiff silks, particularly mauve taffeta, cut "on the straight," beltless, slender and quite short in the front of the skirt. In the back they were cut in rounded trains, and these trains were often weighted with a ruche, or a row of flowers made of the fabric—usually taffeta—while the short front hems were left plain.

The shorter-in-front line is an outcome of the slit skirts, which have accustomed our eye to a glimpse of feet and ankles. Women have discovered that to show their feet often makes them look lighter and slimmer, but the slit skirts have been overdone.

I do not think that this shorter-in-front mode will become as general as it was in 1929, just before evening skirts turned definitely long. I think it will be one of the Summer fashions, instead of the only skirt fashion, as it was then. But it cannot be ignored. Women with pretty feet and delicate ankles will welcome it.

Designers have gone to many countries and many epochs for inspiration for their newest evening gowns. Perhaps the most sensational are the Hindoo models complete with saris that are drawn over the head. Women hardly knew what to make of these models when they were first passed in Schiaparelli's and Alix's collections.

Schiaparelli's are sometimes tightly swathed across the figure, with scarfs, which she calls "Ihrams," attached to one shoulder, or to the cape or jacket that completes the gowns, and drawn over the head of the mannequin. Alix shows an exact reproduction of the Hindoo woman's gown, in red-brown chiffon over a bright red slip, all with gold edges. These gowns, I think, were inspired by the success of the little Princess of Kapurthala, who made such a hit in Parisian society last Summer, wearing her native dress.

Some of Schiaparelli's are spirally draped round the figure, and are really little more than a long bordered scarf. She has one in her new Zenith blue, a royal blue, printed with black stars in the form of the constellation of the Great Bear, with jet fringed edges. She calls this silhouette "Celestial," and says it makes women look like angels.

However, the sari is not every woman's evening gown. Suitable to many more women is some sort of a modified robe de style, of which there are many. Lelong's is very new. In the first place, it illustrates the season's fancy for unusual combinations in color and material in the same model. He has put together deep wine red bagheera velvet and mauve organdie, and I think he was inspired, in doing so, by the success of a recent period play which, both on the stage, and on the screen was as great a success in Paris as it was in America.

Here Lelong has cut the bodice without shoulder straps. Several houses have done this again this Spring, having tried out the effect in their first Winter collections. They are sometimes boned to keep them in place, and sometimes shirred up on a ribbon.

Lelong has another in his new collection, which is made in Parma violet tulle, shirred on a strapless line with a red velvet ribbon, round the shoulders and round the waist, and tied in prim little bows in front. The gown sketched in his salons, is worn with a little jacket of the velvet, coming to the waist, with long sleeves, open and wide at the wrist, as they were in the time of the play.

Other designers put a flaring accent somewhere. They are not even tired of the bustle bow, for several use it, and Maimbocher, particularly, likes to handle his stiff silks in big loops at the back of the waist, that fall in a fan-like line almost to the knee.

Rosevienne, however, choses to accentuate the hips in her model of brown taffeta, with large bouquets printed on it in shades of green and brown. The cutting in this gown is subtle. The bodice is really made of two wide bands, crossed surplice fashion, and continued below the natural waistline to form rudimentary panniers on the hips. Below these panniers, in the back, there is a suggestion of the bustle, while the skirt is slim, but not too slim for easy movement and finishes in a train.

There is a lot of discussion about trains. They were almost banished from the early Winter mode. Then came the big social events of December and January, when they were suddenly revived in Paris, and women were seen dancing and holding up their trains by the tip, as they used to do in the Merry Widow days. It would be logical to keep trains out of the Summer evening mode, on account of out-of-door dancing, but a good many of the new gowns have them, for all that.

However, some authorities think that the shorter-in front movement, already discussed, will bring about a gradual shortening of all the evening skirts, so that even for formal wear we shall have slipper heel or ankle length exclusively. Time will tell. At the present moment, many designers make their most splendid evening gowns with trains.

Julie Morand has chosen a most unusual place for her accent—the feet. She makes a slim gown of heavy rich white silk, the kind that "stands alone." This is combined with the same embroidered with large polka dots of bright red. The wings or "fins" at each side of the slender skirt are lined with the dotted version, which also makes the unusual collar, a great oblong piece, casually folded in the back, and forming big revers in the front on either side of the deeply decollete neckline. This, too, is not everybody's gown, but no one can deny its newness.

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THE NEW MASTER DE LUXE CHEVROLET

A big, beautiful, quality car filled with luxury features

THE ARISTOCRAT OF THE LOW-PRICE FIELD

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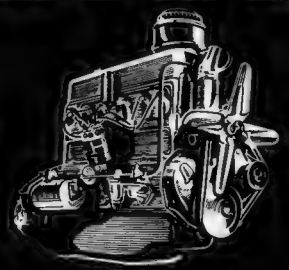
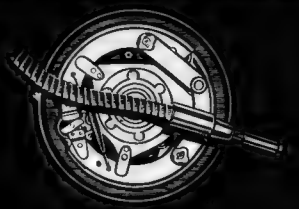
with No-Draft Ventilation



BLUE-FLAME
VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE

IMPROVED KNEE-ACTION



CABLE-CONTROLLED
WEATHERPROOF BRAKES

SHOCK-PROOF STEERING

The Glorious Gamble

by Madeleine Sharps Buchanan

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

FOR Barrie Rowann, dancing on New Year's Eve at the aristocratic Meadowland Country Club the coming year held no promise, for she knew just what she would be doing during all of the months to come. Longing to see something of life and capture a brief adventure, perhaps, on the stroke of twelve she drags vivacious Arene Wellington [illegible] to the cherry Dragon, a new night club in [illegible]. Barrie is attracted by Michael Brand, a young man watching the crowd in solitary aloofness. [illegible] Barrie [illegible] to [illegible] Brand, a stranger, in the [illegible] of Arene's [illegible] brother Pat. Sascha, [illegible] to escape from [illegible] Barrie [illegible] Later [illegible] Michael [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

CALOX CELEBRATION CONTEST

$25,000.00 In Prizes!

CALOX TOOTH POWDER had a 140% increase last year. Calox sales are going ahead faster than ever this year, and we want to celebrate. We want to celebrate with you and your friends, the dentists and druggists of the United States. If everybody knew Calox as well as those who are using it, this great dentifrice would have a 1000% increase!

Our celebration takes the form of a huge nation-wide contest with $25,000 in prizes.

Just think how you could use $2500 in cash, or $1000, or $500, or any one of the 600 other big prizes offered in this contest! It's easy! All you have to do is write 60 words or less on "How Calox cleans 'The Forgotten 60' and why this is important."

CALOX cleans and protects "The Forgotten 60"

(hidden surfaces between the teeth)

Scrub and scour as hard as you like with an ordinary dentifrice—you'll never reach the 60 hidden areas on the *sides* of your teeth. Food particles collect there, germs multiply, and decay is a constant menace unless you clean "The Forgotten 60." That's why you need the *penetrating* action of Calox.

Calox releases bubbles of purifying *oxygen* that foam into the crevices, hunting down decay germs, sweetening the breath. At the same time gentle milk of lime is created to neutralize mouth acids. The teeth are beautifully whitened, safely polished. The gums are cleansed and invigorated.

Your dentist will tell you every ingredient in Calox is an aid to mouth health. It's pleasant, refreshing to use. And it saves money!

The family-size package gives you 304 brushings—*six times* as many as an average tube of tooth paste. At all good drug stores.

HANDY SIZE 30¢ FAMILY SIZE 50¢

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MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS FOR 102 YEARS

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Here's all you have to do. Read these simple rules:

1 Any one may enter except employees of McKesson & Robbins, Inc., and their families, or employees of their advertising agents and their families.

2 Write 60 words or less on "How Calox cleans 'The Forgotten 60' and why this is important." Write either on an entry blank, which you can get from your druggist, or on one side of a plain sheet of paper.

3 Attach to your statement an outside cardboard carton from a package of Calox (30c or 50c size).

4 Send as many contest letters as you wish, provided each is accompanied by a Calox carton.

5 Print your name and address, and the name and address of your druggist, on each entry.

6 Contest entries will be judged for clearness, sincerity and convincing quality. Prizes will be awarded for the best statements meeting these requirements. Judges will be: Mrs. Christine Frederick, Household Economics Editor, *American Weekly*; Jerry McQuade, Editor, *Drug Topics*; H. M. Faust, Curtis Publishing Company. Their decisions shall be final. In the event of a tie, identical prizes will be awarded to tying contestants. All entries become the property of McKesson & Robbins, Inc.

7 Mail your entry to McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Dept. AM-1, Fairfield, Conn. All entries must be postmarked before midnight, June 15, 1935.

THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$2500
SECOND PRIZE . . .	1000
NEXT THREE PRIZES . .	500

- Next 200 prizes, $30 worth of any kind of dental work at your dentist's, or $30 worth of any kind of merchandise at your drug store, or $40 in cash.
- Next 400 prizes, $25 worth of any kind of dental work at your dentist's, or $25 worth of any kind of merchandise at your drug store, or $20 in cash.

Easy, isn't it? You don't have to be an "expert" to win. Fine literary efforts or fancy decorations *will have no weight* in determining the prize winners. Clear, simple, convincing statements will be the choice of the judges. We want the men, women and children of this country to know and appreciate Calox. Just state the truth about this dentifrice, as if you were trying to convince some one who did not know it. Read again the simple rules.

TO THE DENTIST:

We appreciate the enthusiastic support you have given Calox Tooth Powder, and we recognize the fact that many of the thousands of new users of Calox have been influenced by your recommendation. In acknowledgment we are offering 200 prizes of $50, and 400 prizes of $25 in dental work if the winners so elect. It is our belief that this offer will stimulate public interest in sound professional dental care.

TO THE DRUGGIST:

The success of the McKesson business has been founded on our cordial relations with retail druggists. In order that you may have a deserved share in the benefits of this Calox Celebration Contest, we are offering 200 prizes of $50 each, and 400 prizes of $25, which may be taken in merchandise purchasable at your store. You will be supplied with Contest Entry Blanks. Tell your customers about this great contest, and suggest that they enter.

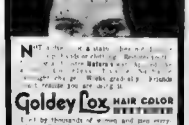
Good Housekeeping Bureau

CALOX McKesson's **CALOX**

THE PERFECT DENTIFRICE

THE POWDER THAT PENETRATES

AMAZING NEW FORMULA QUICKLY BANISHES
Gray Hair



Goldey Lox HAIR COLOR RESTORER

FREE PACKAGE

GOLDEY PROS CO.

Name

Address

Natural Color of my Hair

HAVE CLEAR, WHITE SKIN • • BE A BEAUTY IN THE NEXT 5 DAYS

HAVE diet and exposure robbed your skin of its youthful charm? Here's a thrilling news! *Thy mercurial Ilo softens & clears* skin in 5 days! Ask that can be pulled away—spots and pimples, Peaches Beach Creme lo gives flaky skin that outer skin that makes your complexion smarter, tired! It dissolves the coarse, invisible particles of dark scaly skin that cosmetics don't and leaves baby soft lo love-white days the a pre-ous ... ite-clear, fresh, satin-skin that lovers yearn for and shades ... Why let ... and be ... woman ... Lo! Lo! ... the secret to keep young-looking and ... Only 50c at drug stores.

The Glorious Gamble

(Continued from Page 20)

[illegible] Rowan was Somebody. Her fame [illegible] hospitals, founded things, sponsored boats, served [illegible] important [illegible] It seemed [illegible] to know [illegible] better [illegible] Dan Wellington, [illegible] Rowan [illegible] to [illegible] Sascha for [illegible] had taken [illegible] the most [illegible] Dan had laughed about [illegible] in a window [illegible] size." And Sascha, without [illegible] had [illegible] gaz[illegible] wistfully as Dan had moved away a little, coming back.

On an impulse Wellington had bought her [illegible] bottle. It had cost thirty dollars and would probably last Sascha [illegible] of her young [illegible] know how to use. It gave [illegible] of hers [illegible] of St. Magnier [illegible] with dew of garden [illegible] she had never [illegible] and [illegible] card for [illegible] Wellington [illegible] only [illegible] Sascha [illegible] to get [illegible] Sascha [illegible] to [illegible]

[illegible] the room [illegible] bedroom on New Years Morning after [illegible] had gotten rid of Mr. [illegible] the ball below with the pink [illegible] of her fingertip, [illegible] dissolving mouth and [illegible] Sascha [illegible] to [illegible] stood [illegible] for [illegible] the matter [illegible] Archie Wellington [illegible] the Cherry Dragon with Barrie Rowan.

It seemed [illegible] though she should [illegible] to use [illegible] thing [illegible] and [illegible] Barrie had [illegible] Michael Brand and [illegible] And Barrie Rowan [illegible] Summer boat, shot the bolt in the bathroom door, dumped the bath salts into a lukewarm tub and lay there for a short time, her wide blue eyes staring at the dirty ceiling, her hands crossed behind her golden head, unaware of the busy, gossiping sounds of her parents which came clearly through the thin partition.

The night's events were moving before her mental gaze once more. When she thought of the amber beads, the Mandarin coat, Barrie Rowann dancing with Michael Brand, the sleeping Archie Wellington who was dead to the devilment in the Cherry Dragon, Sascha saw no spotted bathroom ceiling, heard no jarring sounds.

"I wonder," she asked herself lazily, "if I can ever use those things?"

And anyone knowing Sascha would have been aware that she did not refer to the amber beads or the Mandarin coat

CHAPTER VI.

"I Could Love Him"

IT was strange that when Barrie Rowann entered her bedroom after leaving Archie Wellington in the hands of his brother's butler, she should think of Annie, their little parlor maid who had vanished in Chinatown.

Perhaps there was a real story there. Perhaps the maid had been a real girl, after all, like herself!

Annie had been gone a year. Until then she had been with the Rowann family for six months. A slim wisp of a girl was Annie in the demure gray and white which Barrie's mother insisted upon her maids wearing. A platinum blonde, red lipped; school-like hair banded close, wide, rather green eyes. Thin etched brows and a low, soft voice. Something repressed, well leashed about her.

Everybody looked at Annie and teased Mrs. Rowann about her. "Oh, tell me, pretty maid—" the men would hum and the women used to shake their heads. "Is it wise—" "I would not dare. My men are so susceptible."

And Annie had gone out one night with the chauffeur and the upstairs girl to see Chinatown. Wearing one of Barrie's discarded little fur jackets. And had not come back. The chauffeur and the maid and the girl[illegible] had lost her and that was that.

And now Barrie had gotten a little glimpse of the Chinatown in which, possibly, Annie had vanished. What was there? Allure? Romance? Something different?

Well, anyhow, no courteous fascinating Michael Brand had shown Annie the way out. Annie had stayed.

Barrie had told her mother's maid not to wait up for her. She liked to take care of herself. Sitting on the edge of the Italian painted bed in the exquisitely colored room from one side of which the pale rose bath opened and from the other the Nile green dressing room with its white, embossed moire walls, the ceiling calcimined a delicate green, Barrie got out of her clothes, aiming them at a beautiful little padded chair nearby.

Barrie's suite had been done by a decorator who had studied Barrie's own lovely coloring while he did it and the result was a beautiful frame for a marvel of girlhood. Barrie was woefully incomplete notion The world was her oyster and she had never failed to find within it the particular pearl she sought. This was delightful if degenerating.

Tonight Michael Brand was her pearl. He held her for a short time with a fascination which was terrifying. She could feel the pull of him as she flung about her the delicate garments and got into the chiffon pajamas the maid had laid out

Barrie Rowann had a shower but she did not use it again that night. It was a shower walled in black glass and outfitted in oxidized silver, the final gasp in showers. She gave it no thought as she crept into her soft bed and lay there under the silken sheets and the satin puff. Sascha Reynolds at that moment emptied her bath salts in the old tin tub in the five room flat and longed unspeakably for what she had not. Which is the way of life.

What had been wrong with the Cherry Dragon? The orchestra had still been playing when she left there, just as orchestras played during earthquakes and fires.

It was possible that silly Archie would forget what had happened to him. She had never seen him so completely out. She could deny everything. But she was not ashamed of it. There was a high fine spirit within her, a dauntless if reckless courage. She could hear her father's voice in cold disapproval after she had tried to fly Bud Bane's plane in the air the first time she went up. "Courage is not foolhardiness nor is foolhardiness courage."

Barrie did not wish anyone to know about this. She longed to hug it close to her as one holds a precious thing. She hoped Mr. Wellington's mind was a blank.

She would never see Michael Brand again. So she permitted her fancy to dwell upon him. She saw his firm, straight mouth, his narrowed frowning eyes. She had brought home her little adventure. Could she be content with it?

"I could love him!" whispered Barrie sleepily.

It was snowing lightly when Barrie wakened. She seemed not to recall any New Year's Day when it had not been snowing lightly. She lay in luxurious languor in the beautiful bed and thought about the night before. In time through much dreaming upon it, this thing would become priceless. Things did. Quite ordinary things at times.

She remembered her first kiss. It had happened at a fraternity dance. She had fancied it had been given to her by the One Man. Even yet the memory was sweetly fragrant when she took it out to look at it. Yes, she would have Michael Brand for a long time. Perhaps forever.

Presently a little maid brought Barrie her breakfast. A tray with a small antique coffee set, toast, orange juice in a small thin frosted glass. Barrie's doctor had insisted upon this because her mother saw her losing weight at an alarming rate. She was dieting, but quite in secret.

"Mr. Wellington called and said he would call later," the maid told Barrie.

Then he remembered. And if her father ever knew she had picked up a man in the Cherry Dragon and waltzed with him—

Barrie did not care for her father. He had never made her care. As a little girl she had no memory of him caressing her. He stood for all that her life stood for—social power, financial security, pride of family, aristocratic exclusiveness carried almost to snobbishness. A handsome man with a cold, austere face, her father was a person she could be proud of but for whom she had no feeling whatsoever. So far as she could see, her sister Lee, who had been married four years and had made a mess of her life generally, felt the same.

The Rowann girls had had no parents in many senses of the word. Their education, clothing, talents, friends, all had been supervised and attended to, but there had been no love expended upon them. Lee, five years older than Barrie, had been "finished" in France, had come home, made a brilliant debut, and had promptly married the wealthiest and most eligible bachelor in her set, Pendleton Ross.

Barrie felt deeply sorry for Lee, because of the farce her life had become, because of the foolish pride which had been fostered in her by her family and which forbade her the honest confession of a divorce.

Pendleton Ross tried Lee in every possible way and watched Barrie in the most annoying elder brother manner. She loathed his hands on her at whatever opportunity they could find, loathed his whispered insulting words. She was the only one who dared tell him what he was.

She should not have taken Archie Wellington to the Cherry Dragon. She would perhaps have to play him along, unless she could dig deep enough to find the strum of chivalry which surely must run through any member of that fine old Wellington family, and as she lay there lazily sipping her coffee, she thought of her sister and her husband, and of the young Paul Wellingtons and many others whom she knew. All, all on the rocks

There must be something wrong with their system. Where was it? Money could not bring happiness or loyalty or even decency. Love did not do it. Love did not last in her set. Perhaps she had never seen it Had only looked upon Passion.

It hurt her to think about the gloriously beautiful weddings at which she had been a bridesmaid or a maid of honor. She had risen above herself at such times and lived in the happiness and the romance of the bride of the moment and in her own which was to come. She had paced down the aisles of stately churches and had fancied herself the bride. She had glimpsed little intimate happy moments between newly-made husband and wife and fancied herself in the arms of her own lover, all life ahead of them. And then in a sickeningly short time, she had seen these same husbands and wives drifting apart, estranged, love gone. What did it mean?

Something was wrong in the life she lived. She had instinctively run from it on this eve of the coming year. A great sadness possessed her as she lay there and watched the snowflakes drifting through a warming sunshine.

Was this to be the end of her, too? Grasping a rainbow, seizing the gossamer wings of a dream, reaching for stars? No one she knew held fast to these things. They had never touched them. Money could not get them. What could?

There was beauty in life. Barrie had seen it, in Maine, along the coast. In Europe in all sorts of places, not listed for tourists; she had seen it in Florida and she saw it now in the intermittent snowflakes Why could no one she knew grasp it and keep it? Once she had seen an old married couple in a hotel. They must have been 70 and their devotion was wonderful to see And Barrie had remembered it and kept hold of it. It was something to know that it could be, somewhere.

She decided she would have to be careful about her life, not about the things she did but about the things she held fast to. She would have to make shrewd investments along the way which would pay her good dividends in the future.

And then she had a rather alarming realization, She did not wish to do the things which were to be done that day. There were no such events as a family party at home in her parents' set. There were family parties at hotels, in clubs, but there were no New Year dinners around a turkey-laden board. Every one had his or her own dates and they went gaily and selfishly about them. Selfishness. Perhaps that was all of it.

Everyone Barrie knew would drop in sooner or later at the Meadowland Country Club. Open house was held there on New Year's Day. Dancing, drinks, a varied and delectable cafeteria and a high-priced floor show. Barrie had spent several hours there upon each New Year's Day she could remember. She had in the days of abbreviated skirts and bare legs engaged with Sue Farrell, Dirk Kettle, Marryanne Rumson and the Wellingtons along with a score of others, in shuffle board, indoor golf and ping pong. She had loved the club then.

It was not alarming to realize that she would drift into it as usual on that New Year's Day.

(Continued on Page 27)

Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made At Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained

Barbo imparts color to streak-faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Madeleine Sharps Buchanan

Mercolized Wax

Keeps Skin Young

Absorbs all blemishes and discolorations and make your skin smooth, soft and healthy with the daily use of pure Mercolized Wax. This inner, all-purpose beauty aid is the only cream necessary for the proper care of your skin. Mercolized Wax cleanses, softens, lubricates, bleaches and protects. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed, clearing away freckles, tan and other blemishes. Your complexion becomes so beautifully clear and velvety soft, your face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin.

Phelactine removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair free. Phelactine is the modern, odorless form of depilatory that fastidious women prefer.

Powdered Saxolite is a refreshing stimulating astringent lotion when dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. It reduces wrinkles and other age lines. When used daily, regular rebate coarse-textured skin, eliminates excessive oiliness and makes the skin glow with fresh, warm, youthful color.

CORNS

CALLOUSES—BUNIONS—SORE TOES

Quick, Sure Relief!

This scientific double-acting treatment—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads—ends pain instantly. You never tried anything like it. Removes the cause—shoe pressure; soothes and heals irritation; eases new or tight shoes; prevents corns, sore toes and blisters. Easy to apply; 100% safe, sure. Separate *Medicated Disks* are now included in every box to use with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for quickly loosening and removing corns or callouses. At all drug, shoe and dept. stores.

CALLOUSES

BUNIONS

NOW 2 KINDS

STANDARD WHITE now . . . . 25¢

New DELUXE flesh color velvety soft . 35¢

SOFT CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Cuticura OINTMENT will aid in removing that itching dandruff, assisted by shampoos with Cuticura SOAP to keep your scalp clean.

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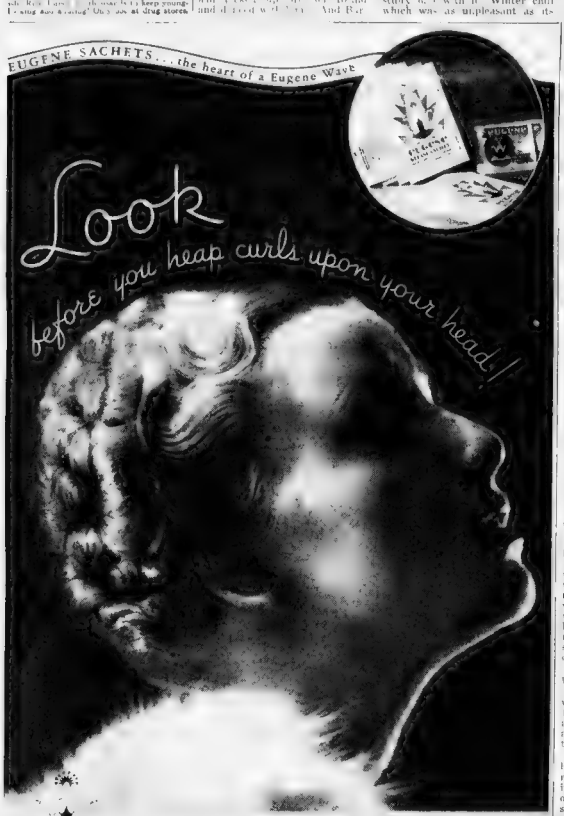

"Hope my permanent comes out all right . . ."

"Wish I could be sure my hair wouldn't get frizzy . . ."

"If my hair only came out like the pictures . . ."

If these are the thoughts running through your head before you get a wave it's good to know that you can *help yourself*. There's a definite guide for soft, lovely, lasting waves and curls. See that Eugene Sachets are wrapped on your hair when you sit for a permanent. You can trust your hairdresser to *set* the wave becomingly . . . but see for yourself what actually goes on your hair to *wave it*.

Each Sachet contains the exact amount of pure waving lotion needed to turn out one perfect wave or ringlet. Each is filled by Eugene as carefully as a chemist fills a prescription. No guesswork, as in the home-made wrappers that often go with a "bargain wave." No harsh ingredients to eat the life out of your hair. No hazard!

So, if you would heap pretty curls on your head, look for Eugene trade-marked Sachets! Trust to their proved safety . . . not to luck!

ONE EUGENE SACHET SENT YOU FREE. Examine this sachet. Acquaint yourself with the trade mark by which you can always be identified. Take it with you to your hairdresser's. We will also send you a copy of "Here's How" a booklet of new hair styles, with instructions about keeping your Eugene wave in condition. Mail a postal to Eugene, Ltd., 521 Fifth Ave., New York.

Eugène Permanent Waves

WANTED

For Highway Robbery!

YOUR WORN OUT SPARK PLUGS

Millions of car owners are being robbed of gas, oil, power and smooth engine performance by old, worn out spark plugs. The Champion Spark Plug dealers in your neighborhood have organized a Committee of Vigilantes to put these modern highway robbers on the spot. They will inspect, clean, and test your spark plugs and show you why all spark plugs, even Champions, should be changed every 10,000 miles or once a year.

CHAMPION *National Change Week* May 6th to 12th

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Last Chance!

Combination Offer
Expiring May 15th!

THIS BIG MOTH BAG WITH EVERY QUART OF FLIT

The Moth Bag is generous sized. Holds three full length garments or an assortment of smaller articles. Hangs up. Complete directions printed on back of bag.

Don't forget FLIT destroys Moths, Moth Eggs Moth Larvae

HERE'S GOOD NEWS for every woman worried about her fine woolens and furs. Flit Spray kills all three forms of moth life—the moth, the moth egg, and larvae or the little worms that chew holes. And Flit is so easy to use—inexpensive—has a pleasant odor.

Just spray the clothing in your closet regularly. If clothing is to be put away, spray with Flit according to the directions below, and hang in the roomy Flit Moth Bag, or pack in trunk or box.

Flit *Spray* is deadly to moths, flies, mosquitoes and other insects. Flit *Powder* is the best ever developed for all crawling insects and for fleas on dogs.

FLIT DOES NOT STAIN

Use both Powder and Spray—They kill them all—the cost is small.

Copr. 1935, Stanco Inc.

HERE'S HOW TO HANDLE THE MOTH PROBLEM

BRUSH EACH ARTICLE CAREFULLY—REMOVE GREASE SPOTS.
SPRAY EVERYTHING WELL—ESPECIALLY ALONG SEAMS.
SPRAYER 2 FEET FROM ARTICLE
USE THE FLIT MOTH BAG FOR SAFE, SURE STORAGE.
FOR APPAREL IN USE—TWICE A MONTH SPRAY EACH GARMENT AND CLOSET—SEE CAN.

Send the coupon below for a facsimile of the Declaration of Independence, reproduced on parchment, suitable for framing.

John Hancock
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
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JOHN HANCOCK INQUIRY BUREAU
197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass.
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Take Your Hotel Along!
Silver Dome Trailer Coach

Travel in comfort. Detachable Hitch & power plant. Sold on 10 days' trial. Complete living equipment in hotels & cabins. Factory prices. 1935 models. Write for catalog. Used & demonstrator models at reduced prices. Send 10c in coin for 32 page catalog. Trailer Travel for the people.

Wolfe Bodies, Inc., 467 York, Detroit, Mich.

The Cryptogram Murder

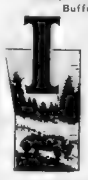
by Howard Vincent O'Brien

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

[illegible]

CHAPTER XV.

The Occupations of Monsieur Bufflere



I [illegible] doubtful if anyone before or since ever covered those [illegible] between Cannes and Nice [illegible]

[illegible] thought of the French police [illegible] but Mr. Lord only laughed.

"I'm master of my speed," he shouted, "which is all the law requires." The word whipped the wind from his lips, and Pasdeloup heard only the laugh. "Ah, those Americans," he thought, "[illegible]"

At the hairpin turn which comes just beyond the crossing of the Var, outside the octroi of Nice, the great car almost turned over on its back. Certainly it reposed on not more than one wheel. Pasdeloup gasped, clutched the empty air, and strained at imaginary brakes. Still Mr. Lord only laughed.

"Wait till we hit the Promenade des Anglais," he promised. "Then I'll show you what this old tub can really do."

Monsieur Pasdeloup observed that he had already seen more than enough of what the old tub could do. But the wind tore the words from his mouth. He could only sit, every muscle taut, and wait for the last wild swoop down the empty Promenade.

He glanced once at the speedometer, but immediately took his eyes away. What he saw could not be true, and if it were true, it was too unpleasant to look upon.

But the ordeal came to an end at last, and with a final satisfied whine of brakes, the long, lean car drew up at the single light gleaming dimly above the entrance to the Commisariat de Police.

"The time?" queried Mr. Lord.

"A thousand years," replied Pasdeloup feelingly. "I have aged."

"Twenty-nine minutes," said Mr. Lord. "Not bad. I like this old tub. Maybe the Count will bequeath it to me. I'll suggest it, when we meet again."

"It may be a long time before you do. Evidently you don't know that he is leaving the Villa Rocheuse. He has canceled his lease. All his effects have been sent away."

Mr. Lord started to shake his head, but stopped, wincing. "Oh, my unhappy spine! No, we have not seen the last of the Count. Maybe he thinks we have. But he is very wrong. I have a small personal matter still to settle with him."

Groaning at each step, he followed Pasdeloup into the Commisariat. The lone official in charge rose at their entrance, he smiled pleasantly and rubbed his hands, plainly grateful that an otherwise tedious night appeared to offer promise of diversion.

"Your instructions have been carried out, Monsieur Pasdeloup," he said briskly. "They will have him here at any moment now."

"Him?" echoed Mr. Lord.

"There was only one—a youngish man, carrying papers in the name of Pierre Bufflere."

"But the other man—older, tall, heavy-set chap?"

"No person of that description was on the train. At least, we did not see him. Of course, we had very little time for search. Under the circumstances..."

Pasdeloup nodded quickly. "Just as I expected. He probably slipped off at Ventimiglia. Well—let us compose ourselves." He made himself comfortable and lighted a cigarette. "You have done well, Norlins. I shall see that a report of your work reaches the attentive ears of Headquarters."

The official bowed profoundly. "One can have no greater reward than to be allowed to follow the instructions of Monsieur Pasdeloup."

The latter shrugged his shoulders, as he let a thin spiral of blue smoke wind up from his nostrils. "A truffle flored, dear Norlins—but essentially true. Essentially true."

The three men sat in a silence broken only by the ticking of a clock on the wall, and the rustle of Pasdeloup's newspaper as he slowly turned its pages. But the wait was not long.

In less than half an hour there was the sound of a motor engine outside, raced a little before being shut off; and then the clump of heavy shoes on the wooden stairs, accompanied by a voice protesting angrily at something. The door opened, and two Frenchmen entered, holding a third man between them. The latter's face was flushed, and angry words were trembling on his lips.

But he stopped when he saw Pasdeloup looking at him over the edge of the newspaper. "May I inquire to what I owe this—kidnaping?" he inquired coldly, in most excellent French.

"Primarily, a desire to preserve international peace," answered Pasdeloup, nonchalant to the other officials. Not without an evident reluctance, they went out, closing the door. "And now, my dear Mr. Randall—if that is what you prefer to call yourself let us hear the whole story."

"But I am not Mr. Randall!" protested the prisoner vigorously. "I am—"

"Pierre Bufflere," supplied Pasdeloup, soothingly. "I understand. And you wish to know why a free French citizen, fully documented, should be so illegally interrupted in the pursuit of his legitimate occupations. Yes, of course. But—"

Mr. Lord, sitting in a shadowed corner, could contain himself no longer. "Farley," he cried, "what have you been up to?"

The prisoner, who had taken a chair, sprang to his feet.

"Tim! Good gravy—when did you join the police force?" Evidently bewildered, he fingered his rather soiled necktie. "Gosh! This gets thicker and thucker!"

"There are many questions to be asked," broke in Pasdeloup. "Perhaps it will be best if you tell your story first, beginning with the time you left the Signorina Borelli."

"You know her," exclaimed Randall, turning to Lord.

The latter nodded. "Old pal. Like this—" He held out his hands, the fingers interlaced. "I know all about your scheme to take some valuable and probably important papers to the old gentleman, now languishing in some dungeon. Despite the many obstacles placed in my path, I have been able to follow your trail up to the moment you strolled out along the Jetee Albert Edouard with the Count Guido. What happened after that?"

Randall seemed to hesitate. "Well—"

"Surely you are not still trying to maintain the fiction that you are Pierre Bufflere?" said Pasdeloup incredulously. "That gentleman, I am most pleased to inform you, is most indisputably dead."

"Dead?"

Pasdeloup nodded. "At the hands, I have every reason to believe, of your friend, the Count." He paused, studying the other's plainly amazed face. "You are, of course, puzzled. I suggest, therefore, that you tell us, chronologically, just what happened after you left the Signorina."

Again Randall appeared to hesitate, looking from one to the other doubtfully. Then his face cleared.

"I haven't the faintest idea what brings you into this, Tim—except that you have a faculty for always managing to get involved in any trouble that may be stirring. You look as if you'd been under a steam-roller, and—"

"You're not so frightfully beautiful yourself," countered Mr. Lord.

"—and your pants!" For the first time, Randall laughed.

"They mean something," said Mr Lord, stretching his long legs. "I'm inclined to think they've played no inconsiderable part in saving your silly life. But that story will come later. Meanwhile—you left the Signorina, full of beans and derring-do..."

Randall passed a weary hand across his face, as if to clear away a cloud of mystification. Then his features relaxed.

"All right. Here's my tale. But first off, I don't want you to think that Chiara got me into this. It was my own idea. I know that her father was in trouble. And I knew she had gotten from the Count certain papers which would help to get him out of it. The difficulty was to get them to him. Every move she made was watched. So I suggested that since nobody was watching me, I could easily do the job."

"Don Quixote was a piker besides you, boy," murmured Mr. Lord feelingly. "Go on."

"Well, I got the papers from her at the Casino, and went out, meaning to go back to the hotel and pack up my stuff."

"Why did you tell the waiter you were ruined and were going to step off the dock?"

"Ruined?" echoed Randall blankly. "What do you mean?"

"Yes, you lost your shirt at baccarat, and you managed to give everybody the impression that you would do the conventional thing and put an end to your days."

Randall laughed heartily. "Ruined? Why, great Scot, I only lost about a hundred and fifty thousand francs."

"Only...mon Dieu!" Pasdeloup nearly slipped off his chair.

"Sure, not more than a few thousand bucks, at the outside," said Randall lightly. "Rotten luck. Couldn't win cards at all. Well, when I quit, and got the papers from Chiara, I went outside. And I ran into the Count Guido."

"You knew him well?"

"Not especially. Except that he was a friend of Chiara's."

"A good friend?"

Randall's forehead wrinkled. "No, I wouldn't say that, exactly. She didn't like him. In fact she was rather afraid of him, though I never could find out exactly why. Some political difficulties he'd had with her father, as near as I could figure it. She hated to talk about it. But whatever it was she had against him, he had some sort of a change of heart. Gave her these papers she'd been trying to get from him for a long time."

"So—he gave her the papers, eh?"

"Yes. Seems he felt he was getting on in years, and there were some things he was sorry about. Wanted to square himself—with her, especially."

"He was in love with her, wasn't he?" demanded Mr. Lord.

Randall flushed. "Well—yes, I guess he was. But he was awfully square about it. Said he realized he was too old for her, and—"

Pasdeloup put on the back, saying he was glad so splendid a young man was fortunate enough to occupy the place he had dreamed of for himself, et cetera, eh?"

Randall looked surprised. "Well—yes, something like that. But how the dickens did you know?"

"It's a gift," said Mr. Lord, lightly. "So the Count had a change of heart—wanted to do his bit toward getting these documents safely to the Signorina's papa?"

"Yes. But I learned from him that the espionage over Chiara was closer than she or I had realized. It was known that I was going to take the papers—"

"The walls have ears," murmured Mr. Lord.

"So the Count—" interposed Pasdeloup. "The Count suggested—?"

"Well, he said I'd better lie low for a bit. That sounded reasonable. And then, as I walked out along the Jetee with him, discussing it, he told me that a curious coincidence had played into our hands. A chap he knew—a Frenchman — who looked very much like me, same build, color of hair, and so on, had just died.

"It would be no trick at all to switch papers. This fellow had a passport in Italy, and it would be perfectly simple to go as—"

"Pierre Bufflere?" Pasdeloup had put away his newspaper.

"Yes. It wasn't exactly legal, I guess, but the situation was more or less desperate, and—"

"You were in love," chuckled Mr. Lord fraternally. "So you took it all, hook, line and sinker. Well—turn over the page. What next?"

CHAPTER XVI.

Randall Explains.

"THE Count left me on the end of the Jettee, while he went back and got a boat at the Quai St. Pierre," Farley resumed. "He came back in a little while, and we rowed over to the Old Town. He had rented a room in a place over a wineshop, up on the hill, and—"

Pasdeloup nodded. "He came to you, later, with the clothes and papers of the Seigneur Bufflere. But did he give you any details concerning the demise of that gentleman?"

"Yes, he said it was suicide."

"And did you see any of the newspapers?"

"Oh yes. But there was nothing in any of them about it."

"So you didn't know that the body of Mr. Farley Randall had been found in the sea near Theoule?"

Randall smiled. "The Count told me about that. It seemed to me to be quite all right, because the only people who would think it was my body would be the police—who didn't matter—and the gentry we wanted to think me dead. As far as my people at home hearing anything about it, I knew that the finding of 'my' body, coupled with the fact that I had dropped quite a wad at the Casino, would guarantee that the police would hush everything up. Nobody at home would hear anything about it."

"Perfect," said Pasdeloup, fingering his mustache. "And then?"

"Well, the Count insisted on my lying low until he was sure that all likelihood of pursuit was over. It was pretty tedious, too, that waiting, I can tell you."

"You passed the time reading some of Valentine Williams' yarns, didn't you."

"Yes, I did. But how in the world did you know that?"

"Second sight," chuckled Mr Lord. "But go on."

"Well, finally one night, quite late, the Count came in his car and said we'd better be starting."

"And so—you started. Any hitches?"

"I'll say there was! When we went into the station, I had a hunch we were being followed."

"By whom?"

"Couldn't say, really. I just

(Continued on Page 25)

I'd have sold out for a nickel

My best customer caught me unshaved

WHY take a chance when tempted to skip a shave now and then? One man after another has come to grief by failing to keep clean shaven. This is proved by thousands of true experiences locked in our files

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Do I Look Like A Woman of 60?

People Can't Believe It... Yet Here I Am

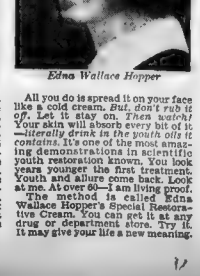
Edna Wallace Hopper... Who at Over 60 Has the Skin of a Girl... Discloses Another of Her Startling Youth Revelations

Look at my picture. Do I look like a woman past 60? People can't believe it, but I am. Boys scarcely above college age often try to flirt with me. I've been booked from one great theatre to another as "The One Woman in the World Who Never Grew Old." At a grandmother's age I still enjoy the thrills of youth.

Now, let me tell you how I do it. *Follow it* and I promise if you're 50, you'll look 40. If you're 40, you'll look 30. And if you're 30, you'll gain back the skin of eighteen. Women I've given it to call it a miracle—say it takes 10 years from the face in 10 minutes!

It is the discovery of a Famous French Scientist, who startled the cosmetic world by discovering that the Oils of Youth could be *artificially re-supplied* to the skin of fading women. He found that after 25 most women were deficient in certain youth oils. Oils that kept the skin free of age lines and wrinkles. And then, by a notable scientific discovery, he found a way to re-supply the skin daily with these oils.

This method puts those oils back in your skin every day. Without them you are old. With them you are young—alluring, charming.



Edna Wallace Hopper

All you do is spread it on your face like a cold cream. *But, don't rub it off.* Let it stay on. *Then watch!* Your skin will absorb every bit of it—*literally drink in the youth oils it contains.* It's one of the most amazing demonstrations in scientific youth restoration known. You look years younger the first treatment. Youth and allure come back. Look at me. At over 60—I am living proof.

The method is called Edna Wallace Hopper's Special Restorative Cream. You can get it at any drug or department store. Try it. It may give your life a new meaning.

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The Cryptogram Murder

by Howard Vincent O'Brien

(Continued from Page 24)

had the feeling. But when we got in the carriage, and the Count had locked the door, somebody tried to get in after us. The Count told him the carriage was full, but whoever it was didn't seem satisfied. Tried to kick the door in. So the Count went out. He came back a minute later, saying that there really had been somebody on our track, but that he'd given him the slip."

"I'll say he did," muttered Mr. Lord ruefully. "Look." He pulled back his coat and showed his blood stained shirt. "That's the way your playmate gave the 'somebody' the slip! And he threw me off the train, besides."

"You!" ejaculated Randall. "For heaven's sake!"

"Nice lad—the Count. And what next!"

Randall seemed unable to take his fascinated eyes from the bloody shirt. "Well, I—" he faltered. "Good heavens, Tim, it's horrible! Why—he might have killed you!"

"That was his intention," said Mr. Lord, calmly. "And he doesn't usually bungle. But proceed with the story."

"Well, nothing more happened. The Count seemed a little nervous, although he kept insisting there was nothing to worry about. However, I didn't have him long. Somewhere along the line—just outside Nice, I think—he left me. Gosh, it was kind of spooky! There I was, in another man's clothes, carrying another man's—a dead man's too—papers, bent on a job I didn't know much about. Still, it certainly was exciting. I was ready for almost anything to happen.

"So, when just outside Ventimiglia, the door of the compartment opened—although I had carefully locked it—and a couple of burly pirates came in, I wasn't as surprised as I might have been. One of them told me to come along, and be quick about it. Naturally, I protested—showed my papers and all that. But that didn't seem to impress them much, one way or the other. In fact they hardly looked at them. So I demanded to know what it was all about.

"The only answer I got was when one of them shoved a gun in my ribs, and the two of them hustled me out into the corridor. Just then the train slowed down and stopped, and before I knew it, they had me out on the tracks—pitch dark, it was, and miles from anywhere, as near as I could tell."

"Force majeure," murmured Pasdeloup with a pleased smile.

"Well, then I was shoved into a closed car, and the next thing I knew, I was marched in here—to find, instead of a gang of Italian anarchists, as I had expected, old Tim Lord, with a bloody shirt and a face that looks as if a horse had stepped on it. Now—there's my story. What's yours?"

Pasdeloup, who had been placidly smoking his cigarette during Randall's narrative, suddenly took his feet down from the table on which they had been rocked, and his eyes narrowed in an expression of tranquil curiosity. "Would you be good enough, my young friend, to remove your coat?"

"My coat?"

"More accurately, the coat of the late Pierre Buffiere. Thank you." From the pocket of the well-worn garment, he took out a tattered wallet, from which he extracted a passport, equally ancient. "You have the clothes of the gentleman, and his papers—ah, the likeness is really striking!" He stopped, squinting from the passport to Randall and back again. "An extraordinary resemblance. And you speak French almost without an accent."

"He spent most of his youth in France," supplied Mr. Lord.

Pasdeloup continued to muse. "You are, in fact, Buffiere to the life. No one could possibly detect the imposture. It is marvelous. But for the acumen of Milord Timothy, here, and a series of happy accidents, your effort to assume the mantle of the late Buffiere must unquestionably have been crowned with complete success. Whereupon, to the accompaniment of a considerable amount of unexpected publicity, you would have continued to follow in the footsteps of Monsieur Buffiere—until you were just as dead as he is."

"What do you mean?" cried Randall, his face paling.

"Surmise, so far—purely surmise," said Pasdeloup softly. "Thinking aloud. It is a weakness of mine."

He rose and went to the door. "Morlas," he called. "Would you be good enough to supply me with a razor-blade? Ah, thank you. Such perfection of service! Headquarters shall certainly know of it."

He closed the door and returned to the table, upon which was lying the coat Randall had taken off. His thin fingers ran lightly over it, a singularly intent expression on his face.

"Ah!" he exclaimed suddenly. "I thought so!" **A quick gesture with the razor blade, and one of the seams lay open. "You see!" Pasdeloup cried, holding up a long envelope. "I had been acquainted with the late Pierre Buffiere for many years. And so I suspected that while it would be possible for you to assume his clothes and his more obvious papers, it would be difficult to assume his—let us say, his personality. And I was right."**

"You see!" Pasdeloup Cried, Holding Up a Long Envelope.

He opened the envelope and spread out the contents before him. At intervals, as he scanned them, he whistled softly.

"La, la!" he said finally, turning to stare fixedly at Randall. His long funereal face was grim. "It is fortunate," he said quietly, "that you did not protest with too much vigor at the young men who took you off the train tonight."

Over his shoulder, Mr. Lord had been reading the contents of the long envelope, and he, too, whistled. "I think we got you just in time, Farley, old bean!"

Randall looked blankly from one to the other. "Gosh, you act as if I'd been carrying a package of dynamite!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, no! You merely had on your person documents indicative of an intention to make a prominent international figure as dead and historical as Julius Caesar. That's all!"

Randall turned white. "Why—why—it's incredible!"

"You were to be the sacrificial lamb, my lad," said Mr. Lord, his own voice shaking a little. "I don't think we snatched you from the burning many minutes too soon."

"Perhaps now," said Pasdeloup dryly, "you begin to suspect that the Count Guido was not quite the friend he seemed."

"The——" An oath sizzled through Randall's clenched teeth. "So I was to be the goat, was I? Well, I'll show the dirty——"

Mr. Lord yawned. "We'll all join hands in showing him something. But first I think we'd better all go back to bed. And we'd better put the car back where we found it. The Count may be wanting it."

He put his hand in his pocket, and brought it out empty. His face was rueful, but it cleared quickly in a cheerful smile.

"You can't imagine how glad I am to see you again," Farley—back from the jaws of death, and all that. I am very sleepy—and I haven't the price of a bed."

Quite in the manner of the Mr. Lord who had gotten off the train at Cannes, that memorable morning which seemed so long ago, he sauntered out to the car standing at the curb. He was adjusting a non-existent monocle in his eye, and twirling an invisible stick.

"I shall be fed and clothed in fine raiment," he chanted gaily. "And then—we'll show old Guido what a couple of bright American boys can do when they're pushed!"

CHAPTER XVII.

The Villa Again.

THE sky was still gray, the sun having only just begun to redden the distant peaks of Corsica, when Mr. Timothy Lord felt himself being rudely shaken. His face twinged with pain as he sat up in his bed.

"Don't you realize that I am an invalid?" he complained. "And that I need sleep?"

Farley Randall, fully dressed, stood beside him. "Come on, Tim. We've got to get on the job."

"But, my dear fellow," protested Lord, "This is the land of leisure. Nothing happens so early in the morning. Why, they haven't even delivered the milk yet."

"Get up," ordered Randall pitilessly.

Grumbling at having been disturbed, and groaning at the pain every movement caused him, Lord struggled with his clothes. Suddenly he fell back in his bed, an expression of resolution on his face.

"No," he said firmly, "never again. I am through with these foreshortened pants. Not a step out of bed until I have my own." From his wallet he took the baggage check. "You can send after them. They're at the La Borea station. Meanwhile—"

"You can be shaving and lotioning and whatever else it is that usually takes you a couple of hours," interrupted Randall, stripping off the blankets and leaving Lord's bed chillingly bare. He had already rung the bell. "Your bag will be here in plenty of time."

"I'll try to come!" Lord laughed mirthlessly as he went into the bathroom, one of Randall's dressing gowns wrapped around his long figure. "I guess you've forgotten where you are. This is France, my boy. You won't have it here in less than a week—we've got to put in an application, properly stamped, signature legalized, accompanied by ten photos of the applicant, and visa duly affixed."

But when the bell from Mr. Farley Lord's room sounded for the second time, all the old habits of the Hotel Wilton were put in abeyance. It had become too well established that speed paid a high premium with that plutocratic and impatient young man. Those of the most Gallic indolence were wont to "burn the pavement" executing his commissions.

So it was that the bag was in the room and unpacked, long before Mr. Lord had emerged from his bath. And the pleasure of once more being in his own clothes, brushed and pressed and polished, completely offset in that gentleman's mind the ache in his muscles and his objection to so early a rising.

With breakfast, his comfort was complete. And with one of Randall's cigars in his mouth, he was able to sit back and contemplate the future with his accustomed equanimity.

"Well, then, my son—what

(Continued on Page 26)

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SIXTH YEAR

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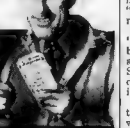

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ACIDITY MUST ALSO BE CORRECTED

For constipation is nearly always accompanied by an acid condition in system. Read how Sal Hepatica corrects both.

FREQUENTLY the disagreeable effects of constipation hang on and on . . . long after your laxative has cleansed your intestinal tract of clogging wastes!

The reason for this is simple. The usual laxative *does* cleanse your intestinal tract, *but it is not designed to correct the systemic acidity* that frequently accompanies constipation.

But Sal Hepatica, scientific research indicates, does *BOTH!* For it is not only an ideal *laxative*, but also an active alkalinizing agent.

HOW IT ACTS

Just take two teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Almost at once the alkaline reaction of this mineral salt laxative begins to combat your acid condition . . . to restore your body's normal alkaline reserve.

And, at the same time, Sal Hepatica also produces the proper elimination by aiding and promoting natural body functions. Gently but thoroughly it flushes the intestinal tract . . . cleanses wastes and poisons from your body.

Thus Sal Hepatica, unlike ordinary laxatives, combats *both* your constipation *and* the acidity that goes with it . . . effectively gives relief from the troubles frequently caused by these conditions! Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica, today!

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SAL HEPATICA *The Mineral Salt Laxative that corrects Acidity!*

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The Cryptogram Murder

by Howard Vincent O'Brien

(Continued from Page 25)

next? Your life is saved, and I am solvent. As far as I can see, nothing remains but for you to call a parson and take the lovely Chiara to Niagara Falls."

Randall's face darkened. "I'd like to know what the Count was really up to in making a sucker out of me."

Mr. Lord let the smoke drift lazily from the corners of his mouth. "Dupe would be a more elegant word, my son. Humiliation is simple enough, I should say. What has the perilous quest to do with it? It was a neat way of getting you out of the running."

Randall shook his head. "If that was all he wanted, why didn't he stick a knife in me, and shove me off the pier?"

"The evidence. You might have been connected too closely with his knife."

"Well, there's a lot about it I don't understand yet."

"Nor I. But why seek to fathom the ways of a devious mind?" Mr. Lord puffed comfortably at his cigar. "Forget it and forget—that is my motto. Take your girl and go back to the land of the regulated, where the only trouble you can get into will be being pinched for speeding. The Count has done you dirt—too true. But he will sell you no more goldbricks. You and he are parted forever."

Randall grew bardened. "You forget that I have not done what I set out to do. Chiara's father—"

"He's still in jail, eh? Well, so he is." The cigar had burned down to an inconvenient shortness and, regretfully, Mr. Lord dropped it into the fireplace. He rubbed his chin, seeming to muse. "Papa's in the clink. The Count still has the jack he ran away with. You have your grievance."

"I should think you'd have one yourself," exclaimed Randall.

The Count did his best to put you in the obituary column, too."

Mr. Lord nodded complacently. "Quite so. But you do not understand my nature, Farley. It is different from yours. You are Nordic. I am Oriental. I am patient. I know that all things come to him who waits. Why hurry Fate? Why run, when I know that the road has no end, as the Buddhist says. Somewhere, somehow, friend Guido will cross my path. Meanwhile, I shall have no hesitation to devise a fitting welcome."

Randall ground out the butt of his cigarette, and leaped to his feet, his face flushed. "Well, I'm not put off!" he growled. "I'm going to get that bird, and get him good and plenty. I'm going to—"

"Have you any idea where he is?"

"Yes. We've got the goods on him. He ought to swing for what he did."

"He is precious," mused Mr. Lord benignly. "A thoroughly unpleasant person. Wouldn't even give me a reference after I'd driven his old tub faithfully and well for him. All this we know. But—can we prove it?"

"Prove it? Why of course—"

"Wait a minute. I think he murdered the chap who was your double. But I think he wanted to get you, murdered, by sending you over the border on a mission that certainly would not appear beneficial to your health. And while I know he took a key from into me, and threw me out the train, I haven't got a witness to substantiate it. And as for you having anything on him, I fear you are overlooking the rather important fact that you were travelling under papers you knew were not your own, on a passport—"

"But—"

"Another minute, please. Do you realize that you were engaged in an effort to disrupt the justice of another land? Your position, my dear Farley, is of such a delicate nature that the less talking you do, the less likely you will be to see the inside of a jail yourself."

Randall had sunk back in his chair. "But those papers I was taking to Chiara's father?" he cried helplessly. "I've got to deliver them."

"You haven't got any papers," said Mr. Lord succinctly, as he reached for a fresh cigar.

It Is Doubtful if Anyone Before or Since Ever Covered Those Miles Between Cannes and Nice in Less Time.

"No papers?" Randall had paled. "What do you mean?"

With nervous fingers he was fumbling at his wallet, from which he presently brought out a thick envelope, covered with seals in red wax.

"Break them open," commanded Lord.

Hesitantly, Randall obeyed. He took out several sheets of paper. "Why—they're blank!" he cried in dismay.

"Naturally," said Mr. Lord without emotion. "The Count played what is known, vulgarly, as the flim-flam game. It is supposed to be most successful in rural circles. But a New Yorker falls for it now and then."

"But where are the real papers?"

"Probably in the Count's waistcoat. Certainly not far away from him."

"Then," cried Randall, his eyes flashing, and resolution in every line of his face, "we've got to get hold of the Count, blast him!"

With a grimace and a grunt of pain, Mr. Lord dragged himself to his feet. "Listen, Farley," he said, laying his hand on his friend's shoulder. "You have about as much chance of getting your fingers in the Count's hair as you would of stalking deer with a German band. Anyhow, you wouldn't know what to do with him when you got him. You're a nice little man, and rich, thank heaven—but for some things you lack the touch. Here are your instructions for the morning: Proceed at the double to the side of your dear Chiara, who has probably lain awake all night worrying about you, and—"

"And you—what are you going to do?"

Blandly, Mr. Lord surveyed himself in the mirror. "Hm. I think I shall take a stroll on the Croisette. After which I shall pay a visit to the villa of a friend of mine, Madame la Veuve Charbot, from which one has a particularly interesting view."

"But this is serious," stormed Randall. "There is no time to be lost. We've got to—"

"Act with celerity," Lord finished for him. "Precisely. But, my dear Farley, a simple mathematical calculation will make clear to you that one makes greater speed toward a given objective by proceeding slowly and with the dignity of a gentleman, in a straight line, than he does by revolving at high speed in a circle—like a white mouse. Run along, now, and give Chiara a kiss for me."

Gently, he propelled Randall through the door, which he closed and locked. To the latter's protestations, he merely replied: "I am now engaged in reading the morning newspaper. Intrusion is not desired."

When he had finished a close perusal of the column entitled 'Americans Traveling in Europe'—an acquaintance with which had often stood him in good stead—he opened the door and went downstairs.

He walked leisurely, his glass fixed in his eye, a slender malacca stick over his arm, a boutonniere in his coat, and to the respectful "good-morning, milord," of the concierge, he responded with the simple yet restrained politeness of the true aristocrat.

It was a pleasant day, and he paused outside to enjoy it. The morning throng had already gathered on the Promenade, and the itinerant photographers flitted busily about, snapping the simple home folks against a background of jockeys, dressmakers' mannequins, dowagers with their Pekinese, Big Business men and incognito royalty which would be so effective when made into a picture post card and mailed back to the Middle West.

It was a pleasing scene, indeed, and Mr. Lord found himself unable to restrain a sigh. A stroll in the sunshine, and then, when exhausted, a vermouth under one of the bright-colored parasols of a sidwalk cafe, while an incredible fellow, dropping his fiddle, made the most ravishing music with a hand saw and a little hammer—ah, that was the way to live!

Now that Farley was saved, and his own solvency re-established, he would have liked to forget the evil Count Guido and all his works. But it was all too plain that Farley was only temporarily saved. Until Chiara's father was free, Farley would continue to remain a potential member of the in-trouble club. Besides which, Mr. Lord had to confess, as he lighted a cigarette and inhaled its luxuriously expensive aroma, he still had a certain curiosity to take a step or two more along the Count's iniquitous trail.

To take the latter by the throat with one hand, and with the other give him one nice poke in the beezer—yes, there was no denying it, that would be even more agreeable than the very best champagne cocktail on the Cote d'Azur!

So, with the manner of a man totally without a destination or a purpose, and well pleased with the fact, he strolled down the Avenue des Allees, toward the Hotel de Ville and the dingy little office of the Commissaire Centrale.

"Pasdeloup," he said, when he found himself alone with the latter, "your eyes are bleary, and you have evidently been burning the candle at both ends. But despite the fact that you seem to be in a coma, I cherish a conviction that you have already photographed the mail destined for the Villa Rocheuse."

The Frenchman nodded, pulling open a drawer beside him. "Also, I have read the photographs. The little black birds have cheeped on a peevish note this morning. 'The goods not arrived,' they say."

Mr Lord rose. "The brethren move with celerity. Well, so shall I—distasteful though it may be to me!"

"Where are you going?"

"I am chartering a long, low, high-powered car, reckless of expense, since the well known American millionaire, Mr. Farley Randall, is paying for it, and I am making a visit to the environs of Theoule—which, I am told, are very rich in Roman antiquities and other things of interest."

Pasdeloup reached for his hat. "It is a beautiful day. I shall accompany you."

"From which," said Mr. Lord, "I gather that the bird has flown back to the old nest?"

The Frenchman held open the door. "Your acumen is extraordinary! He has. Though I find it difficult to forgive him for flying back on the very day they

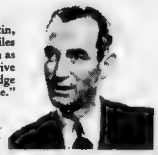
(Continued on Page 29)

"I'LL GET FREE GAS FOR 2,500 MILES THIS YEAR

because Dodge gives me 5 more miles per gallon," says NEW DODGE OWNER

New-Value Dodge 12-door now only $690*—Tourind Sedan 4 door as illustrated, now only $760*

"I'll get free gas for 2,500 miles this year," says Henry Martin, New Rochelle, N.Y., "because Dodge gives me 5 more miles per gallon. I have driven many cars but I'm getting as much as 5 more miles to the gallon of gas from my new Dodge. I drive at least 10,000 miles a year, so with the big savings Dodge gives me, I will get free gas for 2,500 miles this year alone."



Henry Martin, New Rochelle, New York

SOMETHING has happened in the motor car world! For the first time in history, a big, powerful, luxurious car with economy that is astonishing thousands.

From all sections of the country come the same reports, as enthusiastic owners write in to say they get 18—20—22 and more miles to the gallon of gas!

And that isn't all! "Oil consumption practically nil" . . . "Used practically no oil on my trip." These are typical statements made by owners of this money-saving Dodge.

One of the big things that will impress you when you first drive the New-Value Dodge is the thrilling "Airglide Ride." You seem to float along—skimming over rough spots—taking turns on an even keel. You'll find plenty of things to rave about in this Dodge. The sturdy, safety all-steel body . . . introduced by Dodge in 1914 and proved by nearly 3,000,000 owners. And Dodge perfected, dual-cylinder hydraulic brakes that give you quick "straight-line" stops—and thousands of extra miles from tires and brake linings.

Yet, for all these advantages, Dodge costs but a very few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars. That's because Dodge knows *how* to build cars . . . has 21 years of knowledge and experience in giving you the most value for your money!

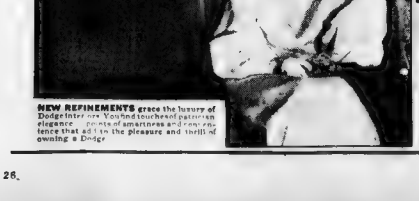
DODGE DIVISION—CHRYSLER MOTORS

This advertisement endorsed by the Department of Engineering—Chrysler Motors

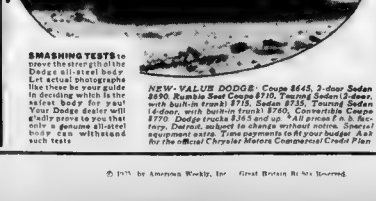
"This makes the fifth Dodge in our family," says Elinor W. Dart, Everett, Wash. Although I have driven other makes of cars in higher-priced class, in none have I enjoyed so much comfort and ease of handling. Easy starting, quick stopping, increased gas mileage, and beauty of appearance make our Dodge thoroughly complete."

"I drive approximately 4,000 miles per month, and should be a good judge of an automobile," says Ray F. Lewis, New Orleans, La. "This being the first Dodge car that I have used, I took an accurate check on gasoline mileage and oil consumption. On my first trip I averaged 19 miles per gallon, and oil consumption was practically nil."

"I have owned four Dodge cars in ten years," says S. R. Landis, Detroit, Mich., department manager of a nationwide chain store organization. "New 1935 Dodge greatest value ever seen. Even while breaking in my new 1935 Dodge I found I was averaging better than 20 miles per gallon of gas. It is by far the most economical car I have ever owned."



NEW REFINEMENTS grace the luxury of Dodge interiors. You find touches of patrician elegance . . . notes of smartness and convenience that add to the pleasure and thrill of owning a Dodge



SMASHING TESTS to prove the strength of the Dodge all-steel body. Let actual photographs like these be your guide in deciding which is the safest body for you! Your Dodge dealer will gladly prove to you that only a genuine all-steel body can withstand such tests

NEW-VALUE DODGE: Coupe $645, 2-door Sedan $690, Rumble Seat Coupe $710, Touring Sedan (3-door, with built-in trunk) $715, Sedan $735, Tourind Sedan (4-door, with built-in trunk) $760, Convertible Coupe $770. Dodge trucks $365 and up. *All prices f. o. b. factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment extra. Time payments to fit your budget. Ask for the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan

New-Value DODGE NOW ONLY $645*

DELIVERS NOW FOR JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS

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The Glorious Gamble

(Continued from Page 22)

[illegible] would rather spend it at the Cherry Dragon! It was natural, she told herself, under her shower, that she should wish just at first, to see them again. He was so different. But there was faint panic within her. He had possessed the arrogance of a king, it was true, but he had probably been someone's head waiter. Or anything she could not possibly know.

If she kept on feeling like this she had better return to the Cherry Dragon and see it stripped of its glitter and glamour, its dusky charm, the cleaning women at work, unkind sunlight and revealing daylight telling her the truth about it.

Justine, the maid, at the door. "Mr. Wellington is calling, Miss Rowann."

"On the phone?" Barrie whirled from her mirror, angry color staining her cheeks.

"No, Miss Rowann. In the sun parlor."

Barrie moaned. "Is he alone, Justine?"

"Yes, Miss Rowann."

"My mother and father gone yet?"

"They left an hour ago, Miss Rowann. They left word for you that they would be late."

Her parents had stopped at Lee's and were possibly stopping at a half-dozen more places before ending at some fashionable club. A fine New Year's Day, thought Barrie with an edge of contempt on her scarlet lips. Yet somewhere there were family dinners. Home parties.

Barrie had never seen any of them in action, but somewhere they had existed, did exist. She did not know anyone like that. She had grown up [illegible] from a world [illegible] to which she was born. [illegible] for whom to [illegible] paid his [illegible] because she was not fair for their charm. I lay before her, hers for the taking.

There was to be a family party in Sascha's flat. Mama had been persuaded to help Pola with the food. An aunt and uncle and two cousins were coming.

But Sascha was not staying at home for this meal. She was above that sort of thing now. Some exclusive club was the place for her this day and she was wondering how she could manage it when she wakened at ten o'clock on New Year's Morning.

And of course the events of the preceding night marched through her active little mind and foremost among them marched Archie Wellington. And she lay thoughtfully in bed staring at her exquisite curtains which concealed the cheap view, and thought about him.

And at last it came to her. Her good deed, of course! She may as well make some use of it. What day better than this one?

Sascha made a careful toilet. She bathed again in the old tin tub and got into a pink silken thing and a good-looking little tan dress, a jersey which fitted her like a glove and had a rolled collar of orange and for which she had paid fifteen-fifty in a shop which she knew. Then with great distaste she got herself a cup of coffee and a piece of toast and leaving her soiled dishes in the sink where quite a few of the previous night's dishes still remained, she went back to her room taking care not to disturb her sleeping family, touched up her charming little face again, jammed upon her head a small [illegible] which finally became [illegible] pocky orange [illegible] looking out over her left ear, and gave her [illegible] form [illegible] fur-collared coat for which last year she had driven a fierce bargain in another shop she knew.

When she was ready to go Sascha looked as though her call for her somewhere, when was the way she intended to look.

Descending to the street, Sascha rang the bell at the Baskers' stores and after some time William Basker and his fat wife came and let her in.

Their eyes told her how lovely she looked and their hearty "Happy New Year" announced that they liked her. Everyone but Sascha's family liked her.

"I came to ask about the girl," said Sascha.

William Basker had a farm from which all his products came. It was a delightful little farm some distance out in the country and Sascha had been there several times.

"She is not so good," Basker shook his head. He was a stout man with rosy cheeks and small twinkling blue eyes. He twinkled them now over Sascha.

"You mean she's worse?" sighed Sascha.

"No, but she don't remember. And her nerves—you should see her! My Milly says she jumps right out of bed when a door slams. Milly is afraid she expects the police."

Sascha nodded. "Poor kid. Maybe," she sighed. "But anyhow we can't let her go. Not until she knows something."

"Oh, no" said Basker heartily. "It costs a little to feed her out there. We don't mind at all. A good deed now and then, we [illegible] to do it."

Sascha said nothing. She was seeing the strange girl's dainty feet and hands. She felt she had never done any work of any kind.

"Maybe," she nodded slowly at the Baskers and stepped out into the refreshing snow.

She would call Archie Wellington and ask what he could not well refuse.

To Be Continued Next Sunday

Hard to Tear.. Long on Wear...

Look over these points in favor of Roylace . . . the new, beautiful doubl-edge paper shelving . . . and you'll never use extravagant, fancy shelvings again.

● Roylace doubl-edge stays in place without tacking. The full thickness of it prevents slipping or curling on the shelf

● The decorator designed patterns are lovely . . . for kitchen, pantry, bath cabinet, nursery or boudoir use.

● This edge is four times as strong, by actual test, as ordinary paper. It will not rip or snag easily. *It wears!*

● Roylace doubl-edge shelving will last months and months . . . until next house cleaning. It saves trouble.

● Cooking steam or dampness will never curl it up . . . the edge will always hang straight as a die

● It comes in lengths for 9 feet — enough to beautify 3 yard wide shelves for a season! (There are 10c sizes, too.)

You will find the gay patterns of Roylace in your nearest Five-and-Ten, neighborhood or department store. Look for the flat Roylace packages, with the round sticker that shouts, "Feel the Edge!" The Roylace Paper Works, Inc., 842 Lorimer St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Roylace DOUBL-EDGE PAPER SHELVING

"THEY DON'T GET YOUR WIND" ATHLETES SAY—

GENE SARAZEN, championship golfer, who has smoked Camels for years

The mild cigarette the athletes smoke is the mild cigarette for YOU!

A cigarette so mild you can smoke all you want—that's what athletes say about Camels. And when a champion talks about "condition"—"wind"—healthy nerves—real tobacco *mildness*—he's got to *know*.

Gene Sarazen says: "Playing as much as I do—I *have* to keep in condition. I smoke Camels steadily. They are so mild they never get my 'wind'—never upset my nerves."

Other athletes back him up.... "I smoke all the Camels I want, and keep in top condition," says Mel Ott, slugger of the New York Giants....Georgia Coleman, Olympic diver, says: "Camels don't cut down on my 'wind.'"...Bill Miller, oarsman; Jim Lancaster, N. Y. U.'s 1934 basketball captain; John Skillman, pro squash racquets champion—hundreds of sports stars smoke Camels regularly and report that Camels never get their "wind" or nerves.

What this mildness means to you!...It means you can smoke Camels all you want! Athletes have made this discovery: Camel's costlier tobaccos are so mild, they can smoke all they please, without disturbing their "wind" or nerves.

HEALTHY NERVES, "WIND," ENERGY—Condition is important to you—on vacation, in the office, at home. You can keep in condition," yet smoke all you please. Athletes say Camels never get your wind."

SO MILD YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT!

Camels COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

● Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(*Signed*) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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Magnificent Gesture

A Short Love Story of a Girl Who Was a Prima Donna for a Day—Complete in This Issue

By Helen Strauss

(Continued from Page 25)

cheeks. "I should have insisted upon that tray—or gone to lunch," checked in her head. But both these moments had passed now. "Of course, I can suggest an early dinner— "

"Cigarette?" queried Joe attentively.

"I wonder if Maggie filled the containers," she ventured in an oh-dear-the-nuisance - of - these-maids-tone, as Joe went to see.

From this he was to picture Maggie as a neat little negroid trick in proper white apron and cap. Actually she was a hopeless-slattern who "mopped up" for Julia in the mornings.

"If he forgot, I've got some in my coat," Joe reassured her.

But the Oriental container was satisfactorily gorged. Fay had seen to it herself.

Joe sat on a nearby chair in the light of the windows and Fay kept looking at him sheepishly, penetratingly, as if she were doing his portrait. She saw now that there were little streak of gray in his hair and the beginnings of grooves in his cheek—but his was the sort of face that improved in attraction with the impress of the years.

The afternoon raced away, though Fay had anticipated an ordeal. Joe did most of the talking, beginning with the social and business history of Pratt and Wilson.

"I'll bet you've been a nervous wreck," Fay said.

"If I had some dinner——"

"Just one more cigarette," Joe clung to the hour. "Then you must take me some place really worth while."

As he bent over her again, holding a lighted match adroitly so as not to singe her lashes, Fay was vexed to find his nearness somewhat stirring. Joe Wilson with whom she had always been "on the water." When he sat down again the moments passed. Instantly Fay questioned it. "It's not that I'm weak today and as impressionable as wet clay," she explained the experience to herself.

As Joe sat regarding her somberly over his propped-up knees, she reached out a long, cool finger and followed a light trail in the dark of his hair.

"It started to get that way as soon as you left," he told her quietly, as though in confession.

"Oh, Joe!" Regardless of the shadow dress, she turned a little letting her head rest on one slender arm. "Don't tell me you went grey with worry over me."

"Not over you, Fay," he laughed somewhat jerkily. "I knew that you were one of those indomitable people life cannot crush. It was the shock to myself. You don't mind if I rip my shirt off and expose my heart?"

"I do if it's bleeding. I'm squeamish that way."

Watching him closely, she could see a thought congeal in his eyes.

"You know, Fay, no man ever believes his fiancee will give him the air until she's actually done it. I wonder if you ever realized that my not getting you was the first big noise-surprise package ever handed me." The first real blow.

Her droopy mouth puckered almost with amusement.

"You don't tell me that I ruined your life."

"Oh, quite the contrary. You made it. Up to the moment you went off to New York my existence was as smooth, as unsurprising as the straight line that lies between the given two points. Everything that had happened to me was in strict accordance with plan. The house I lived in was waiting for me before I was born. The high school I looked at through my bedroom window all through my childhood, I later attended as I knew that I would. The place I expected to get in the bank, I filled in time. I met a girl I loved—you—and saw myself her husband living in a white house on the hill. I had planned two children—and a Boston bull pup. Or did you know?

"That this latter plan wouldn't work out with the same mathematical accuracy of all the previous events of my life; that it wouldn't balance, with an adjustment or two, like my accounts at the bank, was something I hadn't considered even in your most restless moments. People don't go around thinking of the end of the world. You see, I was so smug and sure and comfortable.

"Then you actually went away. Actually declined to marry me. For the first time I saw what some people have sense enough to see a lot earlier in life. What makes life the adventure it is—its hazards and uncertainties ... There was a brief, thinking pause during which Fay thought she should say something—something thoroughly inconsequential—but somehow nothing came to her mind. "It was only when I realized that you had given me up for something you called a 'wider horizon' that I began to think there must be something to it. That it wasn't just the balderdash I had considered it, the porch palaver of a sentimental girl. Why, it was as if I had just acquired vision. Looking around, I saw that I had been living on the surface of things. That all the subterranean passages of understanding had been closed to me." With one nervous hand he scrambled his hair. "Actually, Fay, I owe you a debt of gratitude. Your refusing to marry me proved to be my salvation."

In the thick silence that followed, Fay lay rigid listening to the crescendo of her heart, almost afraid that Joe might hear it. "This will never do," she took herself to task mutely. Abruptly, as though with sudden decision, she raised her eyes. Joe looked up from a contemplation of his shoes. A naked glance passed between them. One of those helplessly intimate looks in which the soul peers out stripped of all its manners.

Desperately, Fay's mind struggled away from the moment. "I'm in love with him—with Joe of all people!" went wildly through her thoughts. "Now that he doesn't care and doesn't want me. It's love or lunacy."

With forced airiness: "A man never knows when a woman is doing him a favor. Come on, now, you promised to show me that Vernon Castle has a real successor, at last. Then I'll permit you to take me to the nicest eight-course dinner in Manhattan."

Now she stood up swaying on her long, thin legs, feeling that she could fall eighteen stories from a curbstone. Somehow she reached the radio and turned the dials. A dance melody leaped out joyously. She stumbled toward Joe as though walking in a fog.

They danced in the bare space between the two large rugs, Fay's feet uncertain though Joe was guiding her skilfully through simple steps. There seemed to be no obstruction between her and the floor.

"You do very nicely," she praised, launching a skiff of talk.

They paddled through a repetition of chorus. Then Joe slowed down noticeably, cupping one ear till it stood out like an alert cornucopia.

"Burglars at your door," he whispered.

Fay felt her heart plop down, as though a great weight had fallen on it. Though she went out rapidly it seemed to her that there was a mile of quicksand between the studio and the door. "It's just the laundry—or something from the cleaner's," she buoyed herself up.

Julia and Ramon stood in the hall!

"Oh, you're in," sang Julia. "Ramon found he could get away after all, so we came in for the Rachmaninoff concert."

"It's a dirty trick," opined Ramon. "First she gives you her studio and then she takes it back."

"You don't have to go, Fay. Sleep on the divan. We'll be out most of the time after we've changed our clothes." Julia was moving forward as she talked, forcing Fay to retreat into the studio. Joe was still hidden from vision, but accessible to voice. "Why, whats' the matter, girl? You look like a ghost. Fay!"

Fay had fainted.

The light beside Julia's bed was burning. Fay blinked a dozen times before keeping her eyes open. Arms akimbo, Julia stood at the foot of the bed regarding her with an air of intense exasperation. This was

(Continued on Page 29)

No one single attribute can more deftly make or mar your loveliness than your hair. Soft, lustrous waves falling gracefully across, or back from the forehead form a flattering frame for even the plainest face. Make the most of your good looks by pointing up your hair. Brush it daily, and give it a weekly 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic treatment. Apply the Tonic directly to the scalp, massage well, and leave on overnight. Then shampoo. If the overnight feature of the treatment is found impractical, then steam the head for 15 minutes after the massage in towels that have been wrung in hot water. Your hair will reflect the benefits of even one such Tonic treatment. Drug and department stores sell 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic in convenient shaker-top bottles.

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BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE
Look for the trademark VASELINE when you buy. If you don't see it you are not getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Company, Consolidated, 17 State St., New York.

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Let Electricity Cool for Summer Comfort

KEEPING cool in Summer, now so near at hand, is desirable, not only for comfort and health, but is positively necessary if one is to accomplish a full day's work, says the Director of Applecroft Experiment Station.

Fortunately, most of the newer office buildings and factories are being equipped with automatic air cooling or "air conditioning" apparatus. The home, always lagging behind, may however hope soon to be able to "turn on the cool" just as it now easily and universally turns on the heat. But until that more scientific and happy day, the average home must still be content to avail itself of comfort and coolness by means of separate and usually portable small units.

One would suppose in view of the fact of its number of years on the market that practically 100 per cent of homes would utilize the comforting coolness of the electric fan. But no, recent surveys show that only a limited number of homes wired homes employ currents to make refreshing indoor breezes. Yet the electric fan is steadily marching from the office desk to the kitchen table and beside the kitchen range.

There are many types of portable electric fans which should appeal to the home owner anxious to secure indoor Summer comfort. If she wishes to go to the modest expense of making a change in her lighting fixture in the kitchen, a most excellent "wop" is to install the new fixture, which is a combination ceiling light and electric fan with broad blades revolving on a horizontal plane. Any electrician can do this job in an hour, with resulting coolness to the kitchen for all the ensuing scorching days of Summer.

Or, if this is not preferred, there are several new types or models of the familiar office electric fan. One of these, also operating along the horizontal, throws the cooler air upward instead of sideways and downward, as does the usual desk fan. This is an advantage because it does not make so much of a draft, nor does it scatter papers or other small articles. Another model has a six-inch blade, which will remove about 600 cubic feet of air per minute. The blades look something like the propeller of a boat, and in an attractive metal finish this fan adds to the appearance of the kitchen or other room

A portable fan of a still more extended use of air cooling was recently developed and looks much like the familiar "mike" or broadcasting microphone. Standing three feet high from the floor or other surface, this fan draws air into itself, washes it, cools it, and filters it. In action it is something approximate to a finely distributed spray of mist. It is said to wash and cool air at the rate of 1,000 cubic feet every ten minutes. What a boon in the kitchen to remove onion and fish and other odors, or to revitalize the air in a room where smokers have foregathered! This air washing fan, too, needs only to be attached to the usual socket and consumes very little current.

A novel but highly desirable portable ventilator or house air conditioner is also on the market. Only a couple of feet of space is required for the installation of this unit, which is called "an attic ventilator." Its purpose, as its name defines, is to remove the excess dead air from the attic or the upper story of the house so that the sleeping room underneath shall not be so overheated and stuffy, making restful slumber difficult.

Everyone who has ever experienced the baking heat of small upper bedrooms in the cottage or house built without adequate insulation, knows that often half the night is passed restlessly before the rooms become sufficiently cooled to permit relaxing sleep. Such a condition exists in many Summer houses where it is impossible to change the house construction. This new attic ventilator solves the problem. It can be placed not only in the attic, but in a top hall or anywhere on the second story where water fresh air is desired. Attached to any electrical outlet, it consumes a very small amount of current.

Equally important to fresh air is fresh, cool drinking water. Indeed, cool air and cool water are two of the most needed and cheapest ways to beat the heat under Summer heat. Even if the kitchen boasts a satisfactory refrigerator, there may be a place for the separate water cooler unit, operated electrically. In too many homes the housewife is constantly annoyed by a stream of people tracking into the kitchen for "please, may I have a drink?" The sink may be in use for vegetable preparing or other work and the cook becomes exasperated by repeated requests of this kind

Where there are many young people or many hospitality occasions where beverages are constantly in demand, the separate water cooler unit is well justified. This item not only cools or keeps a supply of water cool, but it may have an additional refrigerated compartment for convenience in holding bottled beverages and fruits. Such a cooler may be either of the pressure type, connected with a regular water supply, or of the bottle type, where an inverted bottle of pure water is used, as is done in so many offices.

If the space layout permits, such a cooler could well be located on a rear porch or in a rear entry, where it could serve beverage needs without the constant and too frequent trips into the kitchen. It, too, may be connected to any usual light or convenient socket

Another advantage of such a cooler unit is that it obviates the need of excessive opening and shutting of the usual kitchen food storage just to get ice cubes in order to make cool drinks. Such too frequent entrance of warm air in the refrigerator chest greatly and rapidly lowers the temperature.

In any case, however, the quicker the ice cubes are removed from their tray, the better. That is why every household should be equipped with flexible trays, or employ a new device which is the glorified version of the out-moded icepick. This is a tool with a rubber-tipped end and a handle, that slides back and forth along the shank. One or more sharp quick blows of the rubber-tipped end, releases the tray. It may be operated with only one hand, and thus hasten the task of getting cool cubes for cold drinks

There are many housewives who still prefer to use a food storage chest chilled by cake ice In this connection it is interesting to note that there are now several special water-cooler tanks of small size, especially designed for refrigerator use to hold a quantity of liquid. These are oblong in shape in order to fit between the shelves. They have some sort of tubular spout or pouring attachment. They are made of high grade enamel and fitted with lids

Every hostess who is so frequently called on for "something cold to drink" will welcome this new device which so satisfactorily fills a long felt want. Making iced tea and fruit drinks and pouring into a glass pitcher to be set in the refrigerator was always risky because of the danger of breakage to the glassware brought to such low temperature. A little knock and zip goes one's best beverage pitcher. These excellent water coolers come in many capacities, such as 22-glass capacity, 24-glass, etc. The color-conscious housekeeper will be glad to know that such coolers may be obtained in old ivory and various pastel shades to harmonize with her refrigerator or other kitchen plans.

Coolness, comfort and convenience may be the three C's of Summer pleasure with the electric fan blowing the way!

This true story is based upon facts contained in an unsolicited letter.
Baltimore, Md.
March 30, 1935
Gentlemen:
Before I was married I had done little housework. So after my marriage, I wisely presented its problems to my mother-in-law. She told me I must wash all my husband's white shirts and undershirts in Fels-Naptha Soap. I started a quarrel. One morning
HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED THEN
YOU OUGHT TO GET BEULAH BACK TO WASH, DEAR THIS SHIRT'S FAR FROM WHITE!
WE CAN'T AFFORD BEULAH, BUT I WISH I KNEW HER MAGIC. I'M SICK OF SCRUBBING WITHOUT RESULTS!
BEULAH, I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU! WHAT WAS IT YOU USED TO USE THAT MADE THE CLOTHES SO WHITE?
WHY, HONEY-DAT WAS LA FRANCE! I GOT A BOX HERE I WAS TAKIN' HOME FUM DE STORE
YOU JUS' STARTIN' TO WASH? DISSOLVE SOME OF DESE BLUE FLAKES IN WITH YOUR REGULAR SOAP.
I REMEMBER! THEY MAKE THE SUDS BLUE -SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO BOTHER WITH A SEPARATE BLUING RINSE!
DAT'S RIGHT, HONEY-AND DEY DON'T LEAVE ANY SPOTS OR STREAKS AND NO BREAKIN' YOUR BACK WITH EXTRA LIFTIN' AND WRINGIN'!
BEULAH, YOU'RE A LIFE-SAVER! I'VE BEEN TAKING 'EM ICE AS LONG TO WASH AS YOU USED TO!
LA FRANCE SURE DO CUT WASHIN' WORK IN HALF! AIN'T NO HARD RUBBIN'-IT MAKES THE SOAP SO SPRY!
MY! THESE CLOTHES ARE CLEAN AND WHITE! LA FRANCE FOR ME FROM NOW ON!
Now my husband isn't kidded about his shirts! Since using La France my white things are whiter, my woolens softer, my silks are the daintiest in the neighborhood! And always my wash is one of the first on the line!
Mrs. Charlotte E. Dunne
Use it with soap
La France
Magic La France
1. Add it to your suds!
2. Makes the soap work better, faster.
3. Blues at the same time, saving you one whole hard step.
4. Less work—whiter clothes.
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE AT YOUR GROCER'S
La France is never more than 10 cents. Enough for three average washings. If you are not delighted with the way it safely helps your favorite soap and saves you extra work and trouble of a blueing rinse ... if it fails to give you an easier, whiter wash in either tub or machine ... your grocer will cheerfully refund your money!
La France is safe for any fabric that water won't harm. Makes colored clothes look brighter. Washing machine makers endorse it. Ask your grocer for La France today, or use coupon at right!
Free Mail this coupon for free test packages of La France and Satina. You add Satina to boiling starch. It makes your iron glide easier. La France and Satina are products of General Foods. Mail coupon in envelope or paste on postcard. Or write postcard addressed to
GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich. A W 8 9 3
Send me free test packages of La France and Satina.
Name
Street
City State
(Print name and address—fill in completely)

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MARY FINDS WHY WOMEN ARE QUITTING THE RAZOR

WHY MARY-YOUR ARM FEELS LIKE A MAN'S CHIN WHEN HE NEEDS A SHAVE...
I WON'T HAVE YOU SAYING SUCH HORRIBLE THINGS TO ME!
1.
I HAD A FIGHT WITH JIM-HE LEFT EARLY -SAID MY ARM FELT LIKE A MAN'S CHIN..
MEN HATE THAT IN A WOMAN-QUIT USING A RAZOR-THAT'S WHAT MAKES HAIR STUBBLE
2.
WHAT SHALL I DO? I CAN'T LET LONG HAIR GROW ON MY ARMS-AND LEGS EITHER..
JUST USE NEET -IT'S LIKE A COLD CREAM AND ACTUALLY BANISHES ARM AND LEG HAIR TRY IT, DEAR
3.
A FEW DAYS LATER-
WHY, MARY-YOUR ARM IS SOFT AND FEMININE AGAIN, DEAR-WHAT DID YOU DO?...
THAT'S MY SECRET-SPELLED NEET
4.

NOW! Actually Get Rid of Arm and Leg Hair

No Masculine Stubble . . . No Stiff Re-Growth

Now one can actually *get rid* of arm and leg hair. Can, once and for all, banish the coarsened re-growth, the bristly stubble that follow the razor.

This is due to a new scientific discovery by one of the leading cosmetic laboratories of the world. A way that solves the arm and leg hair problem as women have always hoped it would be solved.

What It Is

It is an exquisite toilet accessory, resembling a superior beauty cream in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water

That's all. Every vestige of hair is gone—*gone so completely* that, even by running your hand across the skin, you cannot feel the slightest trace of stubble. For this amazing creation *definitely ends after-razor "stubble."*

When re-growth finally comes, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following the razor and old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

Where to Obtain

It is called NEET—and is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Costs only a few cents.

Magnificent Gesture *By Helen Strauss*

(Continued from Page 28)

Julia's armor when she was deeply moved.

"It would give me great pleasure to beat you—you gorgeous fool!" she ranted.

Straggling up on one elbow, Fay saw herself reflected in a mirror, tousled, her clothes scattered. People shouldn't have any emotions. "They're such a mess," she thought

Aloud she began apologetically, "I was a little ill."

"You mean you were hungry," came brutally from Julia.

"I hope this is enough," puffed Ramon appearing in the doorway with an excitingly cluttered tray.

"It's too much," decreed Julia. "The doctor said to go easy at first. Shock to the innards—or something."

Ramon disappeared while Julia was setting the tray on the bed and inquiring crossly, "When did you eat last?"

"Yesterday morning."

"What did you have—essence of dew? Toasted mist?"

"Grapefruit juice and coffee."

"And what did you do with the money you earned doubling for one of the Bedwell sisters on the radio?"

"Bought a hat."

"A hat?"

"Something you wear on the head." Fay was determined to be brief. The soup was too good to allow argument.

"Couldn't you have left yourself enough to eat on?"

"I did. Enough for dinner last night. Then I got a run in my last pair of stockings."

"And it didn't occur to you to wear a pair of mine?"

"I couldn't find any."

"They're in the chest there—under the window seat. And, how under the sun, Miss Shawell, did you expect to get by this week?"

Briefly, "The hat was $15 and bought on approval. I was going to take it back Monday morning." Fay glanced up from her tray. "Did the gentleman who was here leave by the fire escape or did he hurdle my body and get out by the door?"

"He's still here," declared Julia.

There was a tap at the door and Joe came in.

"Somebody ought to strap her," insisted Julia, starting out, "and I'm hardly big enough."

Joe sat on the edge of the bed gingerly, aware of the dishes.

"Couldn't you do your laughing in the park?" asked Fay.

There was something rapt, approaching almost of awe in his expression as he regarded her now.

"I suppose they told you all the harrowing details. About the accident and how I couldn't speak above a whisper, let along sing, for weeks afterward. Up until a few months ago we still clung to the hope that my voice would come back. But now even Sunshine Julia admits that burial in singing aster nets in all I can hope for. . . This is very sad, you know, and crying aloud is permitted."

Still she did not look at him. So he thrust out a stern forefinger and jacked up her chin

"Whether you got the dance or not doesn't matter. It's having reached for them . . ."

"Oh, don't expect me to go on being brave," he gulped. "I'm sick and tired of it. I want to let the tears flash down until, like Alice, I can swim around in them." Admitting how dangerously close she was to emotion gave her unexpected strength and control. "You talk like a poet—but you're forgiven you!"

"Make it a lover and we won't quibble about it."

The sparks in her gray eyes leaped to flame.

"Now if you start being chivalrous, I simply won't be able to resist. You're just soft enough to marry a girl to keep her from starving."

Unruffled, "There are other ways of keeping a girl from starving. It happens that I still like you, Fay."

Sweet liar! As though you wouldn't have told me sooner. You're too grown up to have let my being a supposed prima donna stop you. "It's no use, Joe—"

"I must. The alleged fame didn't hurt me. It happened and I casually opened the piano keys."

The coloured laughter carried to Julia and her hu-band admiring the arrangement of the trays.

Thoughtfully, Fay removed a piece of lint from Joe's sleeve

"I'm a stupid girl, Joe. I just don't get it. You come to see Marjorie—"

"Wrong again. I came to see you. I am not Marjorie in Print any more." He glanced at his watch. "I'll have to see to that, if at all. Her boat's in an hour. But she'll not get it. Roy knows New York better than the native." Without watching he met her unbelieving gaze. "I couldn't get you out of my blood, Fay. I thought maybe seeing you, impossibly afraid, heads with success— But you're the same sweet person. And I'm in the same old hopeless state."

She spoke in a whisper.

Hopeless, Joe?"

"You never did love me. Not enough even you promised to marry me."

Not when I promised to marry you," she admitted. He sat up stiffly, started to draw away from her. "But now, Joe—"

Do you want to make yourself sick?" he cried, snatching up the tray. She hadn't been eating for minutes. "Let me get this out of the way, my girl."

The Cryptogram Murder *by Howard Vincent O'Brien*

(Continued from Page 26)

run the Prix de Cannes at Mandelieu."

Near Theoule they stopped the taxi and got out, instructing the driver to wait for them there. The latter, an observant man, noticed that the smaller of his two fares, a dark-skinned, lean-faced, mustachioed little bandit, Parigot by his accent, took hands with his companion, saying that he was going to take a stroll by the sea.

The latter, who carried a slender parcel under his arm, replied that he was going to look for birds. He was evidently an Englishman, and since any sort of bizarre behavior was to be expected of an Englishman, the taxidriver ceased observing and went to sleep.

Arrived at the home of the widow Charbot, Mr. Lord found some difficulty in identifying himself with the individual in nautical jacket and abbreviated pants, who had been such a good customer before. He explained that he had achieved a great advance in station, being now, indeed, no less than a gentleman's gentleman.

And as he accompanied this intelligence with a gratuity just twice his former practise, any undue curiosity was suppressed, and he was accompanied to his balcony with, he thought, fully twice the former cordiality.

The chair provided was hard and straight of back, and the view from the balcony, exceedingly dull. The Count's shutters were closed, and there was no sign of life around the house. But just when the thought of the easy chairs of the cafe was becoming overpowering, and he was on the point of giving up his vigil, he suddenly stiffened.

The gate to the villa gardens was closed, but over the wall, to one side, appeared a dark brown object which rapidly defined itself as a man's leg, quickly followed by the man himself. He leaped lightly to the ground, dusting his hands with apparent unconcern, as if untroubled by any thought that he might be, technically at least, intruding upon private property. And walking purposefully, he made his way up the path toward the house.

At the door he stood for a moment, looking at the closed shutters. Then, with determination in his gesture, he gave a yank at the bell cord. For a moment, nothing happened, and he jerked again.

Even at such a distance, his annoyance was plainly evident. He was roughly dressed, like a fisherman or a dock laborer, but there was a masterful something in the way he jerked that bell cord

Whoever was within must have recognized it, for the door presently opened—just a slit, at first, and then widely; and the stranger stalked in, the door closing quickly behind him.

"Oh, ho," muttered Mr. Lord. "Receiving callers, eh!" A frown creased his forehead, as he struggled to catch something that persistently flitted away in the dark recess of his memory. He had a feeling that the roughly-clad stranger was not really a stranger at all.

Where had he seen him before? What was there in that masterful stride, that choleric jerk of the bell cord, that was familiar? Ah—it came to him suddenly. The mysterious visitor was the same who, once before, had come unannounced to see the master of the Villa, and had laid down the law with such vigor.

Quickly, Lord put his telescope up, and at a speed of which no one would have believed him capable, seeing him only in his sauntering moments, he

(Continued on Page 30)

SKIN TROUBLES THAT HAD DEFIED TREATMENT

completely cleared up when treated this way

A new food supplies "Protective Substances" needed to overcome that great cause of many skin troubles . . . CONSTIPATION!

DISTRESSING SKIN TROUBLES overcome—and general health greatly improved—simply by adding *one food* to the diet—

American hospitals are reporting this result in hundreds of their cases!

The commonest *cause* of many skin troubles, such as pimples and boils, is constipation. Constipation, it has now been found, can be *completely corrected* by supplying certain "protective substances" in the diet which help to keep the stomach and bowels healthy.

Ordinary diets—even fruits and green vegetables—do not supply enough of all these substances. But one food supplies them in abundance . . . the new Fleischmann's Yeast!

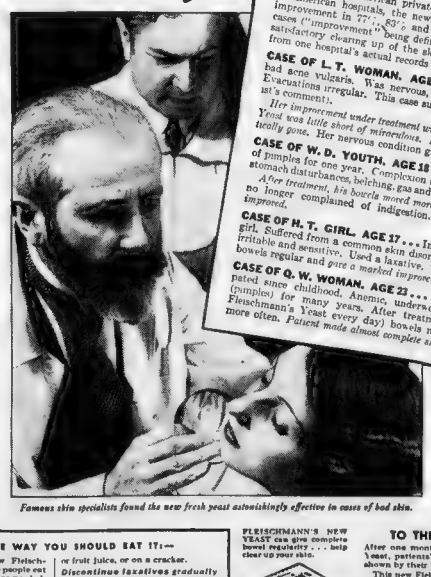
Helps to keep the skin clear!

This new Fleischmann's Yeast builds up a more *active* condition of your intestinal tract, increasing the flow of stomach juices, toning up and *strengthening* digestive *nerves* and *muscles*.

Then your whole digestive tract works better. Bowels become "regular." Your skin clears up amazingly because poisons no longer flood your system. *Other* troubles should disappear, too—such as indigestion and unnatural fatigue.

Eat the new Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly*. Don't stop after a few days just because you feel better. Keep it up—clear up your troubles and *keep* them cleared up.

And be sure you eat it *right*, so as to get best results. Follow the directions below. Start today!



Famous skin specialists found the new fresh yeast astonishingly effective in cases of bad skin.

In a prominent American Skin Clinic, patients got these results:

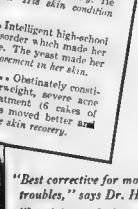
IN a leading American private clinic and two prominent American hospitals, the new Fleischmann's Yeast gave improvement in 27%, 83% and 89% respectively, of skin cases. "Improvement" being defined by the clinicians as "a satisfactory clearing up of the skin lesion"). Typical cases from one hospital's actual records are:—

CASE OF L. T. WOMAN, AGE 27 . . . Patient had very bad acne vulgaris. Was nervous, shy, shunned company. Evacuations irregular. This case surprised me (skin specialist's comment). *Her improvement under treatment with the new Fleischmann's Yeast was little short of miraculous. Her skin trouble is practically gone.* Her nervous condition greatly improved.

CASE OF W. D. YOUTH, AGE 18 . . . Had very bad case of pimples for one year. Complexion sallow. Complained of stomach disturbances, belching gas and uneasiness after meals. *After treatment, his bowels moved more often and easily.* He no longer complained of indigestion. *His skin condition improved.*

CASE OF H. T. GIRL, AGE 17 . . . Intelligent high-school girl. Suffered from a common skin disorder which made her irritable and sensitive. Used a laxative. The yeast made her bowels regular and gave a *marked improvement in her skin.*

CASE OF O. W. WOMAN, AGE 23 . . . Obstinately constipated since childhood. Anemic, underweight, severe acne (pimples) for many years. After treatment (6 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day) bowels moved better and more often. *Patient made almost complete skin recovery.*



"Best corrective for most skin troubles," says Dr. Hufnagel

"I used the new fresh yeast in three clinics," writes Dr. Leon Hufnagel (at left), French skin specialist, "with very successful—*in some cases remarkable*—results." He is clinic head in Rothschild Foundation Hospital, in Paris.

THIS IS THE WAY YOU SHOULD EAT IT:—

Eat 3 cakes of the new Fleischmann's Yeast daily. Some people eat 4, 5 or even 6 cakes a day, as needed.

Eat it one-half hour before meals—on an empty stomach. If you miss a cake before one meal, eat 3 cakes before your next meal, or a cake at bedtime.

Eat it just plain, or in water, milk or fruit juice, or on a cracker.

Discontinue laxatives gradually (most all at once). As the yeast strengthens your bowels, you can stop using cathartics altogether.

You can get the new Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, soda fountains and restaurants—in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label.

FLEISCHMANN'S NEW YEAST can give complete bowel regularity . . . help clear up your skin.

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TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION:

After one month's feeding of the new Fleischmann's Yeast, patients' elimination was speeded up 45%—as shown by their "charcoal time."

This new Fleischmann's Yeast is not only the richest *vitamin*-"carrying" food (supplying Vitamins A, B, G, D) it is *extremely rich* in a substance resembling a *digestive hormone* which stimulates digestive *activity*.

Being fresh, this new yeast releases its properties to the body in their most active form.

Skin disorders often come chiefly from constipation. To make sure of the cause, see a doctor.

CLOPAY SHADES AT EVERY WINDOW SAVED ME $18.70! YET THEY LOOK SO COSTLY!
CAN'T TRACK ON PINHOLE
DISTINCTIVE CREPE TEXTURE
10 PATTERNS AND 6 MAIN COLORS
ATTACH TO OLD ROLLER IN JIFFY NO TACKS, NO TOOLS
JUST LOOK WHAT YOU GET FOR only 15¢ in CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES!
SAVE UP TO 85c A WINDOW
See Clopays at 5 & 10 or Neighborhood Stores
It's simply incredible, millions say, that you can get such beautiful shades for only 15c. Window Shades for such an absurdly low price. So many lovely chintz-like patterns and colors, because they're made of an extremely rich, heavy crepe texture not only makes Clopays much richer looking but also makes them hang better. Clopays roll fresh and new looking longer too, because they're made of an extremely tough, long-fibre stock. Clopays are also unusually easy to put up—no tacks, no tools, no pinholes necessary. No wonder Clopays are already used in over a million homes and selling at 5c and 10c stores and neighborhood stores everywhere. Ask for them by name. Or, if you prefer, send 15c for sample shade 3 feet wide by 6 feet long, with complete instructions for putting up. CLOPAY CORP., 1422 YORK ST., CINCINNATI, OHIO

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GOOD LUCK COMES TO
UNCLE HARRY
IN HIS WHEEL CHAIR.
(One of 15,000 letters from thankful hearts)

DON'T YOU LET ME WORK A LITTLE LONGER BACK BAY, DOCTOR ? THIS JOB OF ADDRESSING ENVELOPES IS SO FAST ANYONE AS 8 YEARS.
NO, MR. JENSON, NO YOUR JOB WITHIN IT'S NOT SAFE.

SLIP ON OLD SOCKS "FOR MEN FLOWS SO POORLY AND CLOSES SO OFTEN THAT I CAN ADDRESS ONLY 500 ENVELOPES IN THE 8 HOURS.
MAYBE IT'S NOT THE WAY THAT YOU WORK A DIFFERENT WAY—TRY PARKER QUINK. IT'S GREAT, TOMMY!

Uncle Harry gets Quink, and then—

THAT EVENING
I COUNTED THE ENVELOPES THOSE UNCLE HARRY GOT INSTEAD OF 500, YOU
THAT MEANS I CAN EARN 14 OR 15 MORE A WEEK WITHOUT WORKING A MINUTE LONGER OR THINK QUINK IS GREAT, TOMMY!

FREE—20,000-Word Bottle! Mail coupon below, or a postcard for trial bottle of Quink absolutely FREE! It will make your pen a self-cleaner—make it work like a charm.

Parker Quink

Made by The Makers of the Celebrated Parker Pen

The Parker Pen Co.
Dept. 854, Janesville, Wis.
Please send me, free, the trial bottle checked

☐ PERMANENT Blue Black Royal Blue
Washable Red Green Violet Brown
☐ WASHABLE Blue or Black

Name .....
Address .....

BALD HEADED MEN!

Would you gamble the price of 2 bottles of JAPANESE OIL to find out whether your hair roots are not dead but merely dormant? JAPANESE OIL is the antiseptic counter-irritant that has helped thousands who were partially bald—whose hair roots were not dead but dormant. Get 2 4-oz bottles from your druggist. Give JAPANESE OIL a fair trial. If your hair roots are dead, you aren't out much. But if they are dormant you have an excellent chance to save the hair you still have and grow hair again on thin and bald spots. Write today for a free copy of *The Truth About the Hair*, a booklet approved by a registered physician.

NATIONAL REMEDY CO.
96 West 45th St., New York, Dept. A-W.

JAPANESE OIL
For Hair and Scalp
Different from ordinary Hair Tonics — it's a Scalp Medicine!

Choosing Soaps and Cleansers for Spring Cleaning Needs

By Mrs. Christine Frederick, The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

A VERY large proportion of any housewife's time is spent in removing some type of dirt. What is dirt? Someone has said that "dirt is matter in the wrong place." Certainly dirt is always in the wrong place from the housekeeping angle.

It is estimated that the average American family of five persons uses about 150 pounds of soap and cleansing agents annually, and that such cost amounts to $15 and over. But the real point at issue is not the actual cost, but the possible cost in deprecation of wearing apparel and household belongings.

When clothing was made of coarser fabrics, the choice of cleansing agents was not so important as it is today when delicate silks, synthetic silks and other fabrics are so universally used both for clothing and as curtains, upholstery materials, etc.

In short, the more varied the types of soap and cleanser, water softener and scouring or polishing aid offered the housewife, the more careful, suitable and scientific must be her choice.

Choice of all such cleansing agents depends on (1) fabric safety; (2) operation or efficiency in use; (3) economy in cost. But even before these factors are considered, the purchaser must be familiar with and note these facts about:

The classification or type of.
(1) Dirt, soil, or stain
(2) Textile or fibres
(3) Type of water, hard or soft
(4) Temperature of water used
(5) Surfaces to be cleaned, as tile, wood, metal, etc.

What is called dirt may be of three kinds: (1) that which is soluble in water; (2) that which is not soluble in water; and (3) stains. The most common kinds of insoluble dirt are grease or oils, resinous substances like paint, and proteins such as egg, milk, blood, etc. A stain is dirt which carries color but which does not immediately fix that color upon the fabric. On the other hand, a dye is a colored stain permanently fixed.

Textiles should be easily recognized as to fibre and qualities before choice of soap or cleanser is made. There are only five major kinds of textile fibres, thus:

(1) Wool — from animal sources
(2) Silk—from animal sources
(3) Cotton— from vegetable sources
(4) Linen — from vegetable sources
(5) Synthetic silk— vegetable in origin

Fibres in textiles have been discussed so often that it is only necessary to remind the housewife that wool is the greatest collector of all surface dirt and the most difficult fabric to launder. This is because of the natural crimpiness and the overlapping scales (seen under the microscope) which afford places of concealment for dirt.

Wool, as a protein, too, tends to become plastic or entirely dissolved if the water used is sufficiently hot. Silk is also an animal fibre but the long shape of its fibre does not catch dirt so easily. Silk cannot stand dry heat for the action of acids.

Synthetic fibres are also of vegetable origin, but are not susceptible to heat or alkalies to the same degree as both wool and silk. The chief weakness of these is their lack of strength when wet; hence, it is all-important not to twist or use pressure on the wet goods.

Cotton and linen will take stronger cleansers than wool or silk or synthetic fibres. However, it is not desirable to follow a boiling process on cotton, as with the usual embroider, except for purposes of sterilization.

Water is the universal solvent, but hard water is the bane of every laundress. The hardness or softness of water is a very technical subject. The U. S. Geological Survey has established standards of the degree of such hardness, thus water of 55 degrees hardness or under is held to be soft water.

A hardness of 12 degrees means that every 100 gallons of such hard water will destroy two full pounds of dry bar soap. Since bar soaps often contain as high as 30 per cent of water, this means that three bars of soap will be ineffective when such water is used.

This distressing situation is best handled by applying to the Extension Service of the Department of Agriculture of the particular State in which these water conditions exist, and securing specific aid for each locality.

Soap is the most generally used cleansing agent. It is made from so many kinds of oils, under such varying processes, and with so many additional ingredients, that it is often difficult for the housewife to select the right type of soap for a specific need.

Again, soap is found in so many physical states, that one may not know what state or solution is the most effective. This also is a technical subject of household physics, and one of such import that much research is being spent on the topic. It may be enough to tell the average user of soap solutions as related to washing, that there is a true soap solution, and what is known as a colloidal solution.

In the true solution the water appears clear, while in the colloidal solution the water appears milky or opalescent. In this latter solution the spreading power of the soap can penetrate the fibres of clothing to a greater degree than can a true soap solution. It has been found that a 25 per cent soap solution of strength is the best for average laundry washing purposes.

Another quality of soap is its sudsing power. The soap solution stretches to make a soap bubble; and masses of bubbles make suds. The ability of a soap to make and keep permanent masses of live suds is the index of its efficiency. In short, poor suds, poor work.

It is sudsing which proves that the soap is doing hard cleansing work. Tests comes the important question in all washing: Keep up the suds! For if the suds fall, the dirt falls also. And washing continued after the suds (and the dirt) fall means streaks, grimness.

Yellow bar soap contains fats and rosin. If the amount of rosin incorporated in such bar soap is not more than 30 per cent, it is a useful soap for laundry and general cleaning purposes and sudses well in cool water—an advantage.

White bar soap contains varying proportions of sodium silicate (which is a mild alkali) and comes nearest to pure soap in its physical cleansing action. A silicated soap keeps well, does not become rancid, and is a good soap for cottons and rough laundry — especially with hot water.

In connection with soap as a washing agent, it may be well to recall these helpful suggestions:

The temperature of the water used in soaking clothes should be that of the room, never above 90 F. Safe temperatures for washing wools is about 100 F. At this point the body fats and oils are kept in a fluid condition, and hence it is easier to remove them. For soiled pieces, use two soapy waters. Keep rinse water at same heat as wash water. Safe temperatures for washing colored goods is from 90 F. to 100 F. The best temperature for a rinse water is the same as the last wash water. A safe temperature for home bleaching is about 68 F. Ten minutes in a solution of moderate strength should be enough. The higher the temperature, the shorter the bleach. The best or optimum temperature of a soap solution is that at which it shows the fullest sudsing action.

Leaving the types of water cleaners, let us glance briefly at the equally large class of abrasives, the scourers and the polishers, which are used to remove dirt from hard surfaces such as tile, silver, brass, woodwork, etc.

It is often too easy to turn to some one of these scouring agents and expect it to remove stubborn dirt. The real question is, not will it remove the dirt, but will it also remove the polished surface or coating? All scourers work by friction or abrasion, and even the finest of these is likely to scratch some still finer surface.

All soap-sand scouring powders are out of place in the modern home with fine polished surfaces and objects. It is best to begin polishing such objects with the purest and safest cleanser—warm water and a good suds of a mild white soap.

The housewife should list to herself the various metals in their decreasing order of softness, thus: gold—silver—pewter—tin, copper — aluminum — nickel—iron—steel. Gold, the precious metal, is the most easily scratched, while steel is the least affectable.

It is possible to make a simple household test for grittiness, as follows: sieve the material through a very fine sieve to remove all lumps. Rub powder between two pieces of glass or even between two fingernails. The smoothness of a good tooth-powder should be the result for a pure and safe polishing agent.

The finest polishing materials include pure whiting, or chalk from natural sources, talc, and what is called jeweler's rouge. Whiting is merely the finely-ground particles of natural chalk such as make the famed chalk cliffs of England. This is graded, the finest being called Paris White, which is extremely suitable for polishing silver, mirrors and glass surfaces. Jeweler's rouge (red paste) gives a very beautiful lustre to all silver or jewelry.

A simple homemade furniture or wood polish may be made very inexpensively as follows: 1 pint turpentine, 4 ounces beeswax, 3 ounces ammonia, 1 pint water. Mix beeswax and turpentine by placing in a container set in kettle of hot water until beeswax dissolves. Remove from hot water and add ammonia and water. Stir vigorously until creamy.

There are also many dry-cleaning agents used in the household. In general it should be remarked about this type of cleansers that the method of applying and the care in so doing are quite as important as the cleanser itself. If a ring is left, after stain has been removed, this may be due to the chemistry of the textile, the finish of it, and the dirt or soil in the goods.

Last, not the more important cleansers is similar to Javelle water in type—that is, it is a strong bleach for white cotton goods in general. In buying such bleaches, look at the label, and note the strength of the chlorine or phenol used in the bleach. This will be something of a guide to the effectiveness of such bleach. In every case such bleaches should be used at low temperatures, in dilute solutions, and the hands protected.

So much of the happiness, as well as the cleanliness and beauty of our homes, depends on these helpful cleaning agents that it will repay every housewife to stock her cleaning closet with soaps and detergents which are safe, efficient, and economical in price.

The Cryptogram Murder

by Howard Vincent O'Brien

(Continued from Page 29)

slipped down the stairs of the widow Charbot's house.

Arrived at the closed gate of the Villa Rochesue, he paused. But only for an instant. What the rugged stranger had done, he could do also—although he took the precaution of selecting a spot not visible from the house.

He arrived within the precincts of the garden at a place concealed by the garage. There he took something from his pocket, and a faint smile curved his lips. It had not been stretching ethical, perhaps, for him to have retained a key to the Count's cellar. None the less, he had retained it.

Cautiously, he let himself into the cellar. There was no sound, except the scurry of a frightened rat. Silently, feeling his way in the darkness, he made his way to the ancient dumb-waiter. Very carefully, he inserted his head.

His pleased smile deepened. The shaft of the device formed an excellent telephone extension, and he could hear the voices in the room above, quite clearly. One was angry; the other, which he recognized as that of the Count, was soothing and deprecatory.

"But I tell you," growled the stranger, apparently hammering on the table with his fist, "he never got there. No word has been received from him, anywhere. He was to have communicated at Milan with Piccinafoco. Not a word, I tell you, things do not look right to me."

"Everything is as planned," was the Count's calm reply. "I accompanied him as far as Nice, myself. One of their flics tried to stop us here, when we were getting on the train. But I did for him, all right. He will tell no tales. Buffiere is there by this time, I tell you. At any moment we should hear that the work has been accomplished. He will be taken to Ostaretto. I shall be there to meet him, with my car and we will slip over the border to Switzerland. At Lausanne—"

"But why did he tell Jacquin that he was mistrustful?" broke in the other, manifestly not reassured. "Why did—"

"Jacquin is a fool!" snapped the Count, evidently annoyed. "It is absurd to take him into one's confidence—ever. I shall not repeat the mistake, you may be sure."

"All the same, Buffiere wasn't satisfied," grumbled the stranger. "Ruling Jacquin out, he told me as much, himself. Frankly, I don't like the way you've handled things, Gallieni."

"For that," said the Count in a steely voice, "you will apologize to me at Lausanne."

"Maybe so." Again there was that angry crash on the table. Clearly the stranger was a most choleric person, thought Mr. Lord as he rubbed a neck which was becoming painfully stiff. "Maybe so. But I don't like the looks of it all the same. You've played a lone hand, and—"

"But that was essential. It was understood!"

"Maybe it was. But the fact remains that there hasn't been a trace of Pierre Buffiere since the night he came to see you."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Making the Most of Strawberries

By Mary Lee Swann.
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking

Strawberry Cornstarch Pudding.

WASH 1 pint strawberries and press through fruit press. To 1 cup of berry juice add 1 cup water and 3 tablespoons cornstarch blended with ¼ cup cold water. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until thick and creamy. Then cover and cook over hot water about 20 minutes longer. Add ½ teaspoon salt, ¾ cup sugar and the remaining strawberry juice and pulp. Fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites, cook about 2 minutes or just long enough to cook the egg whites and turn into a mold rinsed with cold water. Chill and serve with cream or custard sauce

Strawberry Salad (Scotch Style).

BEAT ½ pound cottage cheese until smooth and creamy. Season with salt and pepper, moisten slightly with thick cream and a little strained strawberry pulp and beat until very smooth. Turn into a mold lined with clean wet cheesecloth. Chill. Turn out on heart lettuce and garnish with 1 pint of fine strawberries that have stood for ½ hour in a little honey French dressing. Serve with cream salad dressing.

Strawberry Frosting (for Delicate White Cake).

HAVE ready ½ cup strained strawberry pulp. Add 3 or 4 tablespoons thick cream and ½ teaspoon lemon extract. Add about 3 cups of sifted powdered sugar gradually, beating vigorously. A little more or a little less sugar may be required to make of consistency to spread

Old-Fashioned Strawberry Ice Cream.

WASH 1 quart ripe strawberries. Press through potato ricer or fruit press. Add 1 cup sugar and let stand in warm place about ½ hour "to ripen." Sweeten 1 quart cream with 1 cup sugar, add a few grains salt and ½ tablespoon vanilla (omit, if you like) and combine with the strawberry pulp. Freeze as usual The cream is sometimes beaten before combining with the strawberry pulp

Strawberry Sherbet.

MAKE a syrup by boiling 1 pound sugar with 1 pint water for 5 or 10 minutes. Cool and add 1 pint strained strawberry pulp, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and 2 or 3 egg whites. Turn into freezer, surround with ice and salt, using 6 or 8 times as much ice as salt. Freeze rapidly for 5 minutes, let stand "to ripen" for 5 minutes and finish freezing rapidly after the little "intermission"

Frozen Strawberries.

MIX 1 quart crushed ripe strawberries with 2½ cups sugar. Add 1 cup warm water and "let ripen" for an hour Freeze as usual

Strawberry Bavarian.

SOAK 1½ tablespoons gelatin in ½ cup cold water. Set in pan of hot water and stir until dissolved. Add 2 cups of strained strawberry pulp and let stand until mixture begins to congeal Beat 2 cups cream until stiff, folding in 1½ cups powdered sugar. Combine with the gelatin mixture. Turn into molds that have been rinsed with cold water, chill in ice box, turn out on serving plates, garnish with fine ripe berries and serve with cream, honey or orange sauce.

Strawberry Dumplings.

MIX 1 quart ripe strawberries (strained strawberry pulp may be used if desired), 1½ cups water and 2 cups sugar and cook until of sauce-like consistency. Add ½ tablespoon butter. Mix and sift 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt Work in 2 tablespoons lard or butter Add ¾ cup milk and water in equal part- Turn out on lightly floured board, pat and roll to ½ inch thick. Shape with a biscuit cutter. Have the strawberry sauce boiling hot and put the dumplings on the sauce. Cover closely and cook, without removing the cover, for 12 minutes. Serve hot with cream

Foamy Strawberry Sauce.

WASH and beat ½ cup butter until smooth and creamy. Add 1 cup sifted fine granulated sugar gradually. Slowly add 1 beaten egg white and 1 cup of sifted strawberry pulp, beating constantly.

Fluffy Strawberry Ice Cream (Easy).

WASH, pick over and hull 1 quart strawberries. Press through potato ricer or fruit press. Sprinkle with 1 cup sugar, cover and let stand several hours in a warm place "to ripen." Mix 1½ cups thick cream, 1½ cups scalded and chilled milk, a few grains salt and 4 stiffly beaten egg whites. Freeze to a mush and add the strawberry pulp Finish freezing.

Fruit Salad Dressing.

BEAT 2 eggs until light, add gradually, while beating constantly, 3 tablespoons melted butter, 3 table-poons lemon juice and a few grains salt. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until creamy and thick. When cold add 1 cup thick cream, beaten until stiff, ¼ cup powdered sugar, a few grains paprika and either a few drops vanilla or 1 drops onion juice

Sunshine Strawberries (North Carolina).

HULL, wash, drain and weigh choice strawberries. Have ready as many pounds of granulated sugar as strawberries. Arrange sugar and strawberries in alternate layers in preserving kettle. Set on back of stove about ½ hour to start the juice Bring to boiling point and cook about 20 minutes. Turn into platters or plates. Cover with pane of glass and set in sun for 2 or 3 days. Stir 2 or 3 times each day Then seal in sterilized jars. Cover tops with hot paraffin

Blueberry Muffins (By Request)

CREAM ½ cup butter, add 1 cup sugar gradually and beat until light. Add 2 eggs and beat well. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and 1 cup milk alternately with 2½ cups flour sifted with 2½ teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Beat well after each addition. Fold in 1 cup blueberries mixed with 1 cup of drained berries. Combine remaining flour with the butter mixture, adding 1 cup milk gradually. Mix well and fill buttered muffin pans ⅔ full. Bake in a moderate oven about 25 minutes.

Cream Biscuits (By Request).

MIX and sift 2½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar and 2½ teaspoons cream of tartar. Add 1 cup very thick sweet cream. Mix lightly. Add a little flour if needed to make of consistency to roll. Turn out on floured board, kneed lightly for about ½ minute, pat and roll about ½ inch thick. Shape with a small cutter and bake about 15 minutes in a hot oven.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit.	Orange Juice,	Fruit.	Fruit.	Orange Juice,	Fruit.	Fruit or
Whole Grain Cereal,	Cereal.	Cereal.	Cereal.	Cereal.	Cereal,	Fruit Juice,
Poached Eggs on Toast.	Baked Bacon, Toasted English Muffins, Coffee.	Scrambled Eggs. Thin Golden Corn Bread, Coffee.	Cooked Eggs. Melba Toast, Coffee	French Toast, Apple Marmalade, Coffee.	Fruited Dried Beef, Corn Muffins. Coffee.	Plain Omelet, French Rolls, Coffee.
Coffee.	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Luncheon	Italian Risotto,	Baked Stuffed	Carrot Loaf	*(Company)*	Old-Fashioned	Fruit Cocktail
Macaroni au Gratin,	Philadelphia Relish,	Egg Plant, Cabbage	with Egg Sauce,	Tomato Bouillon.	Vegetable Soup with Noodles,	or Clear Soup,
Spring Vegetable Salad	Stewed Plums.	Tartare, Ice Box	Brown Bread, Strawberry and	Deviled Crab Flakes,	Reheated Corn Muffins or	Smothered Chicken,
Corn Sticks.	Cookies.	Graham Rolls,	Cottage Cheese	Asparagus,	Bread Sticks,	Corn Soufflé.
Rhubarb Compote	Tea	Prune Trifle,	Salad,	Olives,	Cherry Tarts	Steamed Rice,
Dinner	*Dinner*	Tea.	Tea.	Gherkins,	(Pastry	Steamed Green
Celery and	Baked	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	Ice Box Rolls,	left from	Vegetable.
Ham	Fish	Mexican	Macaroni	Red Raspberry	Apple Pie),	Spiced Sweet
Hen	Steaks,	Macaroni	Casserole of	Shortcake.	Tea	Pickled Prunes
and Onion,	Potato	Casserole of	Veal,	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	or Plums,
Buttered	Balls,	Veal,	Steamed	Pot Roast	Cold Left-Over	Ice Cream.
Beans,	Vegetables in	Steamed	Potatoes or	of Lamb,	Lamb,	*May Day Cake.*
Baked	Casserole,	Potatoes or	Buttered	Riced Potatoes	Creamed	*Supper*
Potatoes.	Tomato	Buttered	Spaghetti,	or Paprika	Potatoes,	Peanut Butter
Raw Turnip	Salad.	Asparagus	Tomato,	Dumplings,	Glazed Carrots,	Sandwiches,
Salad,	One-Two-Three	Salad with	Cucumber,	Macedoine	Spinach,	Radish
Strawberry	Blanc	Chives	Asparagus	Vegetable	Mint Jelly	Sandwiches.
Bavarian.	Mange.	French	and	Salad.	Salad,	Molded Cottage
		Dressing,	Radish Salad,	French	Caramel	Cheese with
		Banana	Pineapple	Dressing,	Frozen Bread	Cherry or
		Lemon	Surprise.	Apple Pie.	Pudding.	Currant Jelly,
		Sherbet.				Crackers,
						Iced Cocoa.

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3035—READY FOR ACTION! FROCK MAY HAVE COVERED SHOULDER, TOO Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 36 inch fabric.

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Pattern 3229—JABOT ADORNING PANEL HELPS SLENDERIZING EFFECT OF WHOLE DRESS. Designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39 inch fabric and ½ yard contrasting.

Pattern 3228— SOFT WAISTLINE TREATMENT FOR STOUT JABOT ANOTHER SOFT NOTE. Designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 39 inch fabric and ½ yard contrasting

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2 cups hot boiled Rice
2 tablespoons fat
2 onions, sliced
4 tomatoes
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
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Arrange rice on platter
shrimp sauce, hot. Serves

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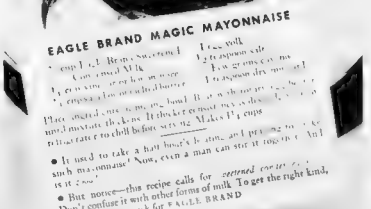

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1 cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon dry mustard
1 cup salad oil
Place sweetened condensed milk, lemon juice, salt, mustard and oil in bowl. Beat with rotary beater or egg whisk until thick. Makes 1½ cups

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Ginger Rogers

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The choicest bacon—fresh and flavorful!

You start with the choicest bacon—Armour's Fixed Flavor Star Sliced Bacon. Just the right proportions of lean and fat! Brought to a matchless flavor by Armour's secret process! Fragrant with the smoke of glowing hickory fires! Always fresh, from the first slice to the last! And always the same delicious flavor—no matter when or where or how you buy it! In the new carton, the slices packed closely together—in cellophane—or in the solid piece!

Then you pair up the bacon with Armour's Star Frankfurters—skilfully blended, mildly seasoned, and so tender and juicy they're a joy to grownups and the finest kind of food for children. Next, in the baked potato you place a pat of Armour's Cloverbloom Butter, containing the richness of eight half-pints of table cream in every pound. Lastly, you add green beans, a salad, a dessert. And there, Madam, is a feast well worthy of your royal family!

Armour's foods triple-guarded for quality

The secret of this appetizing meal is that all Armour foods are *triple-guarded*. First, Armour Meats are carefully selected for quality. Second, all meat products from the packing plants of Armour and Company are United States Government inspected. *Something to think about, when you realize that one-third of all the fresh meat sold in America is not subject to federal inspection!* Third, all Armour meats are prepared in kitchens as clean as your own. Armour provides the widest variety of foods for your table. All healthful. All surpassingly delicious. Make the Armour dealer your food headquarters, and the Armour Star your buying guide.

Free recipes and menu at your dealer's

Tomorrow, go to your nearest dealer who displays the Armour MEAL OF THE MONTH . . . and buy the bacon, the frankfurters, and all the makings at the one store. Follow the easy recipes. Make the wonderful barbecue sauce in exact accordance with Marie Gifford's directions. Then call in the family and treat them to this all-star meal *à la* Ginger Rogers—Armour's barbecued Frankfurters and Bacon!

© 1936, Armour and Company

Armour brings you a new and delicious meal each month. Make the store which features Armour's "Meal of the Month" your food headquarters, and the Armour Star your buying guide.

WHERE YOU SEE THIS DISPLAY *look for the Meal of the Month "Specials"*

FREE! Complete Recipes and Menu

This is the menu I planned for the *barbecued frankfurters and bacon*. I think you'll like it.

Barbecued Star Frankfurters and Star Bacon
Baked Potatoes—Butter Green Beans
Mixed Raw Vegetable Salad
Rye Bread Cloverbloom Butter
Dutch Apple Pie—Whipped Cream
Coffee

The barbecue sauce for the frankfurters and Bacon is as simple as it is delicious. Complete recipes for this sauce—and for the salad and pie—are contained in my free booklet. Ask your dealer for a copy.

Marie Gifford
Food Economist of Armour's

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

TUNE IN the Armour Hour starring Phil Baker, Friday evenings, 9:30 P. M., E. D. S. T., 8:30 P. M., E. S. T., WJZ and NBC Blue Network.

50 COMICS | 10 CENTS | 32 PAGES

THE COMIC WEEKLY

SECTION OF THE

BOSTON ADVERTISER

Sunday, May 5, 1935

BRINGING UP FATHER

Registered U. S. Patent Office

MRS. JIGGS! IT'S NICE OF YOU TO INVITE ME TO DINNER TONIGHT- I'LL BE THERE- HOW'S YOUR DAUGHTER?
SHE'S FINE- SHE'LL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU, COUNT-
OUR DAUGHTER IS GOING TO MARRY COUNT DE SABILITY- I'VE MADE UP OUR MINDS ABOUT THAT- HE IS CALLING TONIGHT-
I'D LIKE TO BE ON AN OCEAN LINER-
WHAT CAN WE DO, DADDY? I DETEST THAT COUNT- I'LL RUN AWAY BEFORE I'LL MARRY THAT EEL-
IT SHOULD BE ONLY A MISDEMEANOR TO BEAT A GUY LIKE THAT-
HOW DO I LOOK? I FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE ENOUGH TO BE WELL-DRESSED-
YOU'RE FAR FROM BEING A MOVIE IDOL- AND DON'T SMOKE THAT HORRID PIPE- YOU'VE GOT THE HOUSE FILLED WITH SMOKE NOW-
THERE GOES THE DOORBELL: I GUESS THAT'S THE PEST-
I BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT I AM COUNT DE SABILITY-
THAT'S ALL RIGHT- YOU DON'T HAVE TO APOLOGIZE-
EXCUSE ME A MINUTE- I'LL GIT AN ASH-TRAY TO PUT THEM CINDERS IN-
THAT'S JOLLY NICE OF YOU, OLD SOCK-
WELL! OF ALL THINGS!
DIDN'T I TELL YOU NOT TO SMOKE?
YOU!!
YES- WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME?
THIS IS AN OUTRAGE- GIVE ME MY HAT AND COAT-
E-E-K!
?
OH, DADDY! WASN'T IT GREAT? I DON'T THINK HE'LL EVER COME BACK-
IF HE DOES, HE'LL NEVER LOOK THE SAME- HE'S OUT OF OUR LIVES- O-KAY-
GMcMANUS
5-5

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES of JOHNNY ROUND-THE-WORLD

By WILLIAM LA VARRE
(The Noted Explorer)

A DIAMOND HUNT IN BRITISH GUIANA

MAJOR JUPITER'S DISCOVERY OF PERIDOTITE BOULDERS, CONTAINING DIAMONDS, WAS CLIMAXED BY JOHNNY JUPITER'S DISCOVERY OF THE EXACT SPOT FROM WHICH THE DIAMOND-ROCK BROKE LOOSE FROM THE MOUNTAIN MATRIX. THE SOURCE OF ALLUVIAL DIAMONDS WAS FOUND! BIG NEWS WHICH MUST BE TRANSMITTED IMMEDIATELY, AND SECRETLY, TO HEADQUARTERS!...

GEORGETOWN

1 COLLECT ALL THE DIAMONDS FROM THE PANNERS, HECTOR. SEND UP THE RADIO BOXES

SOME LUCK, DAD, MILLIONS OF DIAMONDS... IN THE ROCK WAITING TO BE MINED

2 EXCELLENT GEMS, PERIDOTITE IS SUCH SOFT ROCK EVERY NEW RAIN-STORM WASHES MORE GEMS INTO THE STREAMS

BUT THESE HAVEN'T TRAVELED FAR ENOUGH TO BE DAMAGED. SOME ZOOM SHOT.

3

A HANDFUL OF DIAMONDS
ZOOM PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHNNY JUPITER

4 I'M GOING TO CALL THE NEW YORK OFFICE AND REPORT

ISN'T THAT DANGEROUS, DAD WON'T EVERYBODY LISTEN IN?

N W O E S

5 NO ONE CAN LISTEN IN ON OUR CONVERSATION, JOHNNY. I'M USING THE "G" WAVE

6 PUT LONG WIRES ON THE GENERATOR, JOHNNY.. SO THE MEN WILL BE TOO FAR AWAY TO HEAR

7 O.K., DAD, THEY'RE CRANKING CURRENT

CALLING Q... CALLING NEW YORK, Q. .... CALLING Q. NEW YORK

8 WHY WE DO THIS ?

MAN! DIS AM A LIGHTNING-BOX WE IS MAKIN' BIG 'LECTRICITY!

JUPITER CALLING.... JUPITER EXPEDITION..... CALLING Q FROM BRITISH GUIANA

9 NEW YORK?-Q?-7?... YES, JUPITER SPEAKING... 7YX TO Q7... YES, WE'VE LOCATED SOURCE OF GUIANA DIAMONDS.. LOCATED DIAMOND SOURCE... VERY LARGE. PERIDOTITE MATRIX

10 GOOD WORK, MAJOR! EXCELLENT! BUT DR. Z SENDS BAD NEWS... FOREIGN AGENT, DISGUISED AS A BUG-COLLECTOR, IN GEORGETOWN! DANGER THERE.... BEWARE OF SPY PLANE!

JOHNNY JUPITER'S Treasure Quest is fraught with many Unsuspected Dangers!

Next week:- **ZOOM DISASTER!**

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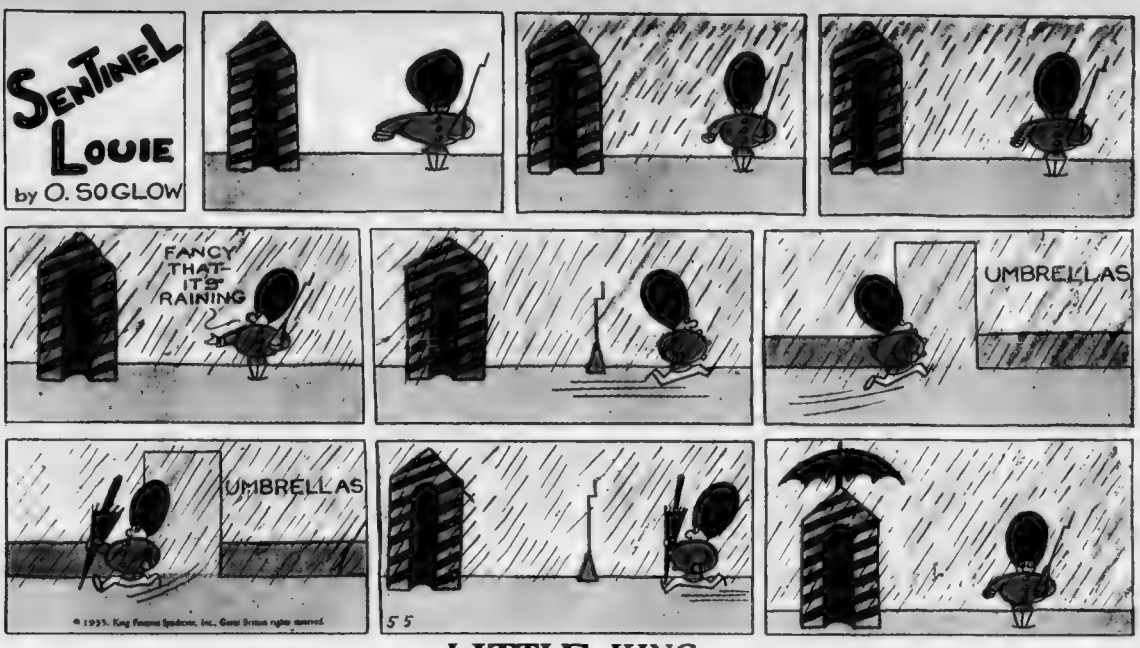

LITTLE KING

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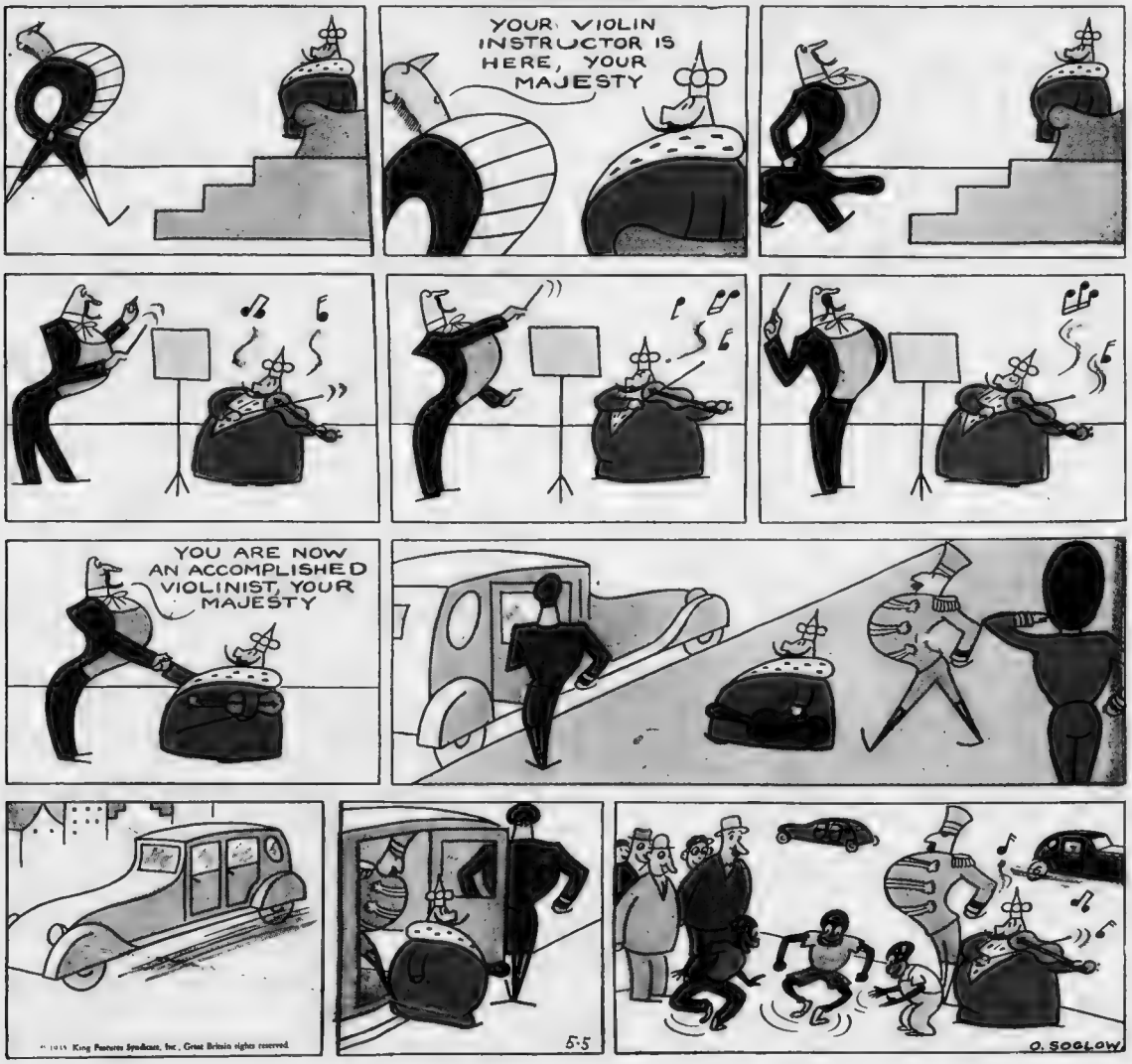
YOUR VIOLIN INSTRUCTOR IS HERE, YOUR MAJESTY
YOU ARE NOW AN ACCOMPLISHED VIOLINIST, YOUR MAJESTY
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5-5
O. SOGLOW

TILLIE THE TOILER

BY RUSS WESTOVER

I'M RONNIE RENSSELAER- I HEAR YOU'RE HAVING TROUBLE WITH YOUR PILOT
ER - YES - WE'RE ABOUT TO GIVE IT UP AS A FLOP
MOTHER WANTS YOU ALL TO COME TO HER GARDEN PARTY
THAT'LL BE LOVELY. I'LL TELL MR. SIMPKINS
MRS. RENSSELAER HAS ASKED US TO COME TO HER GARDEN PARTY
THAT'S FINE! WE ACCEPT
WE'VE COME AT YOUR KIND INVITATION
YES, MATER - THE REST ARE COMING UP THE DRIVE
TELL THEM TO ASSEMBLE ON THE LAWN
TILLIE'LL BE DIANA - RONNIE, ADONIS - SOME ONE MUST WEAR THIS SUIT AND BE PAN - MR. MAC - YOU'RE PAN
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY PAN?
COME ON, MAC
HE'LL BE PAN ALL RIGHT OR ELSE
AW - THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOAT
AND YOU'RE IT
BE NICE, MAC, AND I'LL SAVE YOU A DANCE
LOOK OUT, PAN, YOU'LL LOSE YOUR PANTS
MISS JONES MAKES A CHARMING DIANA
YEAH AND MAC REMINDS ME OF BOCK BEER
TWEET TWEET
GRR
I KNEW I'D HAVE SOME KIND OF TROUBLE IN THIS GOAT COSTUME
MUCH LATER
WHAT A ROMANTIC SPOT
YES, BUT I'M WORRIED ABOUT MAC
IT'S A RHEUMATIC SPOT, IF YUH ASK ME - CALL YOUR MUTT OFF AND I'LL COME DOWN
5-5
RUSS WESTOVER

SILLY SYMPHONY
by
WALT DISNEY
THE PRINCESS WILL CHOOSE FROM THROUGHOUT COOKIELAND, THE WORTHIEST SUITOR TO OFFER HER HAND! IN ORDER TO SHOW HER THAT HE IS THE BEST, THE WINNER MUST PASS THROUGH A SERIES OF TESTS!
HER BEAUTY, THEY SAY, IS A JOY TO BEHOLD! SHE'S NEVER BEEN SEEN OUT IN PUBLIC I'M TOLD
THE RULES FOR THE TESTS, YOU ALL LATER WILL KNOW! AND NOW—MY GOOD FELLOWS, YOU MAY AS WELL GO!
YOUR HIGHNESS, I HOPE WINS A MAN OF GOOD BIRTH!
SUPPOSE THAT HE IS— IT WILL NOT PROVE HIS WORTH!
POWDERED SUGAR
I'VE THOUGHT OF A PLAN— WE ARE BOTH THE SAME SIZE! YOU TAKE MY PLACE HERE WHILE I'M OUT IN DISGUISE!
POWDERED SUGAR
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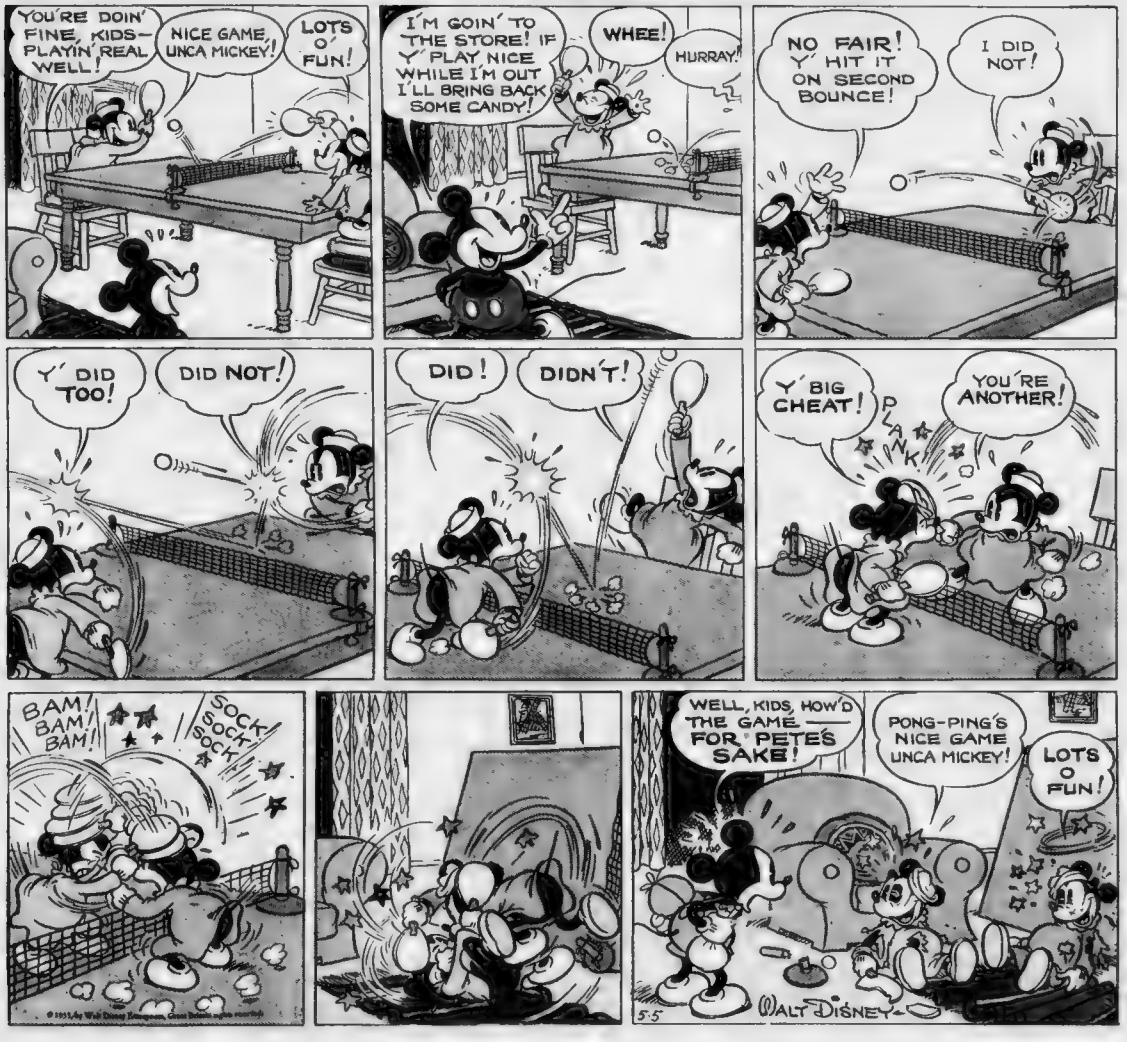
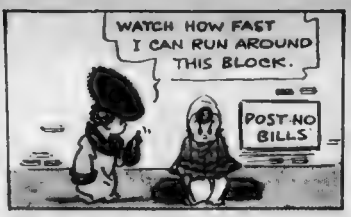
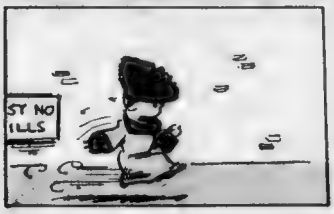
I'LL MARRY NO MAN WHO'S IN LOVE WITH A THRONE MY HUSBAND MUST LOVE ME FOR MYSELF ALONE!
MUFFINS
55

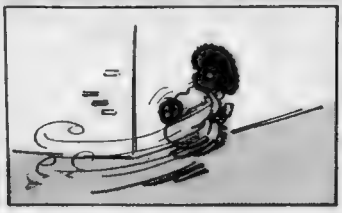
MICKEY MOUSE

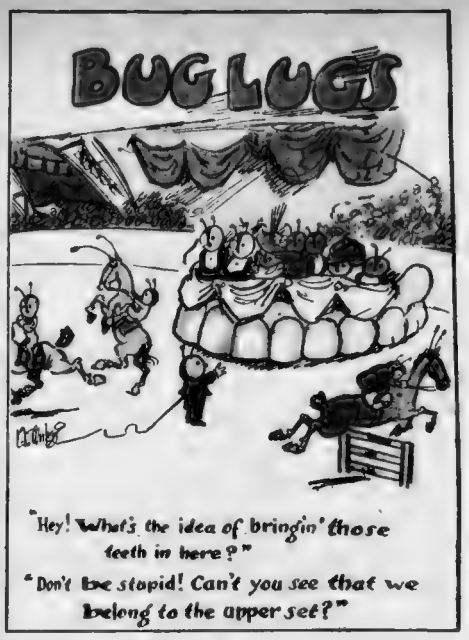
REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE











SKIPPY

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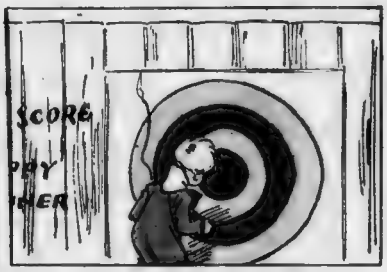

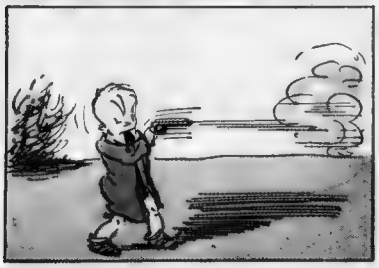

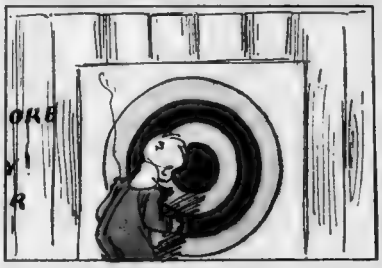

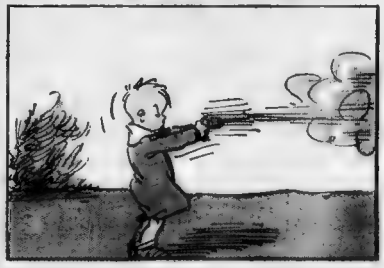

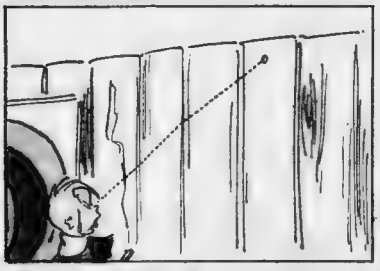

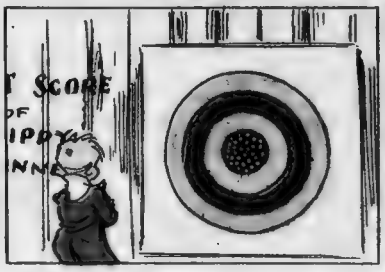

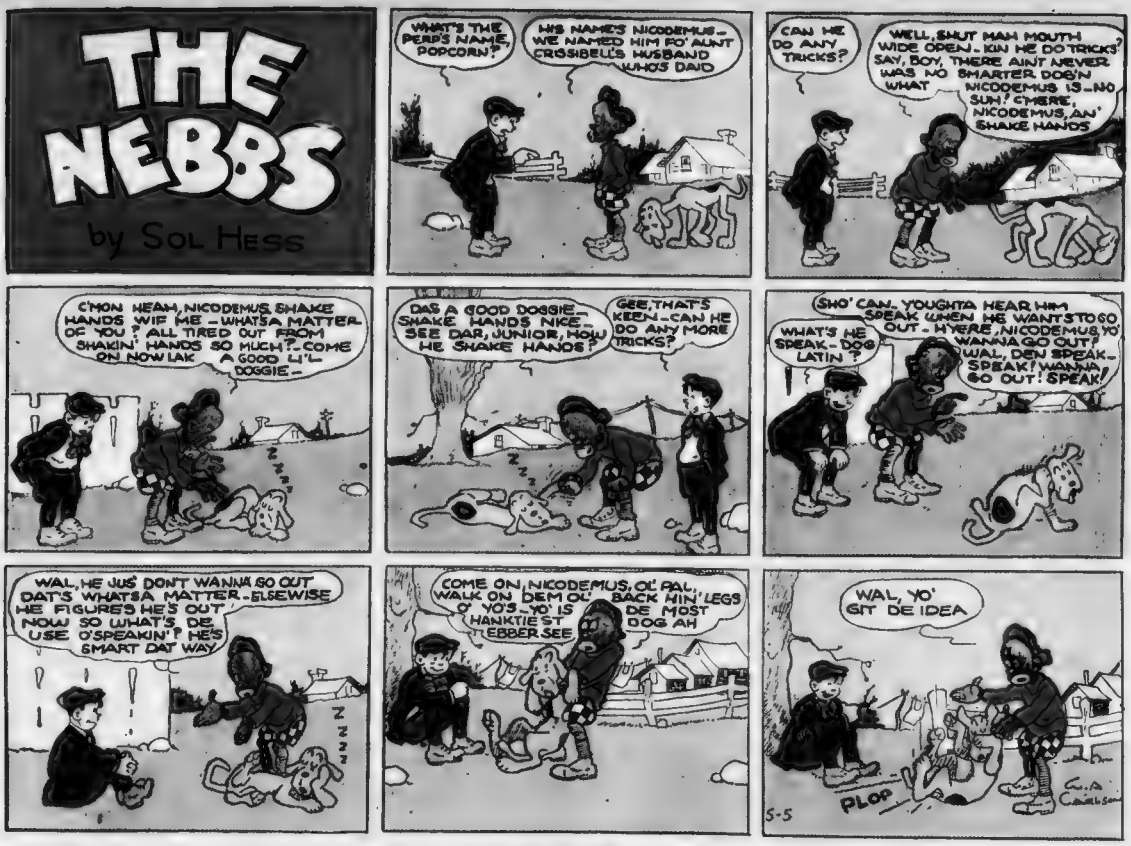
THE NEBBS
by Sol Hess
WHAT'S THE PERP'S NAME, POPCORN?
HIS NAME'S NICODEMUS - WE NAMED HIM FO' AUNT CRISSIBELL'S HUSBAND WHO'S DAID
CAN HE DO ANY TRICKS?
WELL, SHUT MAH MOUTH WIDE OPEN - KIN HE DO TRICKS? SAY, BOY, THERE AINT NEVER WAS NO SMARTER DOG'N NICODEMUS IS - NO SUH! C'MERE NICODEMUS, AN' SHAKE HANDS
C'MON HEAH, NICODEMUS, SHAKE HANDS WIF ME - WHAT'SA MATTER OF YOU? ALL TIRED OUT FROM SHAKIN' HANDS SO MUCH? - COME ON NOW LAK A GOOD LI'L DOGGIE -
DAS A GOOD DOGGIE - SHAKE HANDS NICE - SEE DAR, JUNIOR, HOW HE SHAKE HANDS?
GEE, THAT'S KEEN - CAN HE DO ANY MORE TRICKS?
SHO' CAN. YOUGHTA HEAR HIM SPEAK WHEN HE WANTS TO GO OUT - HYERE, NICODEMUS, YO' WANNA GO OUT? WAL, DEN SPEAK - SPEAK! WANNA GO OUT! SPEAK!
WHAT'S HE SPEAK - DOG LATIN?
WAL, HE JUS' DON'T WANNA GO OUT DAT'S WHAT'SA MATTER - ELSEWISE HE FIGURES HE'S OUT NOW SO WHAT'S DE USE O'SPEAKIN'? HE'S SMART DAT WAY
COME ON, NICODEMUS, OL' PAL, WALK ON DEM OL' BACK HIN' LEGS O' YO'S - YO' IS DE MOST HANKTIEST DOG AH EBBER SEE
WAL, YO' GIT DE IDEA
PLOP
5-5
G. A. Carlson

SIMP O'DILL

HELLO, BABY, THIS IS SIMP - I SAY THIS IS SIMP - NO, NOT YOU - I AM ---
- NO, NO, SIMP - THIS IS SIMP, BABY - NO, I DIDN'T CALL YOU A SHRIMP - I SAID THIS IS ---
SIMP - S-I-M-P - YOU CAN'T HEAR ME, YOU SAY? - HANG UP AND I'LL CALL YOU IN A FEW MINUTES
I GET SO AGGRAVATED AT TELEPHONES SOMETIMES, I DO
2ND ST
PUBLIC PHONE
5TH ST
OUT OF ORDER
I SAID A FEW MINUTES AND I GOTTA HURRY, I DO
THIRTY-THIRD STREET
NOW KIN YOU HEAR ME BETTER? - I'M IN TH' DRUG STORE RIGHT DOWN - STAIRS OF YOU BABY
DRU
5-5
G. A. Carlson

THE TOPPER TWINS!
C.D.RUSSELL
I JUST PEEKED OUT THE WINDOW AND THOSE SHULTZ KIDS ARE LAYING FOR US JUST AS THEY SAID THEY WOULD!
WELL NEVER GET TO SCHOOL WITHOUT A BEATING-UP!
THIS REQUIRES DEEP CONSIDERATION!
I GOT IT!
THEY WONT SOCK US WEARING GLASSES — IT WOULDNT BE SPORTING!
THAT EVENING
WHERE ARE THOSE KIDS?
IS HE COMING?
I CANT SEE ANY BETTER THAN YOU CAN!
5-5
C.D.RUSSELL

PETE THE TRAMP

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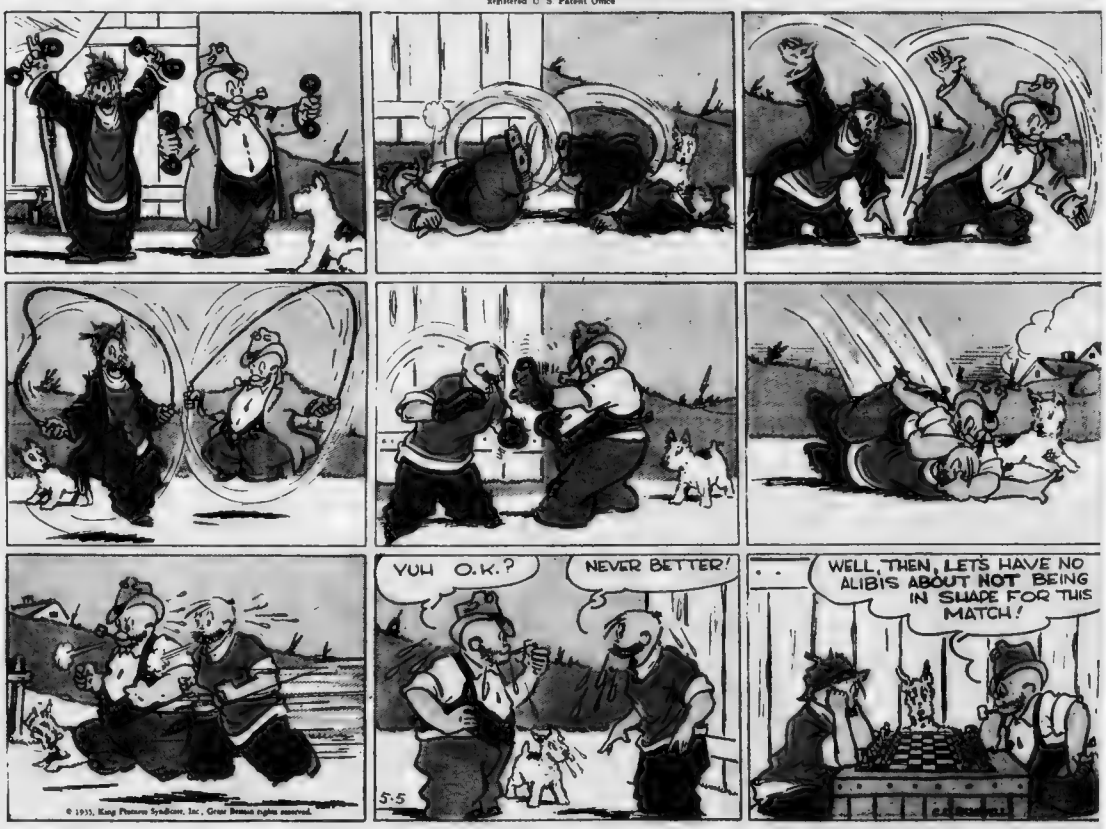
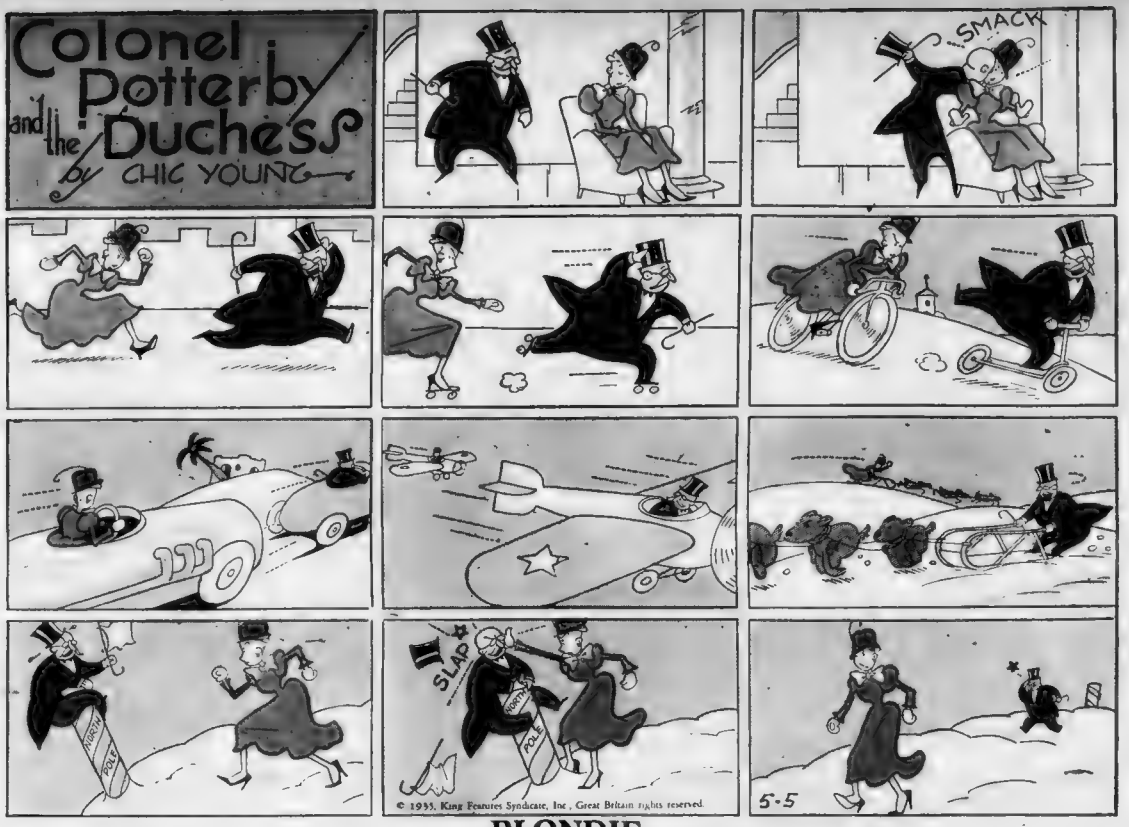


RED BARRY
Will Gould
WITH HIS FANTASTIC "MOON DEATH-RAY" DEVICE FAILING TO FUNCTION, THE WILY VON RINKER CONCEIVES A NEW PLAN FOR THE UNDER-COVER MAN'S DESTRUCTION....
YES—IT WOULD BE FAR BETTER FOR ALL CONCERNED, IF YOU—HEH-HEH—COMMITTED SUICIDE BY JUMPING TO THE STREET BELOW !!
JUMP!
WHAT, NO LIVER?
JUMP, YOU INSOLENT SWINE, OR I SHALL EMPTY THIS REVOLVER AT YOUR HEART !!
AH, DOC, BUT THAT'S MURDER!
GUSTAVE, HE IS DRIVING ME TO DISTRACTION!!
THAT'S NO DRIVE, IT'S A PUTT !!
THE MAN KNOWS NO FEAR, GUSTAVE... HE IS A DEVIL... A RED DEVIL !!
I DUNNO, DOC, SOME FOLKS CALLS ME A RED ANGEL... WHAT'S LIMBERGER TO YOU MAY BE PERFUME TO ANOTHER GUY !!
If Von Rinker's a killer, then grandma is Lucretia Borgia....
OKAY, DOC, I WON'T HOLD THE WORKS UP ANY LONGER... CAN I MAKE A CRACK BEFORE I GO?
PROCEED, BUT I ASSURE YOU IT FALLS ON DEAF EARS !!
I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I LEFT WORD WITH MY GOOD FRIEND, INSPECTOR SCOTT, TO ARREST YOU IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO ME !!
NOW I JUMP !!
STOP!
NOPE—I'VE MADE UP MY MIND... I'M GONNA JUMP !!
STOP— I IMPLORE YOU !!
YOU WIN... NOW I'VE GOT SOME QUESTIONS FOR YOU TO ANSWER. BUT—
-NOT WHILE GUSSY'S AWAKE!!
SOCK
STRANGE BEHAVIOR FOR BARRY— VERY STRANGE.....to be continued..
5-5


Colonel Potterby and the Duchess
by CHIC YOUNG
SMACK
SLAP
5-5
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BLONDIE
Registered U. S. Patent Office
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SPRING EVENING!
NOW DON'T WANDER OFF - YOUR SUPPER WILL BE READY IN A FEW MINUTES
DAGWOOD! YOUR SUPPER IS ON THE TABLE, YOO-HOO!
HAVE YOU GENTLEMEN SEEN MY HUSBAND?
HE WAS HERE A FEW MINUTES AGO, BUT HE LEFT!
YES, HE CAME BY AND TALKED FOR A MINUTE AND THEN WANDERED OFF!
OH, DEAR!
HE WATCHED US AWHILE ... I DIDN'T NOTICE WHICH WAY HE WENT!
WELL, IF THAT'S ALL HE CARES ABOUT HIS SUPPER, HE CAN GO WITHOUT IT! I'M GOING HOME AND EAT!
WHERE YUH BEEN? COME ON, SIT DOWN AND EAT!
HONESTLY! YOU'RE GOING TO DRIVE ME COO-COO!
5-5
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The TIME TOP

by

WILLIAM RITT & CLARENCE GRAY

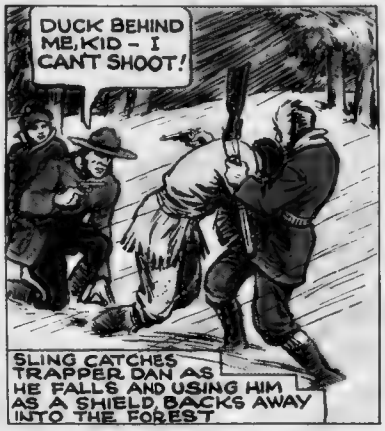
BRICK BRADFORD

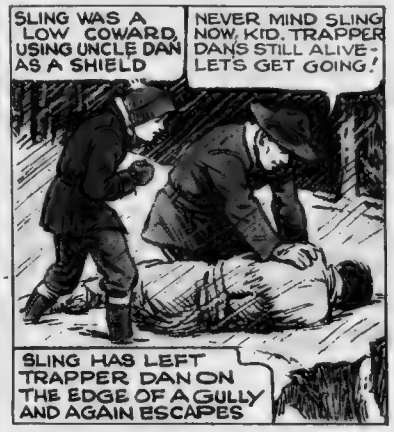
Registered U. S. Patent Office

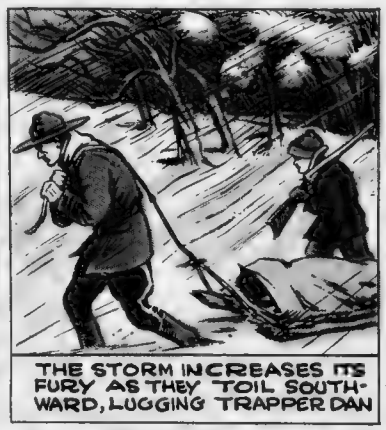
HEARKEN! I AM PRINCE ATLI, HEIR TO THIS ISLE—AKRU IS A USURPER. BUT WITH YOUR AID, I MAY ESCAPE!
YOU MAY BE AS CRAZY AS THE OTHERS—BUT I'LL TRY IT!

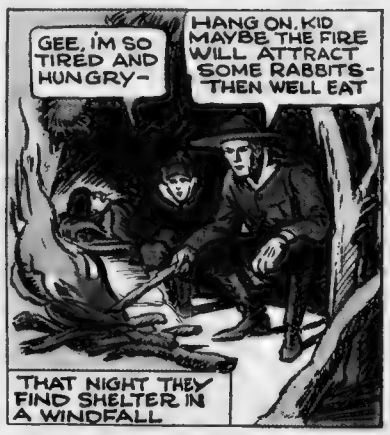
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

by ZANE GREY




SLING WAS A LOW COWARD, USING UNCLE DAN AS A SHIELD
NEVER MIND SLING NOW, KID. TRAPPER DAN'S STILL ALIVE - LETS GET GOING!
SLING HAS LEFT TRAPPER DAN ON THE EDGE OF A GULLY AND AGAIN ESCAPES




GEE, I'M SO TIRED AND HUNGRY-
HANG ON, KID MAYBE THE FIRE WILL ATTRACT SOME RABBITS - THEN WELL EAT
THAT NIGHT THEY FIND SHELTER IN A WINDFALL

LOOK! OUR HORSES! THEY MUST HAVE BROKEN LOOSE AN' DRIFTED WITH THE STORM.. NO WONDER YOU COULDN'T FIND 'EM
YOU'RE RIGHT, KID... I'LL GO AFTER THEM
NEXT DAY- THE STORM HAS NOT ABATED...

THE KEWPIES
BY Rose O'Neill
FELLOW CITIZENS, YOU BEHOLD ME IN THE NOBLE ACT OF ADOPTING MY YOUNG NEPHEW, GOBBY!
UNCLE HOB, YOURE GRAND! ACCEPT THIS OFFERING FROM ADMIRING FRIENDS!
BLURB!
SUCCESS
RAH! RAH! RAH!
HM·· EVIDENTLY I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING TO IMPROVE HIS MIND.
OOB!
MAYBE YOU BETTER READ THIS TO HIM, UNCLE HOB, "HOW TO CHEER UP UNCLES."
GOOB!
BRIGHT CHILD!
HOW TO CHEER UP UNCLES
WHO IN HECK PUT THAT ON ME?.. GOBBY?!
KITTY!
NOW, MY CHILD, IN THIS BOOK A GREAT MIND SPEAKS. I WROTE IT, MYSELF!
HOW TO CHEER UP UNCLES
GA-GA!
IF YOU GROW UP LIKE UNCLE YOU MAY RECEIVE A SIMILAR TOKEN OF ESTEEM.
BA!
NOW LISTEN, "EVERY CHILD WHO WISHES TO BECOME AN HONORED MEMBER OF SOCIETY"·
BLUB!
SUCCESS
"IN PERFORMANCE OF PUBLIC DUTIES ONE SHOULD MAINTAIN A PERFECT BALANCE"···
UPSY! UPSY!
SUCCESS
COO!
MY! MY!
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5·4

HALL OF FAME OF THE AIR

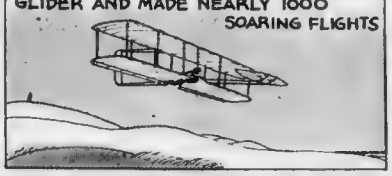
By CLAYTON KNIGHT

WILBUR AND ORVILLE WRIGHT

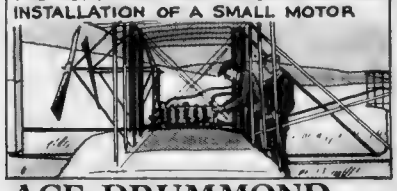
THE FIRST MEN TO FLY A PLANE WITH A MOTOR. IN A SMALL BICYCLE SHOP IN DAYTON, OHIO, THEY BEGAN THEIR EXPERIMENTS WITH A CRUDE WIND TUNNEL AND SUCCEEDED IN BUILDING A PLANE THAT FLEW.

ADAPTING CERTAIN PRINCIPLES FROM CHANUTE AND LILIENTHAL, THEY BUILT A GLIDER AND FLEW IT AS A KITE.

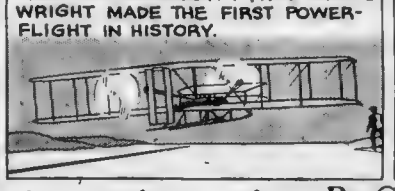
BY 1903 THEY HAD IMPROVED THEIR GLIDER AND MADE NEARLY 1000 SOARING FLIGHTS



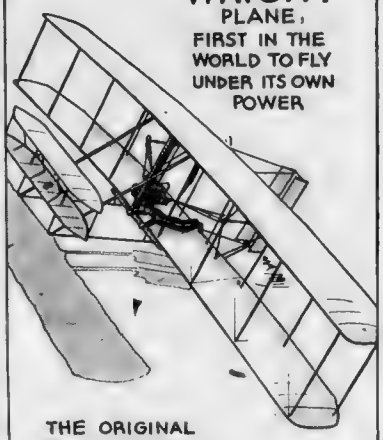
THE NEXT STEP WAS THE BUILDING AND INSTALLATION OF A SMALL MOTOR



THEN ON DECEMBER 17, 1903 ORVILLE WRIGHT MADE THE FIRST POWER-FLIGHT IN HISTORY.



THE WRIGHT PLANE, FIRST IN THE WORLD TO FLY UNDER ITS OWN POWER



THE ORIGINAL PLANE IS ON EXHIBITION AT THE SCIENCE MUSEUM IN LONDON.

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55

ACE DRUMMOND

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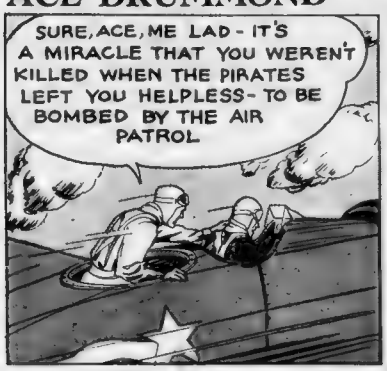
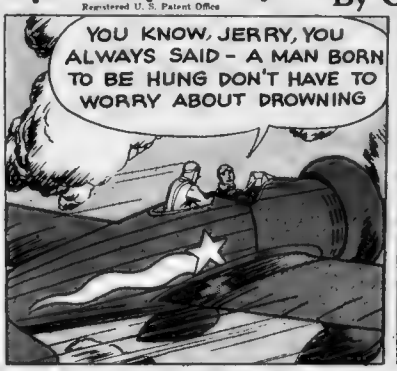
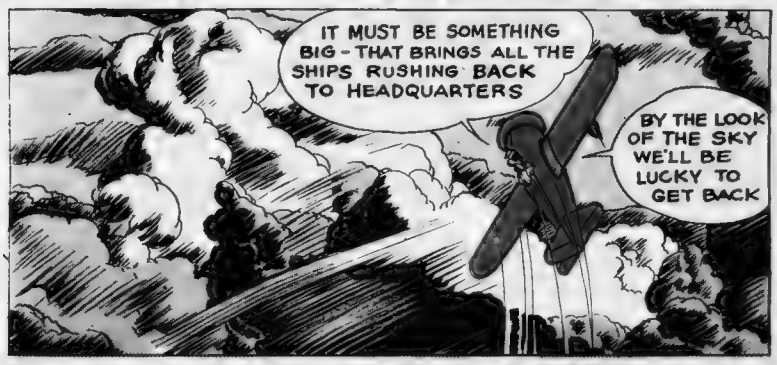
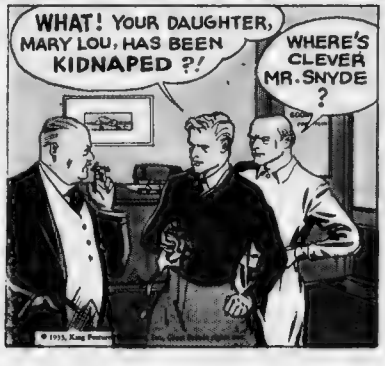
Registered U. S. Patent Office

By Captain Eddie Rickenbacker






IT MUST BE SOMETHING BIG - THAT BRINGS ALL THE SHIPS RUSHING BACK TO HEADQUARTERS
BY THE LOOK OF THE SKY WE'LL BE LUCKY TO GET BACK

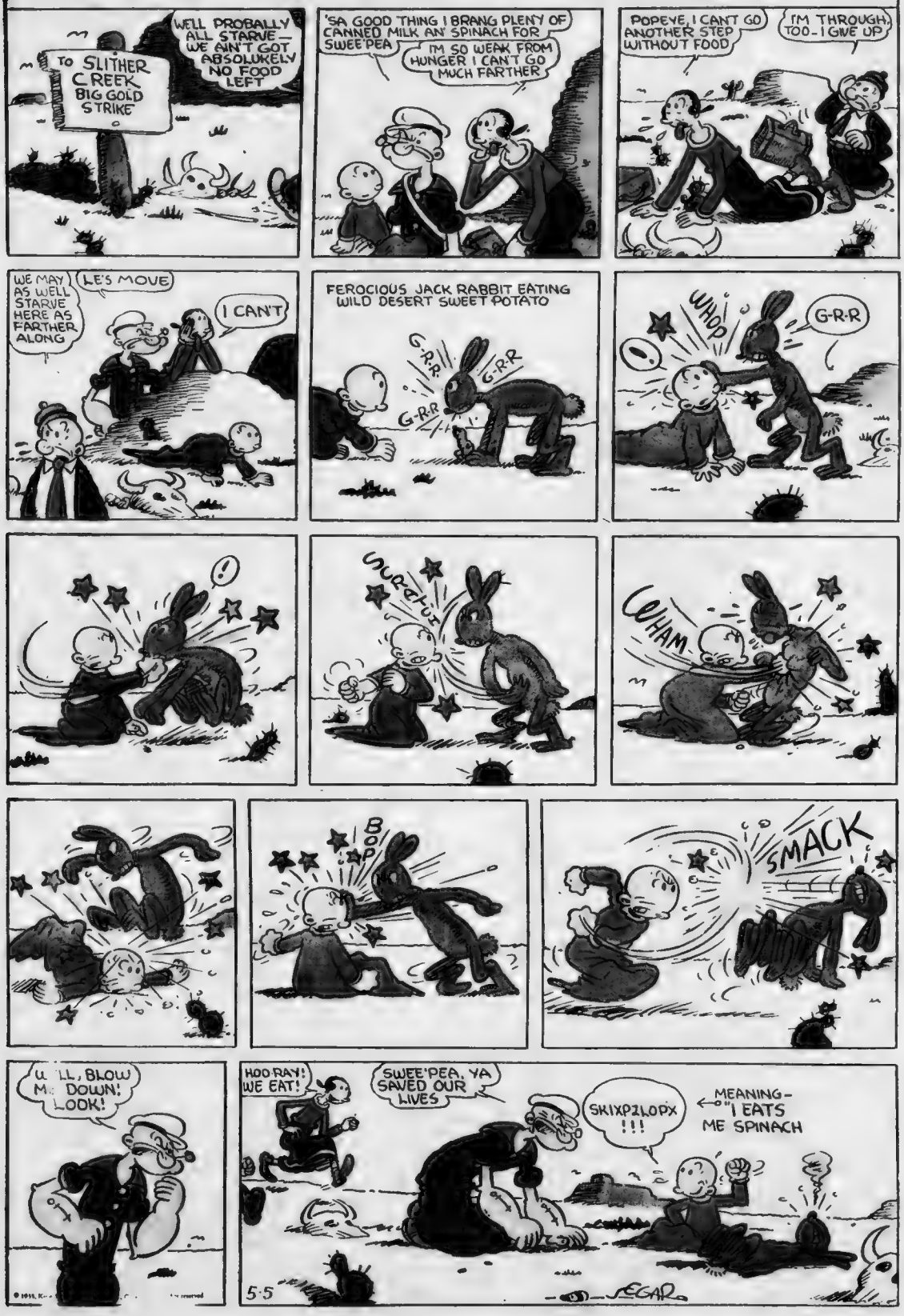


BUT THINK OF THIS GALE - YOU CAN'T SEE A FOOT AHEAD - THINK OF
THINK OF MARY LOU IN THE HANDS OF THE KIDNAPERS! LETS GO!
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

5-5

THIMBLE THEATRE

By SEGAR


TO SLITHER CREEK BIG GOLD STRIKE
WELL PROBALLY ALL STARVE— WE AIN'T GOT ABSOLUKELY NO FOOD LEFT
'SA GOOD THING I BRANG PLENY OF CANNED MILK AN' SPINACH FOR SWEE'PEA
I'M SO WEAK FROM HUNGER I CAN'T GO MUCH FARTHER
POPEYE, I CAN'T GO ANOTHER STEP WITHOUT FOOD
I'M THROUGH TOO-I GIVE UP
WE MAY AS WELL STARVE HERE AS FARTHER ALONG
LE'S MOVE
I CAN'T
FEROCIOUS JACK RABBIT EATING WILD DESERT SWEET POTATO
G-R-R
G-R-R
G-R-R
WHOP
G-R-R
!
SURATUT
WHAM
BOP
SMACK
U... LL, BLOW M... DOWN! LOOK!
HOORAY! WE EAT!
SWEE'PEA, YA SAVED OUR LIVES
SKIXPILOPX !!!
MEANING— "I EATS ME SPINACH
5-5
SEGAR

FLASH GORDON

WE SING OF ARMS AND HER

BY-
ALEX
RAYMOND

CAPTURED BY THE SLEEP-GAS OF THE MEN OF MAGIC, FLASH, DALE AND KHAN ARE CARRIED UNCONSCIOUS TO SYK, CASTLE OF AZURA, THE WITCH QUEEN---

I REPEAT MY TERMS--IF YOU WANT HER BROUGHT BACK FROM THE LAND OF SHADOWS, YOU MUST OBEY ME FOREVER--SHALL WE SEAL OUR BARGAIN WITH A DRINK?
I AM FORCED TO AGREE!

-NEXT WEEK-
MAN WITHOUT A PAST!

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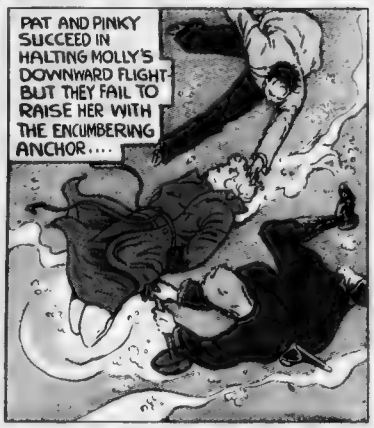
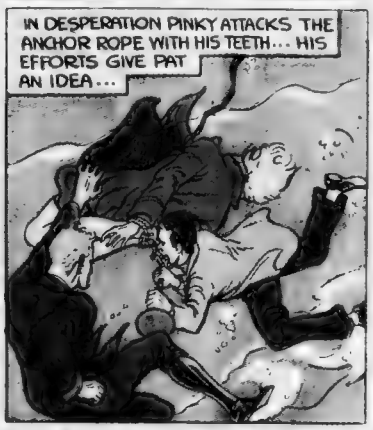
Radio PATROL

by EDDIE SULLIVAN and CHARLIE SCHMIDT

TIED HAND AND FOOT AND WEIGHTED DOWN WITH AN ANCHOR, MOLLY IS HURLED INTO THE SEA BY THE VICIOUS "SPEED", FIRST LIEUTENANT TO "THE CAP."





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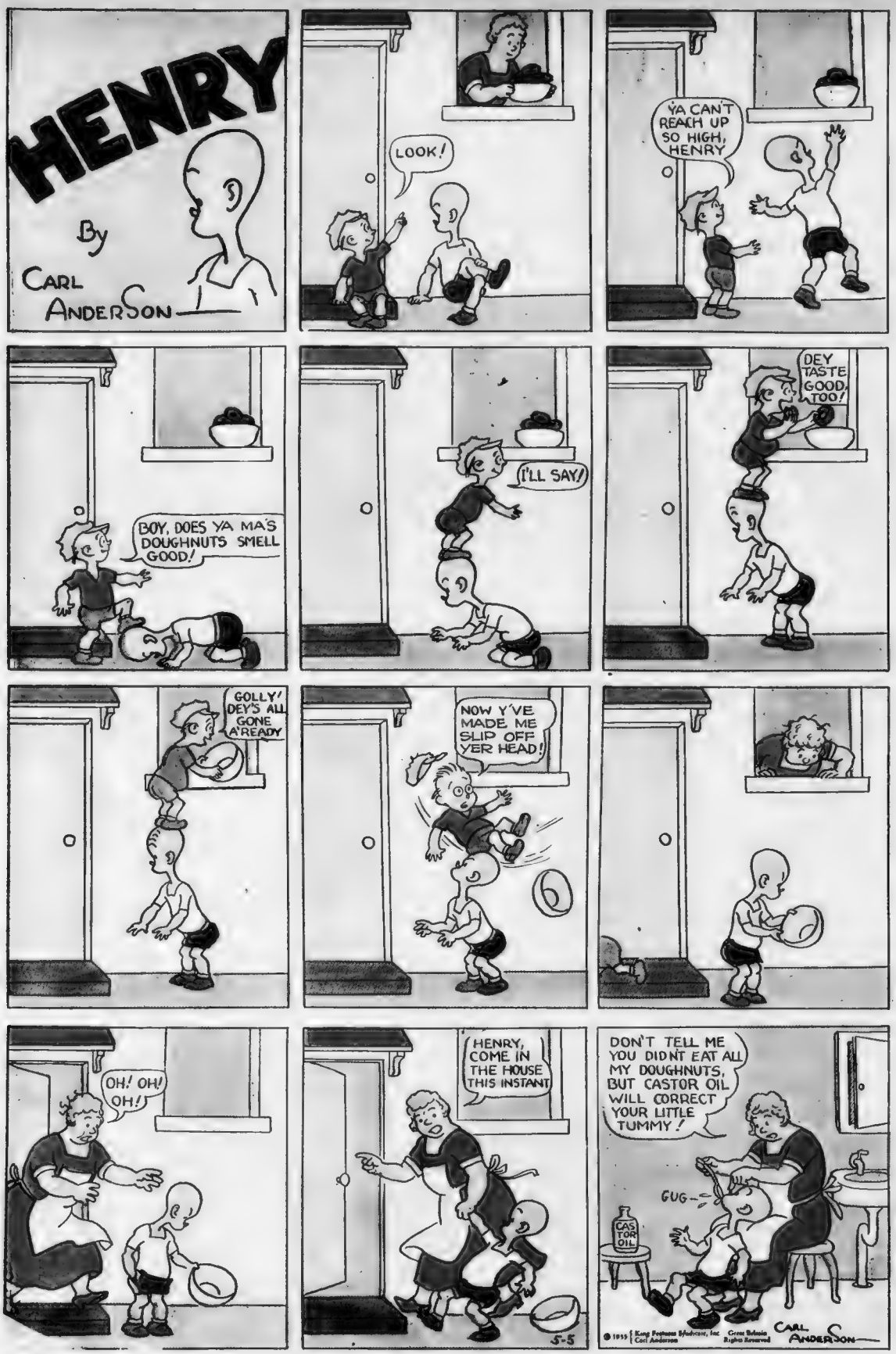
HENRY
By
CARL ANDERSON
LOOK!
YA CAN'T REACH UP SO HIGH, HENRY
BOY, DOES YA MA'S DOUGHNUTS SMELL GOOD!
I'LL SAY!
DEY TASTE GOOD, TOO!
GOLLY! DEY'S ALL GONE A'READY
NOW Y'VE MADE ME SLIP OFF YER HEAD!
OH! OH! OH!
HENRY, COME IN THE HOUSE THIS INSTANT
5-5
DON'T TELL ME YOU DIDN'T EAT ALL MY DOUGHNUTS, BUT CASTOR OIL WILL CORRECT YOUR LITTLE TUMMY!
GUG--
CASTOR OIL
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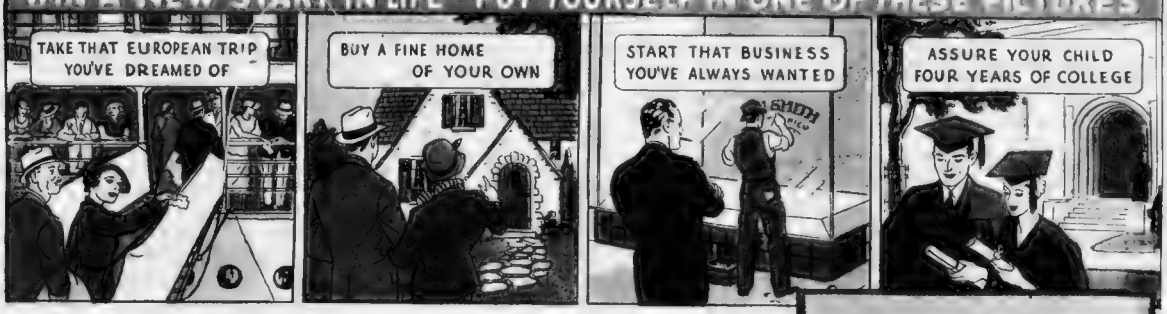
CARL ANDERSON

FREE! TWO FIRST PRIZES OF $5,000.00 EACH

562 OTHER CASH PRIZES IN THE IVORY SOAP "START IN LIFE" CONTEST

WIN A NEW START IN LIFE – PUT YOURSELF IN ONE OF THESE PICTURES


TAKE THAT EUROPEAN TRIP YOU'VE DREAMED OF
BUY A FINE HOME OF YOUR OWN
START THAT BUSINESS YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED
ASSURE YOUR CHILD FOUR YEARS OF COLLEGE

So simple . . . so Easy . . . that Anyone who Uses Soap can Win a First Prize. Read these Valuable Hints:

Just think what you could do with five thousand dollars in cash! You could take your whole family to Europe and still have money in the bank. You could build a home of your own or pay off your mortgage. You could start yourself up in business at a time when economic leaders say, "It's wise to start a business of your own." *You could have a new start in life.*

Or . . . if you took the other choice open to first prize winners . . . think how grand it would be if you could say to yourself: "Now I know my child will go through college and have a real start in life!"

All these are things you dream about. But now any of them can really happen! For here at last is an amazingly easy contest—the Ivory Start-In-Life Contest. Everyone—yes, even a child—has an excellent chance of winning a first prize. Why, all you have to do is name your six favorite uses for Ivory Soap and tell why you like it.

Ivory Has 1001 Uses

That oughtn't to take over a couple of minutes. Just think of all the different ways you use Ivory around your home. For your complexion . . . for your bath . . . for your shampoo . . . for baby's bath . . . for washing baby clothes . . . fine fabrics . . . silk stockings . . . dishes . . . enameled woodwork . . . linoleum . . . colored curtains and chintzes . . . for cleaning glassware . . . and many others.

Sentences Like These Can Win

And of course you know why you like Ivory Soap. Some women say: "I like it because it's gentle enough for even a baby's tender skin." Some say: "It's so kind to everything it touches and costs so little." Some say: "It's been kind to my complexion ever since I was little." And men say: "I like Ivory because it has no odor and because it floats." A sentence as sincere and interesting as one of these can win a big prize.

No Letters . . No Limericks . . Just Do This

Sit down right now and list your six favorite Ivory uses. Then write one sentence telling why you like Ivory Soap. Make the sentence interesting . . . keep it sincere . . . for that is the basis on which prizes will be awarded. Tomorrow morning get a receipt from the store where you buy Ivory showing you have purchased four cakes of Ivory Soap and attach that to your list and sentence. That's all you have to do to win a first prize or one of the other valuable prizes.

HERE'S ALL YOU DO:
(1) List the 6 most Practical uses for Ivory Soap You have found in your Home.
and
(2) Write a Sincere sentence Telling why You like Ivory Soap.

562 OTHER CASH PRIZES

Two First Prizes of $5,000.00 Each

1st Prize-Winners have this option:

4-year College Educations for their children

(They get $1200 a year for 4 years—and $1000 on graduation. Total value $5800)

2nd PRIZE . . . $1,000.00 CASH
3rd PRIZE . . . . . 500.00 CASH
NEXT 10 PRIZES . . 50.00 Cash Each
NEXT 50 PRIZES . . 10.00 Cash Each
NEXT 500 PRIZES . . 2.00 Cash Each

EASY TO WIN — READ THESE SIMPLE RULES CAREFULLY

1. List on a sheet of paper the six most practical uses you have found for Ivory Soap in your home. Then, below, tell in one sentence why you like Ivory Soap. Be sure to include your name and address plainly written.

2. Go to the store where you buy Ivory and get a sales slip or receipt showing the purchase of four cakes of Ivory Soap.

3. Send (1) your list of uses, (2) your sentence on why you like Ivory and (3) the sales slip (or receipt) to **IVORY START-IN-LIFE CONTEST, Dept. CW, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

4. Entries will be judged on the sincerity and interest of the sentences about Ivory Soap and prizes will be awarded on the sentences best meeting these requirements. The opinion of the judges must be accepted as final. In the event of a tie, identical prizes will be awarded to tying contestants. All entries submitted become the property of Procter & Gamble. The staff of judges is headed by Lettie Gay, prominent home economist and Mrs. Alice Wade Robinson, well-known Beauty News Editor.

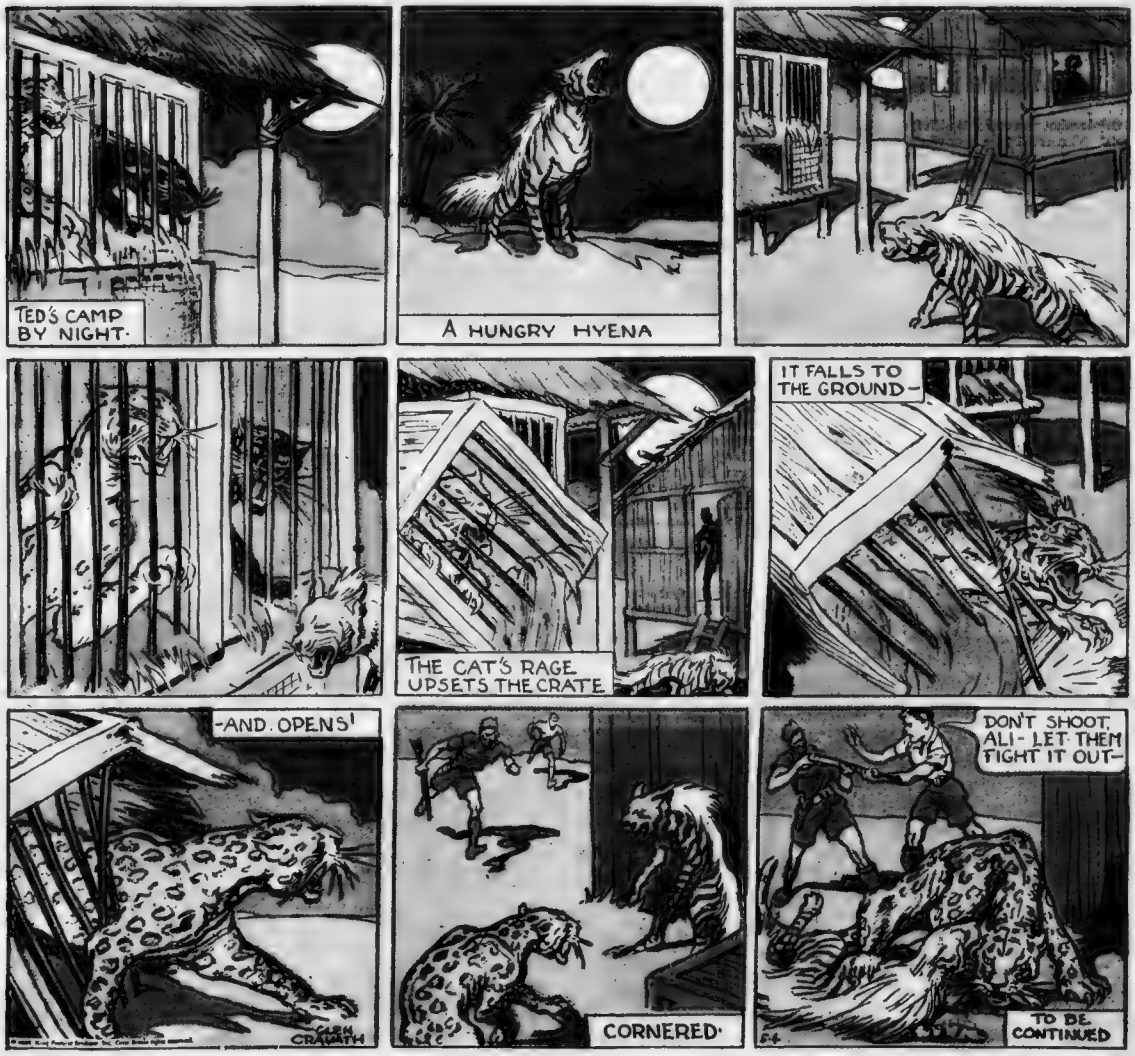
5. All entries must be postmarked before midnight, May 15th, 1935. Prize-winners will be notified by mail as soon as possible after the contest closes.

Contest subject to all provisions of Federal, State and Local Regulations. Employees and their relatives of Procter & Gamble and its advertising agencies are ineligible to take part in the contest.

ANIMAL LAND
THE STORY OF TUAN
DRAWN BY GLEN CRAVATH
SUPPER OF STONE-ROASTED CHICKEN, POIPOI AND FRUIT.
NEXT MORN THEY VISIT THE TRAP.
THE TRAP IS SPRUNG - BUT EMPTY - AND THE BAIT ALIVE.
TUAN ENTERS TO RESET THE TRAP'S TRIGGER.
-TO BE CONTINUED-
54

TED TOWERS -:- -:- -:- -:- -:- By FRANK BUCK

Registered U. S. Patent Office



LITTLE ALBY

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF GENERAL FOODS

METHINKS I MIGHT IN THIS PROSPEROUS RESIDENCE OBTAIN SOME OF MY FAVOR-ITE, BREAKFAST TREAT.
IF IT PLEASE YOU, SIR, COULD YOU SPARE ME A BOWL OF THOSE CRISP, CRUNCHY, GOLDEN GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES?
MOST CERTAINLY NOT — BE OFF WITH YOU, RAGAMUFFIN!
PLEASE MR, GENTLEMAN YOU WONT UNKINDLY REFUSE ME LIKE YOUR BUTLER DID —
OH DADDY, PLEASE —
PLUNKETT — REMOVE THIS URCHIN.
OH DEAR, SO DELICIOUS, SO FLAVORSOME — AND I GET NONE TODAY
THAT WAS HER — THE MILLION BUCKS HEIRESS.
WE'LL SNATCH HER NOW AND HOLD 'ER FOR RANSOM.
I DO BELIEVE THOSE INTRUDERS ARE UP TO NOTHING GOOD
IT'S A CINCH — SHE'S UP THERE ALONE NOW.
COME ALONG SISTER, AND NOT A PEEP OUT OF YOU.
EEK!
FEAR NOT, MISS LADY, I SHALL HAVE WORDS WITH THESE RUDE MEN.
HO HO — LOOKIT THE PEANUT — LET'S BATTER 'IM TO PIECES
GARG!
FOR YOU, FAIR MISS — AND MAYHAP A KIND REWARD OF THOSE CRINKLY MORSELS.
GURGLE
SPLAT!
YOU SAVED MY DAUGHTER FROM THOSE KIDNAPPERS — ASK ANYTHING IN THE WORLD AND ITS YOURS.
IF IT IS NOT TOO MUCH, PLEASE, COULD YOU DONATE A BOWL OF TOOTHSOME GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES?
JENKINS, SEE WHAT ELSE THE YOUNG MAN WILL HAVE
OH, KIND SIR, JUST ANOTHER PORTION OF THAT WONDROUS TASTING CEREAL!
Grape-Nuts Flakes
LITTLE ALBY IS CRAZY ABOUT
GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES
AND YOU WON'T BLAME HIM ONCE YOU TRY THEM YOURSELF. THEY'RE CRISP, SWEET, FLAVORFUL — THE MOST DELICIOUS CEREAL YOU EVER TASTED! AND DON'T FORGET — GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES ARE NOURISHING, TOO. ONE DISHFUL, WITH MILK OR CREAM, GIVES YOU MORE VARIED NOURISHMENT THAN MANY A HEARTY MEAL. A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS.
TRY IT — YOUR GROCER HAS IT!

POLLY
AND HER PALS.
BY
CLIFF
STERRETT.
GENTS' FURNISHINGS
CLIFF STERRETT 5-5
Belles and wedding Bells
by
CLIFF STERRETT.
and then they were married

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

DIXIE IN HOLLYWOOD—She Dodges Mr. Dane

MR. DANE, WE'RE RUINED! DIXIE DARLING SAYS SHE'S LEAVING!
WHAT! WHY... I WAS PLANNING TO MAKE HER THE STAR OF OUR NEW MUSICAL...
DON'T BE A DOPE, DIXIE. DON'T LEAVE NOW...
AND WHY NOT? AFTER THAT FIRST TRYOUT THEY HAVEN'T GIVEN ME ONE LITTLE PART...
THEY NEEDN'T THINK I'M GOING TO JUST SIT AROUND
IS THIS MR. DANE, DIXIE DARLING'S PRODUCER? SAY, WE'VE TRIED SIX TIMES TO DELIVER TELEGRAMS! GUESS SHE'S GONE!
EXTRY! HUNT STARTS FOR DIXIE DARLING, THE GIRL WITH THE LOVELY LUX TOILET SOAP COMPLEXION!
MISS FEATHERS, YOU SAY MISS DARLING CAN'T BE GOING FAR BECAUSE SHE LEFT HER LUX TOILET SOAP HERE? THAT'S A FUNNY IDEA!
IT ISN'T! DIXIE NEVER GOES ANYWHERE WITHOUT LUX TOILET SOAP. THAT'S HOW SHE GUARDS AGAINST UGLY COSMETIC SKIN
SAY—I'M GONNA FIND HER—AND SAVE HER CAREER.
JACK, THAT'S MR. DANE'S CAR—AND FLOSSIE'S IN IT! GUESS WE GAVE THEM THE SLIP THAT TIME!
DIXIE, WHY DON'T YOU MARRY ME NOW? GIVE UP THE MOVIES... LET ME LOOK AT THAT LOVELY LUX TOILET SOAP COMPLEXION FOR LIFE...
Ruby Keeler
GIRLS, YOU CAN USE COSMETICS AS MUCH AS YOU LIKE IF YOU REMOVE THEM THOROUGHLY WITH LUX TOILET SOAP. IT GUARDS AGAINST UNATTRACTIVE COSMETIC SKIN. THAT'S WHY I USE IT!
9 out of 10 Screen Stars use
LUX Toilet Soap

Romance comes to girls who guard against COSMETIC SKIN!

DIXIE DARLING SAYS: "You can use cosmetics all you wish—but remove them *thoroughly*. It's when stale cosmetics *choke the pores* that they cause unattractive Cosmetic Skin. Before I put on fresh make-up—and *always* before I go to bed—I use Lux Toilet Soap. It keeps skin nice and smooth!"

COMING!

More adventures of Dixie Darling . . . the girl with the lovely Lux Toilet Soap complexion!

PEGGY LUX IN SYLMANIA—A Romance Saved

I'M GLAD YOU'RE TAKING PEGGY TO THE MOVIES, SIR RICHARD—SHE DOESN'T GET HALF ENOUGH TIME TO ENJOY HERSELF
SHE'S SO BUSY HELPING EVERYBODY ELSE
BUT THAT'S FUN FOR ME, DICK
AT THE MOVIES
I CAN'T BEAR IT —GULP— GULP—
CAN I HELP YOU, MY DEAR?
NOBODY CAN HELP ME!
DICK, PLEASE FORGIVE ME—I'M GOING TO TAKE THIS POOR CHILD HOME
WHEN I SEE A HAPPY COUPLE IN PICTURES, I CAN'T BEAR IT! I'M IN LOVE, TOO, AND I THOUGHT ALAN LOVED ME—BUT I NEVER SEE HIM ANY MORE
POOR DEAR—BUT I THINK I KNOW WHY!
AT FAY'S HOME
OH, MISS PEGGY—I'M SO GLAD YOU TOLD ME THE TROUBLE! I'LL NEVER RISK PERSPIRATION ODOR IN UNDERTHINGS AGAIN
OF COURSE YOU WON'T, FAY—LUX TAKES IT AWAY SO QUICKLY—SAVES DAINTY COLORS, TOO
A FEW MONTHS LATER
ISN'T FAY A LOVELY BRIDE, DICK? THAT'S ANOTHER HAPPY LUX ROMANCE
YES, ALAN'S A LUCKY MAN! IF ONLY YOU'D MAKE MY DREAMS COME TRUE

How to Make Dreams Come True!

Every girl dreams of popularity . . . dates galore . . and romance! But to make such dreams come true—don't ever risk perspiration odor in underthings.

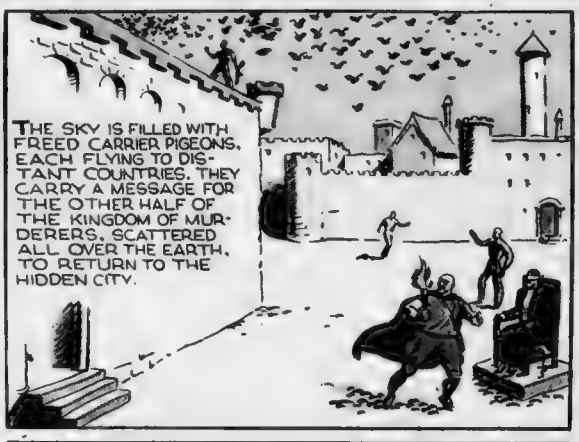
Lux removes every trace of odor—saves colors. Avoid ordinary soaps which so often contain harmful alkali—and cake-soap rubbing. These are apt to fade colors and injure fabrics. With Lux there's no harmful alkali—no injurious cake-soap rubbing. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

MANDRAKE The MAGICIAN

BY LEE FALK AND PHIL DAVIS

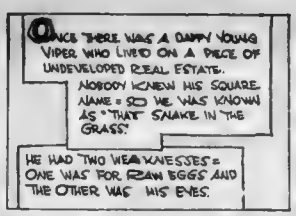
IN THE KINGDOM OF MURDERERS: WHEN GANTON RELEASES HIS CARRIER PIGEONS FOR THE REST OF HIS MEN TO RETURN, THE CONQUEST OF THE WORLD BY AN ARMY OF TWO MILLION EX-CONVICTS WILL BEGIN. GANTON IS ABOUT TO EXPLODE MANDRAKE IN THE DYNAMITE CHAIR. MANDRAKE HAS MADE HIS FRIEND, PIERCE, INVISIBLE.

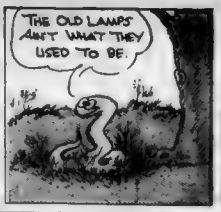
RELEASE ME, GANTON, OR I'LL TURN YOUR CARRIER PIGEONS LOOSE.
YOU CAN'T PULL ANY TRICKS BLINDFOLDED, MANDRAKE HERE YOU GO.
AS GANTON IS ABOUT TO SET OFF THE DYNAMITE CHAIR - - -

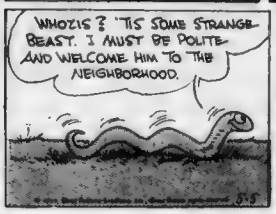

THE SKY IS FILLED WITH FREED CARRIER PIGEONS, EACH FLYING TO DISTANT COUNTRIES. THEY CARRY A MESSAGE FOR THE OTHER HALF OF THE KINGDOM OF MURDERERS, SCATTERED ALL OVER THE EARTH, TO RETURN TO THE HIDDEN CITY.

DIS-CONTINUED STORIES

by Hobart

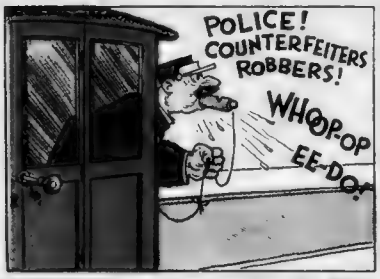

ONCE THERE WAS A DAFFY YOUNG VIPER WHO LIVED ON A PIECE OF UNDEVELOPED REAL ESTATE.
NOBODY KNEW HIS SQUARE NAME = SO HE WAS KNOWN AS "THAT SNAKE IN THE GRASS."
HE HAD TWO WEAKNESSES = ONE WAS FOR RAW EGGS AND THE OTHER WAS HIS EYES.

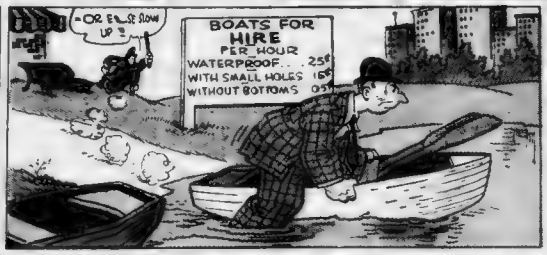


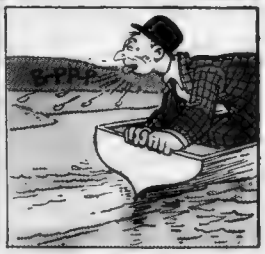


NEEDLENOSE NOONAN

Registered U. S. Patent Office







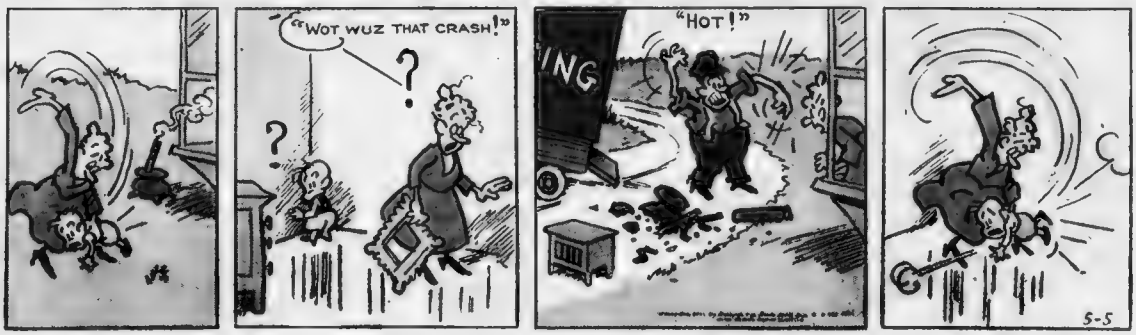
TOONERVILLE FOLKS *by* FONTAINE FOX

"YOU'RE TOO OLD A MAN TO RIDE ON THE ROOF JUST TO SAVE A HALF FARE. YOU'LL FALL OFF!"
"AND IT WILL GIVE 'STUMPY' SANDERS A MIGHTY GOOD CHANCE TO TAKE A SHOT AT YOU!"
"AND RIGHT IN FRONT OF SANDER'S PLACE!

"THAT LOOKS LIKE THAT OLD MAN FUTTY LYIN' OVER THERE BY THE CAR TRACKS"
"JUST A MINUTE, SANDERS! I GOT YOU RED-HANDED THIS TIME!"
"I KNEW HE'D FALL OFF! NOW I GOTTA GO BACK FOR HIM."
"HEY, SKIPPER! SANDERS JUST ATTACKED OLD MAN FUTTY! C'MERE AND TAKE CARE OF HIM WHILE I PUT SANDERS IN THE JUG!"

"I'M GONNA BREAK UP THIS FEUD BETWEEN YOU AND FUTTY IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO"
"THE CONSTABULE HAS ARRESTED 'STUMPY' FOR SNEAKIN' UP AND SOCKIN' YOU FROM BEHIND IN A MOST COWARDLY MANNER, BUT, OF COURSE, IF YOU PREFER TO SAY YOU JUST FELL OFF THE CAR...."
"THIS WILL TEACH YOU TO FIGHT FAIR NEXT TIME AND NOT TO SNEAK UP AND HIT A GUY FROM BEHIND!"
5-5

LITTLE STANLEY



BUNNY
By
BILLY DeBECK
IT IS JUST POSSIBLE, ANTHRACITE, THAT YOU MIGHT BE OF ASSISTANCE TO ME-- I OWN A SMALL DONKEY-- DO YOU THINK HE COULD BE TRAINED TO RACE...??
WELL, MISTER BUNKY-- DAT AM A DIFFULCULT QUALIFICATION T' SAY JES' OFF HAND--
MMM--HE LOOKS LAK HE COULD BE STIGMATIZED--
I LOVE HIM SO--
'SPOSE WE JES' SEE HOW FAS' DEM LEGS O' HIS CAN RAMIFY-
QUI S
HAW-HAW- DAT MULE IS NO GOOD- HIS LEGS IS GONE--
RUN, MY LITTLE DUNKY--SWEET LITTLE HUNKY DUNKY...
HAW--HAW-- DAT'S DE WUSS EXHIBITION DAT AH EVAH INDUNKULATED--DAT MULE'S LEGS IS DONE GONE ON A VACATION-- SHO NUFF--
MAH GWACIOUS- AH GUESS AH SPOKE TOO PUHPOSTEROUS.
DE BECK'S
KNOODLES
MAW'S HAVIN' A BRIDGE PARTY AN' SHE TOLO US TO COME OVER HERE-
TELL YOUR MAW SHE'S A LEETLE TETCHED IN TH' HAID!!

BARNEY GOOGLE

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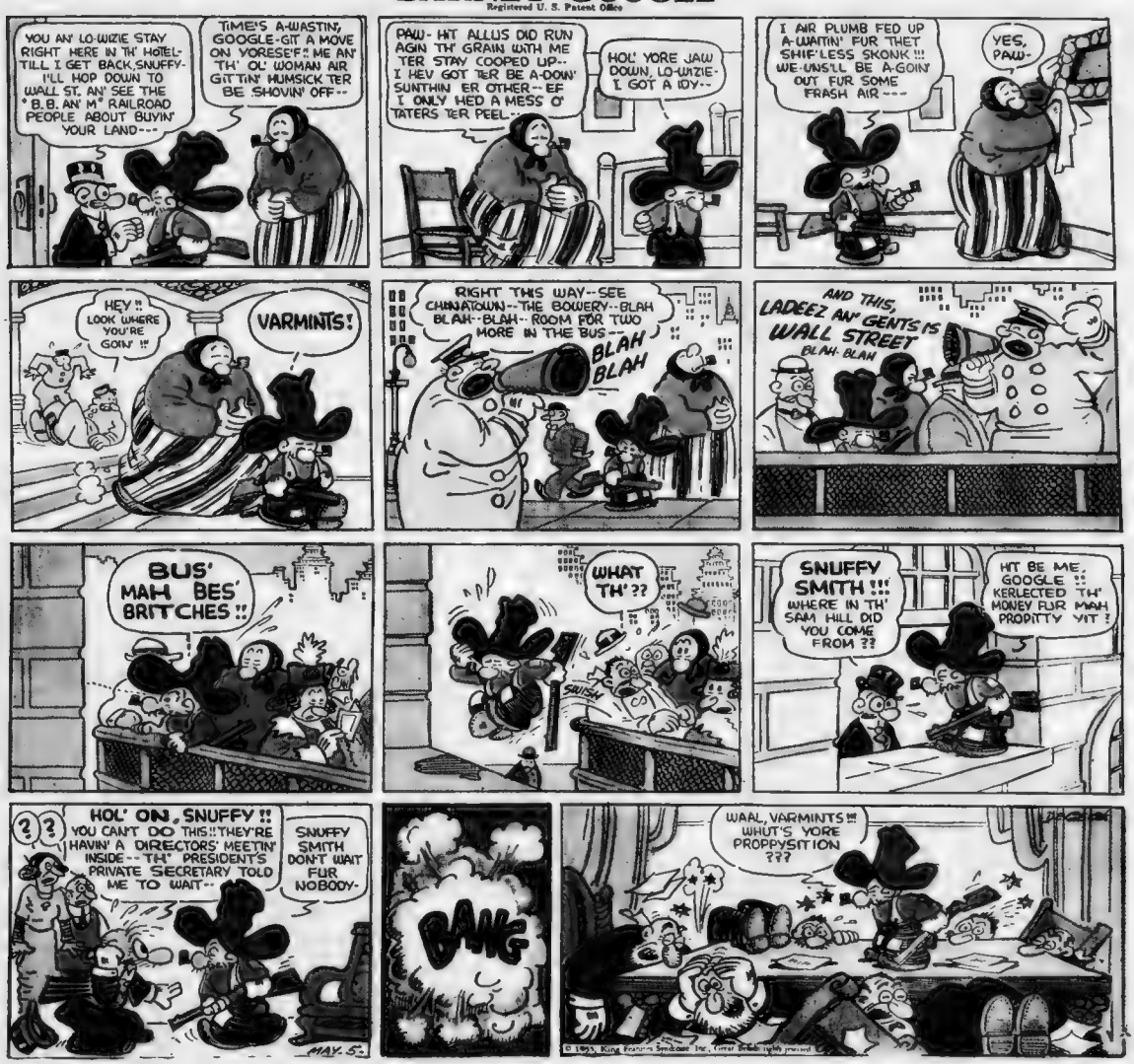
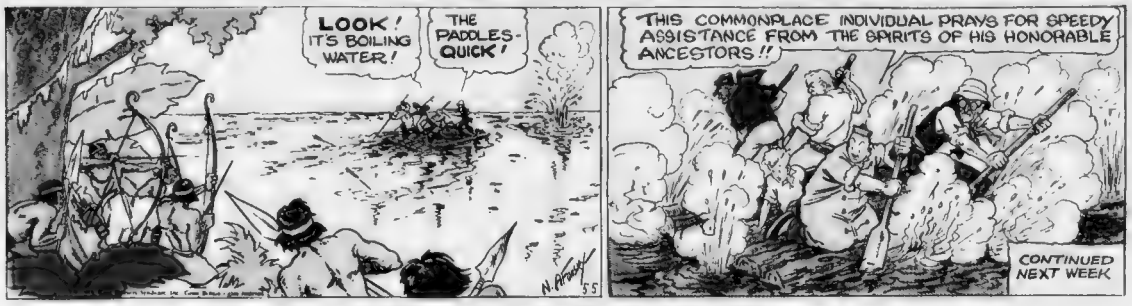

YOU AN' LO-WIZIE STAY RIGHT HERE IN TH' HOTEL- TILL I GET BACK, SNUFFY- I'LL HOP DOWN TO WALL ST. AN' SEE THE "B.B. AN' M" RAILROAD PEOPLE ABOUT BUYIN' YOUR LAND---
TIME'S A-WASTIN', GOOGLE-GIT A MOVE ON YORESE'F!! ME AN' TH' OL' WOMAN AIR GITTIN' HUMSICK TER BE SHOVIN' OFF--
PAW- HIT ALLUS DID RUN AGIN TH' GRAIN WITH ME TER STAY COOPED UP-- I HEV GOT TER BE A-DOIN' SUNTHIN ER OTHER-- EF I ONLY HED A MESS O' TATERS TER PEEL--
HOL' YORE JAW DOWN, LO-WIZIE- I GOT A IDY--
I AIR PLUMB FED UP A-WAITIN' FUR THET SHIF'LESS SKONK!!! WE-UNS'LL BE A-GOIN OUT FUR SOME FRASH AIR---
YES, PAW-
HEY!! LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOIN'!!
VARMINTS!
RIGHT THIS WAY--SEE CHINATOWN--THE BOWERY--BLAH BLAH--BLAH-- ROOM FOR TWO MORE IN THE BUS---
BLAH BLAH
AND THIS, LADEEZ AN' GENTS IS WALL STREET BLAH-BLAH
BUS' MAH BES' BRITCHES!!
WHAT TH'??
SNUFFY SMITH!!! WHERE IN TH' SAM HILL DID YOU COME FROM??
HT BE ME, GOOGLE!! KERLECTED TH' MONEY FUR MAH PROPITTY YIT?
HOL' ON, SNUFFY!! YOU CAN'T DO THIS!! THEY'RE HAVIN' A DIRECTORS' MEETIN' INSIDE-- TH' PRESIDENT'S PRIVATE SECRETARY TOLD ME TO WAIT--
SNUFFY SMITH DON'T WAIT FUR NOBODY-
BANG
WAAL, VARMINTS!!! WHUT'S YORE PROPPYSITION ???

MING FOO

BY BRANDON WALSH

FOOTSORE AND WEARY AFTER THEIR LONG, DANGEROUS TREK THROUGH THE TRACKLESS JUNGLE - OUR ADVENTURERS ARRIVE WITHIN SIGHT OF THEIR GOAL - THE CITY OF THE FLAMING RUBIES —

NOW, GENTLEMEN - YOU SEE WITH YOUR OWN EYES - THAT THE FABLED CITY OF THE FLAMING RUBIES IS STILL IN EXISTENCE !!
LET US WITHOUT ANY UNUSUAL DELAY CONTINUE TO BUILD OUR NEVER-TO-BE-PRAISED-ENOUGH RAFTS !!
LISTEN TO THE DRUMS! OUR ENEMIES ARE UPON US !!
THE LORD OF MISFORTUNE CONTINUES TO FROWN ON OUR HONORABLE EFFORTS!
BOOM
BOOM


LOOK! IT'S BOILING WATER!
THE PADDLES - QUICK!
THIS COMMONPLACE INDIVIDUAL PRAYS FOR SPEEDY ASSISTANCE FROM THE SPIRITS OF HIS HONORABLE ANCESTORS !!
CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

Registered U. S. Patent Office

GLORYOSKY, ZERO - AIN'T I GRAND?! FIRST I THOUGHT I WAS DREAMING - BUT I AIN'T !!
CAUSE WHEN I PINCH MYSELF - IT HURTS LIKE ANYTHING - AN' THAT SHOWS IT'S ALL REAL AN' WONDERFUL !!
YOU KNOW MR. MOAR WAS SO AWFUL POOR AN' SO SICK I THOUGHT MAYBE HE'D DIE - NOW HE AIN'T SICK AT ALL AN' HE'S GOT LOTSA MONEY!!
INSTEAD OF BEING THE POOR MR. MOAR HE'S THE RICH STONEWALL JACKSON MOARLAND - AN' HE LIKES US - AN' SEZ WE KIN LIVE WITH HIM ALL THE TIME !!

AN' YOU KNOW WHAT I LIKE BEST OF ALL - MR. MOARLAND SEZ I KIN GO TO SCHOOL JUST LIKE OTHER KIDS DOES. WON'T IT BE GRAND?!
YOU KNOW THIS ROPE'S JUST LIKE ALADDIN'S LAMP - I JUST GIVE IT A PULL - AN' A SERVANT BRINGS ME MY BREAKFAST
GOOD MORNING, ANNIE - ISN'T IT A BEAUTIFUL DAY?!
GEE, ROSEMARY IT'S SWELL !!
BUT, HONEST, THE WAY I FEEL IF IT WAS SNOWING AN' RAINING, I BETCHA I'D THINK THAT WAS SWELL, TOO!

GEE - THE WATER LOOKS SO CLEAN AN' COOL - IT'S JUST LIKE HAVING YOUR OWN PRIVATE OCEAN !!
GOOD MORNING, DADDY - ANNIE AND I ARE INSPECTING HER NEW HOME !!
I HOPE ANNIE LIKES IT !!
GLORYOSKY - YOU MEAN THAT SWELL PONY BELONGS TO ME?!
HE'S ALL YOURS, HONEY !!
LOOK! HE LIKES ME - GEE, I GUESS I MUST BE THE LUCKIEST KID IN ALL THE WHOLE WORLD !!

TOOTS AND CASPER

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

BY JIMMY MURPHY

WHERE'D THE FLOWERS COME FROM, CASPER?
I DUNNO, TOOTS! A DELIVERY BOY HANDED THEM TO ME AT THE DOOR!
OH CASPER--- THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL! I WONDER WHO SENT THEM TO ME?
LOOK AT THE CARD AND SEE, TOOTS!
OH-OH-OH-OH-H-H---
WELL, WHO ARE THEY FROM?
YOU DON'T HAVE TO KNOW EVERYTHING, DO YOU?
TOOTS, LET ME SEE THAT CARD!
With all my love to the sweetest girl in the world from her devoted admirer, Elmer
NOW WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE ELMER IS?
THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS--- IF I KNEW WHO HE IS I'D BREAK HIM IN TWO!
MAYBE I'VE AN UNKNOWN ADMIRER--- ISN'T THAT ROMANTIC?
HE MAY BE SOME BOY WHO DOESN'T KNOW THAT I'M MARRIED!
HE'LL LEARN A FEW THINGS IF I EVER RUN ACROSS HIM!
FLOWERS---BAH! I'LL MAKE QUICK WORK OF HIS FLOWERS!
CASPER, SHAME ON YOU FOR RUINING THOSE PRETTY FLOWERS
THUMP--- THUMP--- THUMP---
SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR NOW! MAYBE IT'S HIM---
GIMME THOSE FLOWERS I LEFT HERE A FEW MINUTES AGO--- I DELIVERED THEM HERE BY MISTAKE!
THAT'S RIGHT----- THEY'RE ADDRESSED TO "MISS MARTHA MC GOOF" IN THE NEXT BLOCK!
HERE ARE THE FLOWERS, SONNY! I ACCIDENTLY STEPPED ON THEM!
THAT'S NO WAY TO DO--- NOW I'LL HAVE TO PAY FOR THEM, AND THEY COST FIVE DOLLARS---
HERE'S FIVE DOLLARS TO DUPLICATE THEM, SONNY!
JIMMY MURPHY
IT WAS WORTH FIVE DOLLARS TO ME TO SEE YOU GET SO JEALOUS, CASPER!
ME JEALOUS? POO-POO! IT WAS THE NERVE OF IT THAT GOT MY GOAT!
5-5

WAY OUT WEST
BY VIC FORSYTHE
THE MYSTERY OF TONOPAH TOM • • IN WHICH THE COWBOY "TIGER" FINDS EVIDENCE OF FOUL PLAY AND TAKES UP A COLD TRAIL TO AVENGE AN OLD FRIEND •
CHOW IS ON THE FIRE AN' I'M TEN MILES AWAY FROM IT!
OHO!— !! DON'T TELL ME I'M SEEING THINGS! NOW WHAT TH ——?!!
CAMPFIRE BUILT BEFORE THE LAST RAIN. THREE MONTHS AGO - BULLET HOLE THROUGH LEFT SHOULDER BLADE - SHOT FROM BEHIND ——
PROSPECTOR'S PICK AND ORE SAMPLES - I THINK I BEGIN TO SEE WHO THIS WAS AND WHAT HAPPENED!
THAT CHUNKY OLD PIPE - GOOD OL' TONOPAH TOM - NOW WE KNOW WHY HE NEVER GOT BACK FROM SUPERSTITION MOUNTAINS!!
I'LL TAKE A COUPLE OF THESE FOR EVIDENCE!
POOR OL' TONOPAH — COMIN OUT WITH A SACK OF DUST AND SOMEBODY SHOT HIM FOR IT!
I'LL TRACK THAT KILLER DOWN IF HE'S IN TH' COUNTRY - EVEN IF I HAVE TO QUIT MY JOB TO DO IT!
YES - OL TONOPAH - AND I'M GOING OUT TO RUN DOWN HIS KILLER!
TIGER - YOU GO GIT 'IM! YO'R JOB WILL BE HERE WHEN Y' GIT BACK!
5-5
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TO BE CONTINUED —
VIC FORSYTHE

THE LITTLE WOMAN

THIS IS TH' FIRST SPRING DAY I'VE FELT LIKE BEIN' OUT DOORS!
I BET IF I STARTED OUT TO PLAY GOLF THE LITTLE WOMAN WOULD RAISE THE OLD NED!
BUDS POPPIN' OPEN — ROBINS HOPPIN' ABOUT- GOSH!
I KNOW WHAT I CAN DO! I CAN GET MY SWING GROOVED OUT IN TH' BACK YARD AGINST THAT RUG!
?
WHAM
!
BAM
BAM
? ?
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Great Britain rights reserved
VIC FORSYTHE

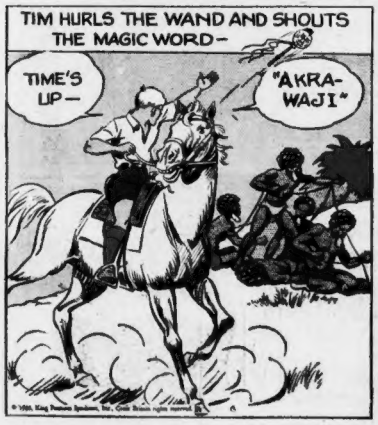
CURLEY HARPER AT LAKESPUR

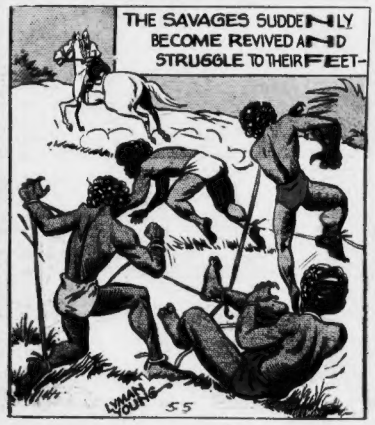
WONDER WHY EMERY DIDN'T SHOW UP FOR THE 1-MILE HEAT, HORACE?
I LOCKED HIM IN HIS ROOM, AFTER HE CONFESSED HE HAD CUT YOUR SHOE-LACE SO IT'D BREAK DURING YOUR TRYOUT RACE WITH HIM LAST WEEK, CURLEY!
LYMAN YOUNG

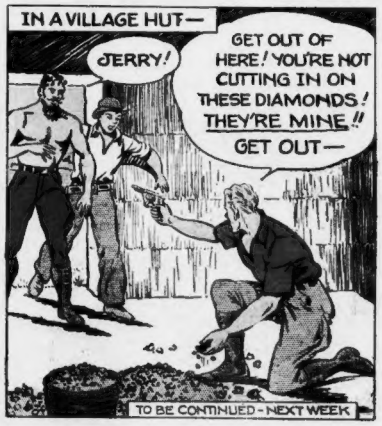
TIM TYLER'S LUCK

Registered U. S. Patent Office

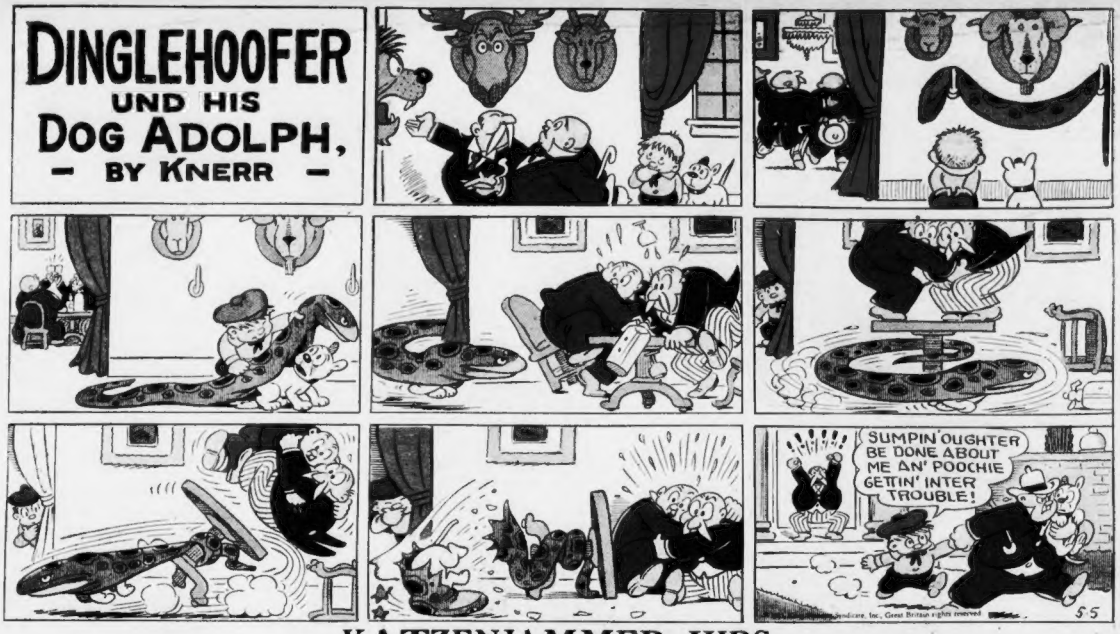
ALL TWENTY OF THE MUMMIFIED SAVAGES ARE BOUND HAND AND FOOT AND THEIR WEAPONS TAKEN FROM THEM —
I'LL BUILD A BONFIRE WITH THESE-!
GIVE US FIFTEEN MINUTES TO GET BACK TO THE VILLAGE BEFORE YOU REVIVE THE WARRIORS WITH THE WAND, TIM — THEN RACE BACK TO US ON CARROL'S HORSE







DINGLEHOOFER UND HIS DOG ADOLPH, — BY KNERR —



KATZENJAMMER KIDS

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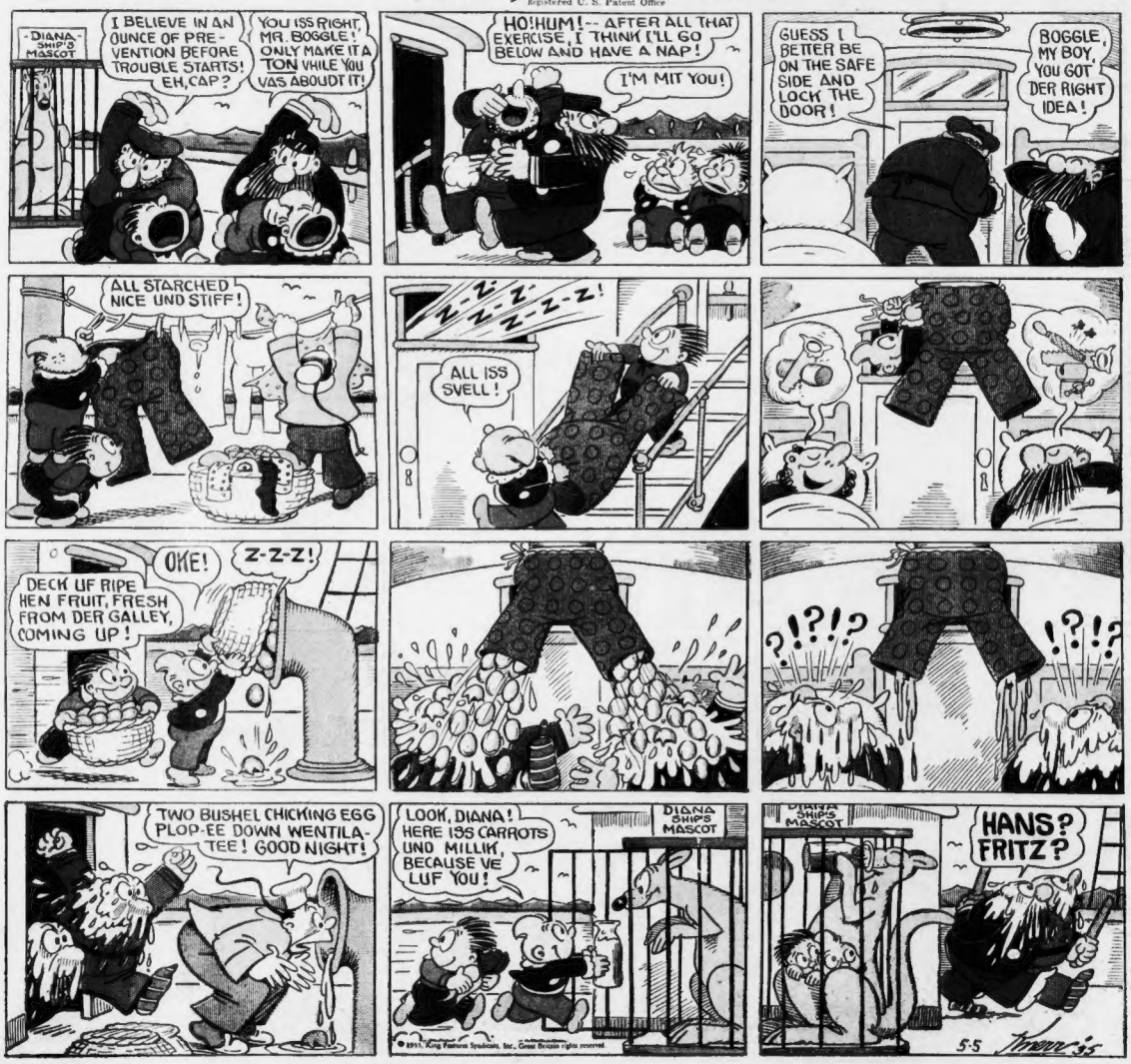
DIANA SHIP'S MASCOT
I BELIEVE IN AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION BEFORE TROUBLE STARTS! EH, CAP?
YOU ISS RIGHT, MR. BOGGLE! ONLY MAKE IT A TON VHILE YOU VAS ABOUDT IT!
HO! HUM! -- AFTER ALL THAT EXERCISE, I THINK I'LL GO BELOW AND HAVE A NAP!
I'M MIT YOU!
GUESS I BETTER BE ON THE SAFE SIDE AND LOCK THE DOOR!
BOGGLE, MY BOY, YOU GOT DER RIGHT IDEA!
ALL STARCHED NICE UND STIFF!
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z!
ALL ISS SVELL!
OKE!
Z-Z-Z!
DECK UF RIPE HEN FRUIT, FRESH FROM DER GALLEY, COMING UP!
?!?!?
!?!?
TWO BUSHEL CHICKING EGG PLOP-EE DOWN WENTILATEE! GOOD NIGHT!
LOOK, DIANA! HERE ISS CARROTS UND MILLIK, BECAUSE VE LUF YOU!
DIANA SHIPS MASCOT
HANS? FRITZ?
5-5